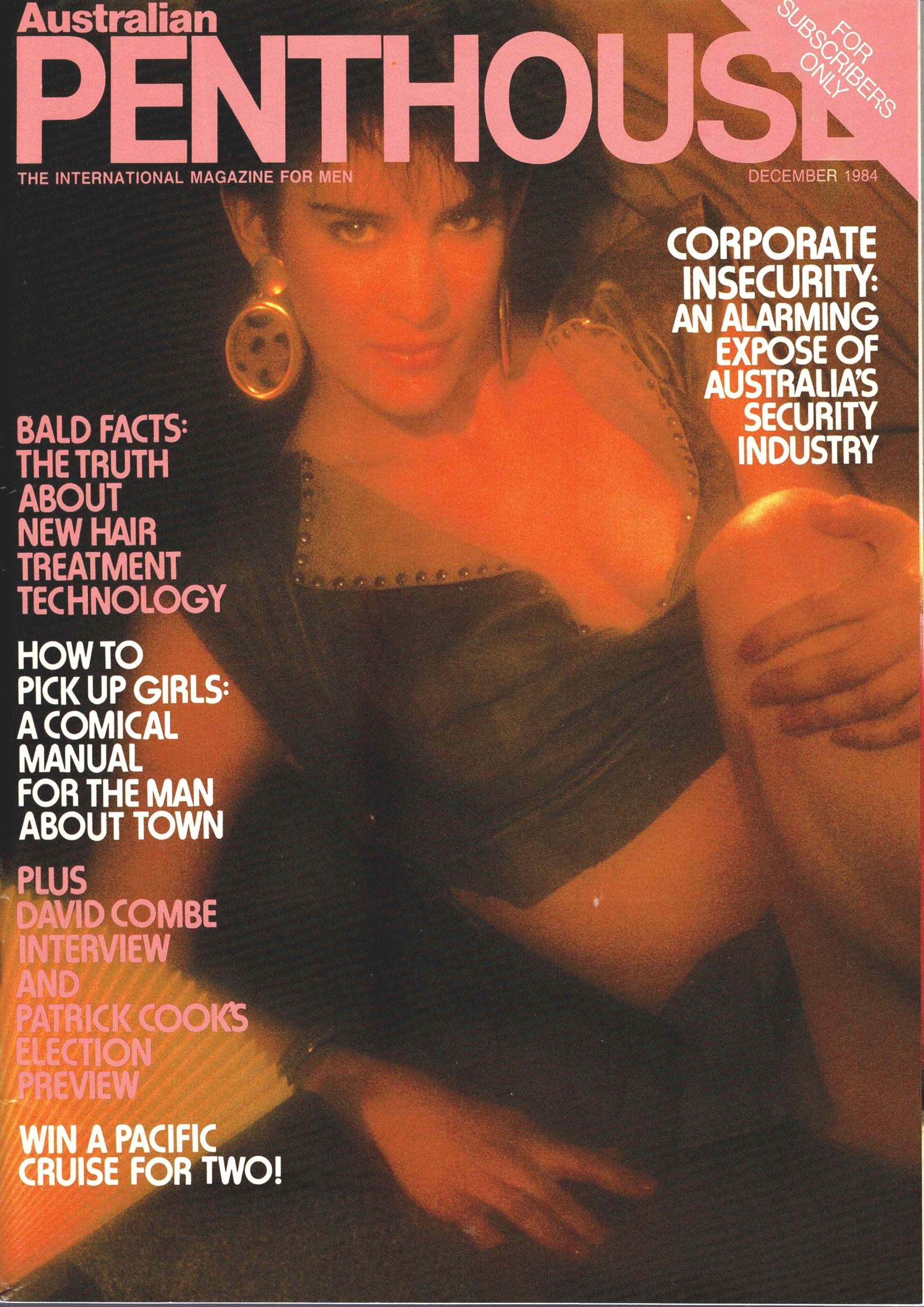
Australian
PENTHOUSE
FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
DECEMBER 1984
CORPORATE INSECURITY: AN ALARMING EXPOSE OF AUSTRALIA'S SECURITY INDUSTRY
BALD FACTS: THE TRUTH ABOUT NEW HAIR TREATMENT TECHNOLOGY
HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS: A COMICAL MANUAL FOR THE MAN ABOUT TOWN
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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 5 No 12/December 1984

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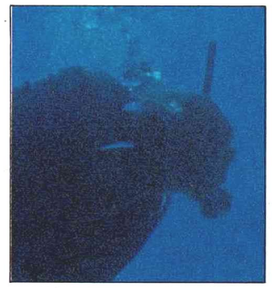
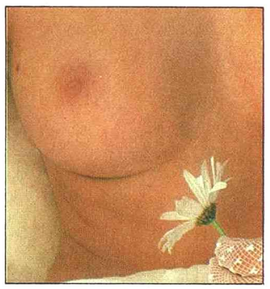
The Insecurity Industry



Taking A Dive

Losing It



Pet Of The Year Poll

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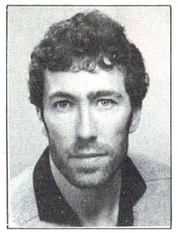
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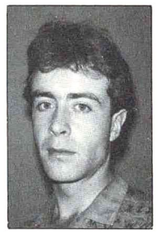
NIGEL BUCHANAN

JOHN ELLIOT

HOUSECALL

PET OF THE YEAR POLL
It's time once again for you to pass judgement on the array of Pets we've presented in the centre pages of *Penthouse* over the past year. Your task has never been harder. The 1985 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year will emerge from no less than 14 contenders. Sifting through this delightful assortment could take you a month of Sundays, but the effort may be doubly rewarding: every voter gets the chance to win a top-of-the-line Sanyo stereo car radio/cassette player. Turn to page 112 and get those votes rolling in.

THE INSECURITY INDUSTRY
If you believe the ominous statements issued by some sections of the corporate security industry, there's a whole lot of bugging and tapping going on in Australian business circles. But is the industrial espionage scare for real? Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** set out to answer that question and discovered that in the strange and savage game of corporate snooping, all is not what it seems. Hunter's story, superbly illustrated by **Nigel Buchanan**, starts on page 34.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS
"Let's get this straight from the start — there's nothing wrong with lusting after women. If there was, God wouldn't have created women as sex objects." If you reckon that's a fair assessment, you're ready to leap straight into **Colin Bowles'** outrageous primer on how to pick up girls. (The author warns, however, that these techniques are not guaranteed.) **Mark Tremlett's** illustration's on page 52.

COOK'S GUIDE TO ELECTIONEERING
The political insights of Gordon F. X. Alloyhead OA, OBE, departmental head and father confessor to wayward MPs, are again laid bare by satirist **Patrick Cook** in a mischievous manual for marginal members. Required reading for federal election campaign trailblazers and anyone else who needs cheering up. Turn to page 60.

TAKING A DIVE
You reckon it's tough pushing a pen from 9 to 5? Then consider the prospect of pouring concrete 30 metres down in ice-cold water with zero visibility in a violent sea, surrounded by lethal wildlife, 10 hours a day, seven days a week, for an award rate of 16 grand a year. Professional divers, as **P. D. Jack** points out in this absorbing article, are nothing less than miracle workers. Jack's story starts on page 82.

LOSING IT
Penthouse Senior Editor **John Elliot** is the first to admit that he hasn't got a lot up top. But like a lot of balding men, he refuses to go down for the count. Elliot did the rounds of hair treatment clinics in an effort to sort out the serious from the shysters. If your sconce is beginning to resemble the proverbial billiard ball, this comprehensive service piece, starting on page 89, will prevent you from becoming a two-time loser. **Frants Kantor** created the illustration.

DAVID COMBE INTERVIEW
The man at the centre of the storm which rocked the federal government airs some outspoken views on the ALP, ASIO and Prime Minister Hawke in an absorbing conversation with Political Correspondent **Mungo MacCallum. David Bartho's** photo opens the interview on page 128.

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PWC 288

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

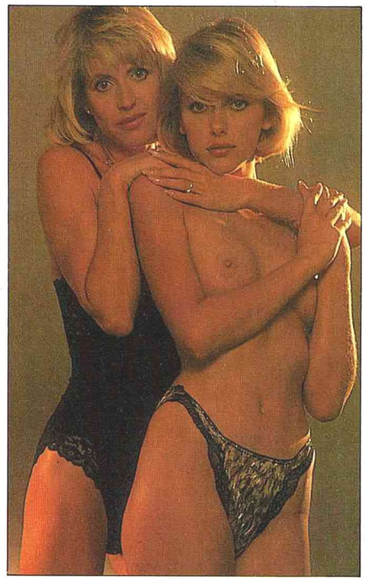
Family of the year

May I congratulate *Penthouse* for publishing that magnificent mother and daughter pictorial in your September issue. I thought the feature was presented very tastefully. It's a pity you didn't fill the whole issue with photos of Sue and Louise Elvin.

Please convey my gratitude to the pair. They are both gorgeous and courageous. And they really do look more like sisters than mother and daughter. — *George Ding, Auckland, NZ*

It seems *Penthouse* no longer has any competition — you are just so far in front. The mother and daughter pictorial in September was certainly the classiest and most tasteful pictorial you have ever produced. I heard the magazine sold out across Australia in three days. Keep up the good work. — *John Grey, Qld*

I've just finished reading the September issue. I must say it was the best edition of *Penthouse* I have ever seen. The Strikebreaker story was excellent, but the best thing was the pictorial of Sue and Louise Elvin. I'm desperate to see more of these lovely ladies. I would like to see a signed photo of their beautiful bodies in your next issue. — *R. S., Balgowlah, NSW*



Sue and Louise Elvin . . .

From the shearing shed

The shearers' rebellion documented in Greg Hunter's story Strikebreaker in September *Penthouse* had little to recommend it. However, in the midst of that drama there was at least one humorous incident.

I was the monitor at Lightning Ridge when this great crowd of shearers first appeared in court. The Lightning Ridge Court is in a back room of the local police station. It was a rather pokey place for all these shearers to appear in front of the judiciary. No private solicitor would speak for them, so that left them only the Australian Legal Aid solicitor and the Aboriginal Legal Service solicitor.

Outside the court these two solicitors tossed a coin, in order to decide who they would represent. The narrow comb shearers were adopted as aborigines, while the wide combers were assumed to be in receipt of Social Security in order to be represented in court. So it seems the shearers were able to forget their prejudices for a while — at least until they got out of court. — *Chris Gain, Bombala, NSW*

I object to the way in which your story on the shearers' dispute built the protagonist Neil Ellery up as a hero. The article failed to show him as he truly is — a "scab" who is being used by the big landowners in their efforts to reduce the cost of shearing.

If shearing on a Sunday isn't breaking the award, then I don't know what is. If the cockies want to use cheap Kiwi labor, then they may as well go all the way and allow the importation of cheap New Zealand meat into Australia too. — *K. Moore (AWU member), Rochester, Vic*

Commendation for Dr Carl

I would like to congratulate you on the first instalment of the *Australian Penthouse* Guide To Human Sexuality. I found the article most informative and appreciated the fact that it was written in a non-chauvinistic fashion. I hope the following instalments have the same objective approach.

I am a regular reader of your magazine, being a 24-year-old Australian-born Chinese lady. I look forward to future issues, and in particular I am awaiting the article by Dr Carl on dyspareunia. I have suffered from this problem for the last few years and at present my lover and I are seeing a sexual therapist regularly about the problem.

I would like to make one more point, with regard to the story The Racist Right. I would like to see you investigate and report on the other side of The Racist Right. I think you should look at the point of view of the people who are being discriminated against. — *Ms K.G., North Fitzroy, Vic*

Filipina fan

The editor's reply to Phillip Rees' letter describing his Philippines exploits in September *Penthouse* Feedback made me *puke*. Having been to the Philippines four times myself, and having spent the last three months there, I consider myself more qualified and less of a hypocrite in discussing that country than anyone at *Penthouse*.

While Greg Hunter's story entitled The Filipino Connection was for the most part reasonably accurate, his observations were those of a pseudo-prude. I'm no Ocker, but I find Filipinas very refreshing after the "Clayton's women" one has to suffer here. Generally, the Filipina is good company, sexually liberated, and the epitome of womanhood. As for you lot, how in the hell can you label them "prostitutes" when you are in the same business, only in the fantasy department, as the photographic and literary content of your fine magazine testifies?

In the future you should report such stories without attaching a moral judgement, and allow your readers the chance to form their own opinions. The Philippines is a place where your own values and ideas must be left at home — you can only begin to understand the people if you observe them without passing judgement.

The corruption etc is part of the culture of the Philippines and in my opinion will never change. If we "Ockers" didn't go there, there'd be a lot of empty bellies in that country, as every visiting "Ocker" supports almost an entire Filipino family, via his girlfriend, whilst there. — *Steve Danyi, Hampton, Vic*

Adventure in paradise

I was the winner of "The Adventure Cruise Competition" in May *Penthouse* and am taking the opportunity to thank *Australian Penthouse* and Farthings International for a wonderful prize.

Suffice it to say that the cruise was great — a glimpse of paradise. I certainly recommend entering the *Penthouse* competitions to other *Penthouse* readers. Thanks again. — *Murray Craw, Elwood, Vic*

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Going down

Recently my wife Dianne and I took off on a diving and camping trip with a couple of friends, Mark and Carol. We motored to Jervis Bay, arriving with all our paraphernalia at the camp site at around lunch time Saturday. After setting up camp we geared up for a quick dive around the headland.

Mark suggested that he buddy up with Dianne, while I partnered Carol for the dive. The weather and water were warm so we dispensed with the wetsuits and jumped in wearing just bathers and tanks. I wasn't complaining — Carol looked something else in her little crocheted bikini and it was hard to keep my eyes off her perfectly rounded boobs straining against her bikini top. Mark seemed just as happy with his end of the deal as Dianne is a stunner in a bikini.

Mark and Dianne headed off first and Carol and I followed a couple of minutes later. We quickly lost sight of them after Carol stopped to check out a small Port Jackson shark. When we started swimming on I caught sight of a steady stream of bubbles rising from behind a boulder. I tapped Carol on the shoulder and we took off to investigate.

When I peeked over the boulder I got the surprise of my life. There below us on the sandy bottom were Mark and Dianne gripped in each other's arms. At first we couldn't make out what was going on, but it didn't take too long to get the picture. Mark had slipped his hands up under Dianne's bikini top and was massaging her nipples. It looked for a minute as if she was trying to stop him, but his persistence paid off when she gave up and snaked a hand down to his crotch to fondle his cock.

In next to no time Mark had whipped off her top and was excitedly massaging handfuls of firm breast. Then one hand slid down her body to disappear down the front of her panties. Dianne slowly fell back against him, spreading her legs as wide as they could go as Mark's hand moved rapidly up and down between them.

I thought Dianne had retained at least a fraction of fidelity to me when she suddenly sat up and pushed Mark away. Well, I was wrong. She was just getting clear to pull her pants off before yanking Mark's bathers down to his knees. You know what they say about cold water shrivelling the old feller and killing the urge? It's garbage. Mark's cock was huge and Dianne seemed suitably impressed. She reached out and spread her fingers around it, gently stroking and tugging on it. Then she took her regulator from her mouth and took a dive, literally, for that giant prick. She stuffed as much of Mark's cock into her mouth as she could — I was amazed to see that massive organ slipping almost to the hilt into her and down her throat.

Of course this didn't go on for too long; a girl's got to breathe. When Dianne was fitting the reg back into her mouth, Mark withdrew his hand from her crotch and moved on top of her. She wasn't fighting one bit as he spread her legs and positioned his cock against her slit and started pushing his way into her. It took some time to wedge that monster into my wife's tiny pussy, but all of a sudden it disappeared inside her. Dianne wrapped her legs around Mark's back and they started to hump like a pair of rutting whales.

I looked across at Carol to see what she was making of the scene and saw that she was rubbing her crotch against a projecting piece of rock. Well, my wife seemed to have no qualms about making it with Mark, so I figured it was open season on Carol. I swam up behind her and pulled her bikini top away from her beautiful white tits and started rubbing them in a circular motion and tugging at her pointed nipples. She was as hot as I was and started grinding her buttocks against my costume-trapped cock. Furiously, I pulled her pants down, then got rid of my own as she reached around to play with my throbbing dick. Pulling on it urgently, she guided me to her hot, slippery snatch. My shaft was literally sucked into her gyrating pussy. We both sank to the ocean floor and proceeded to pump our brains out.

I was reaching the point of no return when Carol pulled herself off me, took the reg out of her mouth and started sucking on my throbbing cock. Just as I was about to come she took her mouth away and as she continued to pump me with her hand I came in buckets. The spurts of jism remained intact and floated upwards. Carol ripped the reg from her mouth and caught each spurt and went down on me again, swirling come and salt water around the head of my still pulsing prick. My erection just didn't go down — it took less then a minute before it was fully engorged and coursing at full strength again. We ended up in a furious, bubbly fuck that culminated in a mind-bending mutual orgasm and lots of little come and juice clouds all around us.

After a bit of a search we pulled on our swimmers and swam back to shore. Mark and Dianne greeted us, telling us that they'd had a fantastic dive. I'll say it was! Dianne had a wicked grin on her face and I was sure it was come dribbling down the inside of her leg in a slippery trail.

None of us mentioned our underwater adventure, but we're working on another diving trip together soon. — *Name withheld, Cronulla, NSW*

How to eat doughnuts

I love the letters in your magazine, especially the ones that link up the pleasures of food and sex. I'd like to join in the exchange of ideas. My current girlfriend is a great cook and once in a while she'll fry up a batch of my favorite pineapple doughnuts. I like to eat them warm, tossed in a mixture of sugar and pineapple syrup.

The other Saturday I had a double treat: while I was watching the footy on TV, Meg went down on me. To round off the pleasure, there was a tray of warm doughnuts and freshly made coffee. I was just getting into it when she lifted up her head and smiled at me — surely she wasn't going to stop for a coffee break?

I was wrong, of course. She slipped a sticky, syrupy doughnut on my half-erect cock. It felt really good and she worked it back and forth — the sugar was creating a fine degree of friction and the pineapple syrup seemed just the right viscous lubricant. As I got harder,the warm doughnut was a tight ring against me — a snug fit.

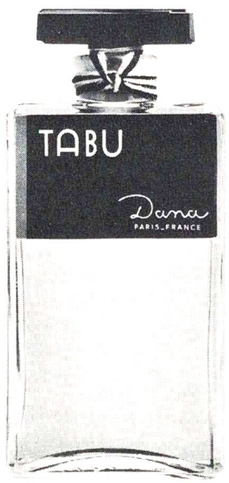
Meg went to work, nibbling at my doughy millstone, getting closer and closer to me. When she finished the doughnut, she spent ages licking off all the sugar and pineapple sauce left on my cock. Then she took a mouthful of warm coffee and went back to work. Her lips were tight round me and her mouth was deliciously warm from the coffee.

Needless to say, it wasn't long before I'd forgotten the match of the day and we were down to some great sport of our own. — *D. K., Chullora, Sydney*

Nipple techniques

I'm very curious to know if anybody shares my love of nipple nooky. I have big nipples and when I'm excited they stick out like India rubber thimbles. My boyfriend gets real horny just watching me play with my breasts. I start off stroking them very

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

gently, just butterflying my fingers against them, enjoying the silky tension of the skin and the weight of them. Then I home in on the nipples — pale pink when I start, then darker red as I twist and pull until they stick out like accusing fingers.

Then I start to use my technique on him, sliding my nipples between the cheeks of his bum, pushing, penetrating. It's very exciting for me to feel all that warm dampness.

I skim along the ridge, rubbing against his balls and the length of his cock. What really gets him off is when I move my erect nipple back and forth along the sensitive groove at the top of his cock.

When I sense that he's very close to coming, I squeeze my breasts around him, and I can come, right then and there, watching his swollen cock thrust between my nipples on each side.

I first got turned on to the possibilities of nipple fucking by a bisexual girlfriend. It was a revelation — so exciting when she brushed her nipple against my clit, velvety and hard at the same time. It felt like a cock but, because it's so much smaller, she could centre right on the spot and create just the right amount of force and friction to make me come. I'd really love to hear about any other nipple techniques. — *K.K., Como, WA*

The human plough

I am a 28-year-old computer program analyst and I live with my 26-year-old fiancee. Lori is a high school teacher. We both read Forum and would like to share a recent experience with you.

Both of us are very much into running and working out, and we have developed very hard, supple bodies. Lori has a perfect 35-22-35 figure, with the most beautiful, firm tits I've ever seen. She is very flexible and stretches her muscles extensively before running.

One night this spring, Lori was in a stretching position called the "Human Plough" which stretches the back muscles. To get into this position, she lies on her back, then brings her feet and legs up over her head, and touches her feet to the floor behind her.

On this particular occasion, Lori was wearing only her bikini bottoms. I noticed that her perfectly round tits nestled sweetly against her chin, and her beautiful pussy was outlined by her bikini bottoms, only a few centimetres above her face. I was struck by an immediate desire to spread her legs and savor her pussy.

As I pulled aside the thin strip of cloth covering her cunt she was somewhat surprised, but she didn't stop me. I sucked her clit and pussy lips. Lori was incredibly aroused to watch me suck her thick, swollen clit just inches above her face. Both of us enjoyed the fine smell of her pussy. She almost came immediately, but pushed my face away. She had another idea. She reached behind her head, where my cock was bobbing in the air, and simply said, "Fuck me."

Since I was kneeling, I was able to move forward a bit, and placing one knee on either side of her head, I slipped my cock into her hot pussy. As I started to fuck her in this position my shaft bent downward and my long heavy balls dragged across her face. She licked them slick, then alternately licked my balls and her own nipples, while I slipped in and out of her juicy cunt and circled the rim of her arsehole with my wet finger. This was more than I could possibly stand, and I quicky shot an enormous load of come into her.

My wad was far more than her tight pussy could hold, and it oozed out around my shaft and on to her neck. Lori struggled slightly and I pulled out of her so she could catch dollops of pussy juice-come in her mouth and on her cheeks. Finally I knelt over her face and let my swollen cock hang into her mouth while she sucked off the remaining juice.

Of course this immediately brought on another raging hard-on and I was ready for an instant replay. Lori, however had another idea. She rolled me on to my back and told me to get into the same position she had been in. If I were as flexible I probably could have sucked the last two inches of my dick, but, as it was, it dangled just out of reach. Lori started stroking my shaft, and, just as a small drop of come from my last orgasm threatened to drop on to my face, she pulled my organ to her mouth and quickly caught the droplet with the tip of her tongue. Then very slowly she started to suck my cock, just inches above my face. I could see her slick lips pass over every vein of my swollen cock. Her cheeks bulged as she sloshed my head around in her mouth, and some of her spit slipped out of the corner of her mouth and into my hair.

Lori licked my shaft down to my balls, while her fine tits waved in my face and jostled my swollen cock. I was almost afraid I would shoot off in my own face. Before it was too late, however, she returned to my dick and took its swollen purple head into her hungry mouth. Seeing my head slip then plunge through her lips brought me over the brink. Her mouth was close to my face as I watched my shaft pulse and pump come into her mouth. She swallowed it all, except for a few drops, which she intentionally let slip down her chin and on to my face.

When she finished sucking my bone dry, she searched for that errant drop of come, licked it off my cheek, and whispered into my ear, "You're the best!" — *A.C., Adelaide, SA*

Playing doctor

My husband is a physician who sees many female patients in his busy practice. I used to wonder how he felt, intimately involved with so many female bodies. One night I asked him, and he replied that he had never really thought of the women as other than patients, and their breasts and vaginas as other than organs to be examined. But he also realised how arousing it might be if he thought otherwise.

I agreed with him, and then I suggested that I come to his office after hours and pretend to be one of his patients. Of course, I told him that I'd need a complete physical examination. The next day, when I arrived, I was greeted by my doctor as Miss X, a completely new patient. My doctor played everything just right and I could feel my sex juices flowing from the first minute.

First, we went into his office to review my medical past. He was very proper and aloof throughout, even when questioning me about the intimate details of my pelvic history. Next he reassuringly told me to go into the examining room, take off all my clothes, and put on a cloth gown; he would be right in.

Finally, he came in with his white coat on and his stethoscope around his neck. He seemed so gentle and calm as he routinely examined my eyes, ears, and throat.

Next he calmly lowered my gown, explaining that he would examine my breasts. Gently, he caressed each one, squeezing each nipple, which immediately became erect. Of course, I tried to hide my reaction, which was one of intense arousal. Then he told me to put my heels in the stirrups and to slide my bottom down to the edge of the examining table. I did this, obediently spreading my legs.

My clitoris was throbbing as I suddenly felt his warm, ungloved fingers slide into my vagina. He examined me now in a most undoctorly fashion, and I could tell that he himself was aroused.

Then he told me that he needed to take a closer look at my organs, and I felt his breath on my clitoris. It throbbed even more, and I could feel his tongue flicking away at me. I couldn't stand it for very long and I had an exquisite orgasm, while still pretending to conceal my reaction. He completed the examination by unzipping his pants and inserting into me the hardest erection I have ever felt. He had an orgasm and I climaxed again. By this time, we could no longer keep up the game of pretending and we continued to fuck happily, continuously excited by the setting for our pleasure.

We now play "doctor-patient" whenever the mood moves us. I think more marriages would get out of their ruts if people used their imaginations. — *H.R.L., Carlton Vic.*

Higher learning

I am a technical school teacher. I was married for over 20 years and I am now involved in a very messy divorce. My wife had gone off and left me, and after two years with no word from her she began divorce proceedings, asking for everything. My marital problems are no secret to the tech staff and some of the students, although I do not discuss them openly.

My story really concerns Trudy, one of my students, and her mother. Trudy had been in one of my classes several years ago, and last year she registered for another one. She was a capable student. Last month Trudy stopped by after class, apparently to discuss her studies. She is about 22 years old and very well built. She always dresses conservatively but expensively, so I assumed that she had a good job, or came from a rich family.

She said, "Since this is your last class for the evening, I wonder if you would like to join my mother and me for dinner tonight?" As a matter of policy, I knew I should have said no, but the twinkle in Trudy's eyes, and something in her voice, made me say that I would be delighted.

I followed Trudy to the high-rise block where she lived. On the 11th floor, I was ushered into a very sumptuous place. Trudy's mother had got home just before us and was apparently in the bedroom changing. Minutes later I met Billie. Billie was the same size as Trudy, and although she had a few wrinkles under her eyes, no-one would think that she was old enough to be Trudy's mother.

We had a very fine dinner, with several bottles of light wine, and I discovered that Billie and her husband had separated and intended to keep it that way. After dinner, we sat out on the balcony overlooking the city and enjoyed a few drinks. Trudy had excused herself to take a shower. It must have been about 11pm when Billie said, "I think Trudy was right. Come on, let's freshen up our drinks and go to bed."

One thing we had not discussed was sex, and I had not even looked at them with that in mind. Nevertheless, I followed her into the bedroom without a second thought. We both disrobed and slid between the sheets. The lights were off, but I had seen enough to tell me that I was going to enjoy an unexpected frolic.

I took my time with plenty of foreplay and Billie reciprocated by gently massaging my cock and balls. When I was ready, she was anxious and pulled me on top of her and had her first orgasm as soon as I entered her fully. I stopped for a few minutes because I knew that she was going to want me to last longer. I'll admit to being anxious myself, but I hated to ejaculate too soon because I get more pleasure out of making it last longer. When I could not hold back any longer, I ejaculated right into Billie's third orgasm.

After resting and a bath, I started back to the bedroom, when Billie said, "No, not that way, the bed is too messed up right now. We're going to crawl in with Trudy."

I was rather surprised, to say the least,

Continued on page 14

"I like you, Barney . . . you're short and to the point."

THE POOL IS IN KATHERINE GORGE, AND TO BE QUITE HONEST, THE NEAREST ROOM IS 32 KM AWAY.

YOU SHOULD VIEW THIS AS ONLY A MINOR SET BACK.

TO OVERCOME IT, YOU'LL NEED TWO THINGS.

FIRSTLY, YOU'LL NEED TO BRING YOUR OWN ROOM.

THIS IS NOT AS DIFFICULT A TASK AS IT SOUNDS.

BECAUSE YOU CAN BUY OR HIRE ONE FROM ANY OF A THOUSAND CAMPING SPECIALISTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

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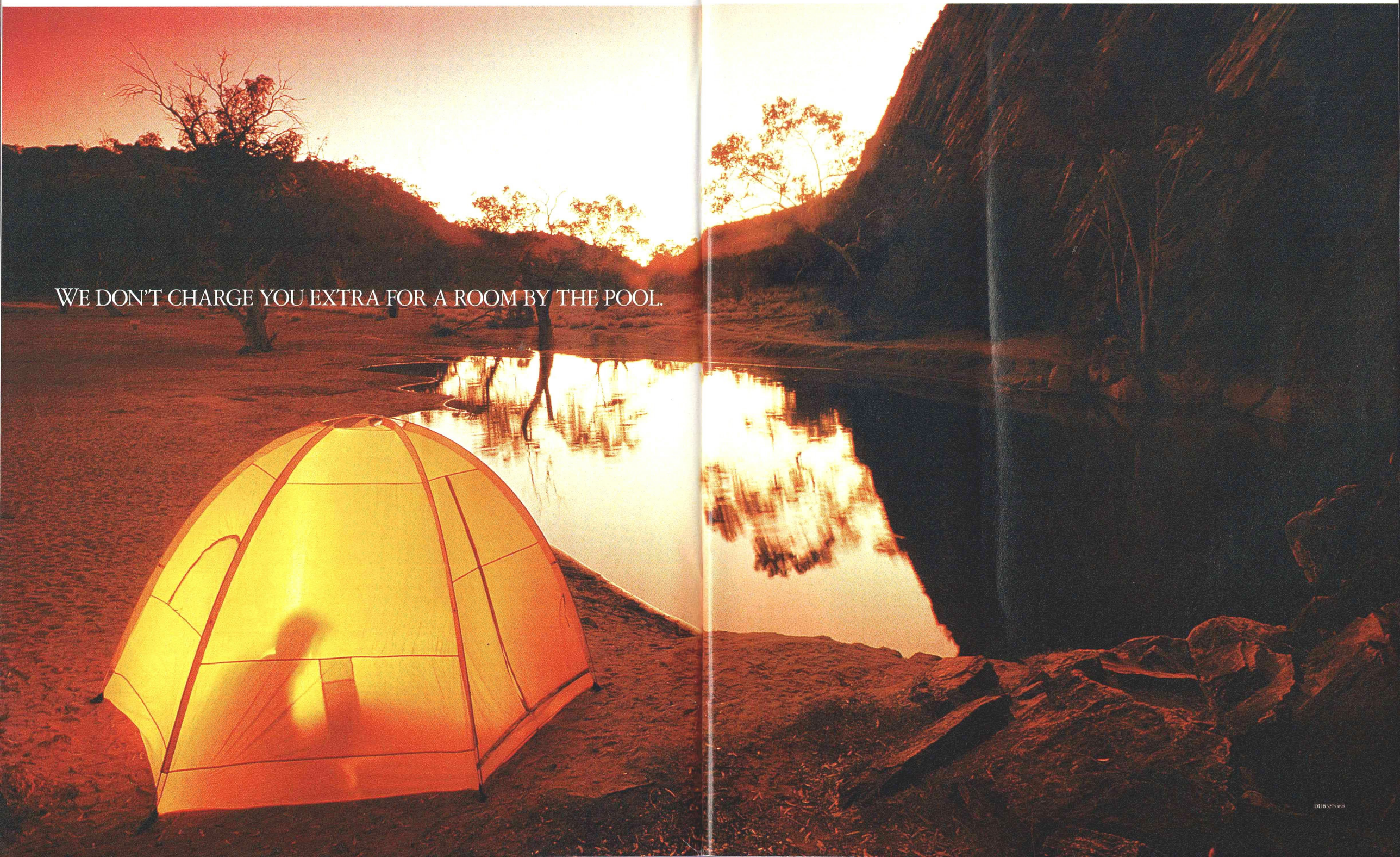
YOU WILL NEED THIS BECAUSE KATHERINE GORGE IS ONE OF THE GREAT WONDERS OF NATURE.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE SEEN THE GORGE, YET IT STILL LOOKS LIKE NO-ONE HAS BEEN THERE.

AND WE'VE EVERY INTENTION OF KEEPING IT THAT WAY.

FOR A ROOM BY THE POOL, CONTACT THE NORTHERN TERRITORY GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU.

AUSTRALIA'S NORTHERN TERRITORY



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FORUM

Continued from page 11

although I shouldn't have been. Many students get crushes on their teachers, but then again, Trudy had been married once and was no teenager.

Trudy was half asleep; and Billie made me get in the middle, telling me to kiss her awake. I slid my arm under her pillow and began gently kissing her lips and eyes. She murmured, "I was wondering if you'd ever get here." Then she said, "Mum, do you agree with me?" and Billie replied, "Yes."

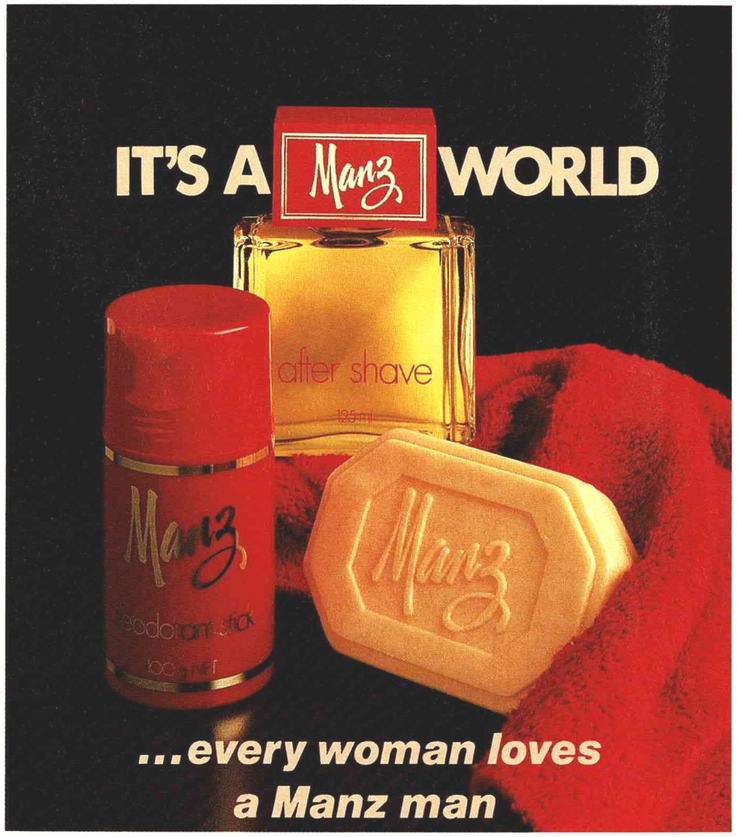
I began to enjoy kissing and caressing Trudy, and if I didn't know which was which I would not have known whether it was Trudy or Billie in the dark. After a few minutes Billie slid down under the sheets and began giving me fellatio. I nearly went off in her mouth before she stopped. She told Trudy she had better get on top and enjoy something she had already had and knew she would love. She did and it was truly sensational. The daughter was even better than the mother, if that was possible.

Trudy was into her third orgasm, but I was still able to hold off and keep hard. Billie was kissing and caressing me at the same time, and I was sure that I couldn't hold on much longer, so I pulled Billie up in order to give her cunnilingus. Trudy had stopped her rapid movements and settled down to a very slow, deliberate gyration, obviously enjoying my cock to its fullest. Billie had an orgasm and her sweet juices were flowing into my mouth, when suddenly, all three of us came at once. Completely satisfied, we all went off to sleep.

We all woke up about the same time. We had a light but excellent breakfast, and I was rinsing off the dishes and putting them into the dishwasher when Trudy slid her arms around me from behind and put her hand under my robe, grabbing my penis. As I started to turn around, she pulled the cord on my robe, and I discovered to my pleasure that hers was loose and our bare skins rubbed against one another. As I kissed her upturned lips she still held on to my penis. I was in good shape after the night's sleep; I lifted her off the floor and carried her into the bedroom.

She had to let go of my organ to take her robe off, but 10 seconds later she was holding it again, guiding it into her beautiful, moist vagina. She was really anxious that morning, and had an orgasm immediately before I was ready to explode into her. She was tonguing and holding on to me, her legs wrapped around my body until, finally, she just lay there moaning quietly.

About two weeks later, when the three of us had been out to dinner, several other staffers saw us together. On the following day, one of them said to me that my friendliness with Trudy had been noticed, and that it was obvious that her mother approved of my escorting her out to dinner. If he only knew what was really going on, he would never believe it. And the truth is, there are moments when it's even hard for me to believe it. This is one instance when reality outdoes fantasy. — *Name and address withheld*



Fitness fanatics

I am the athletic director of a small but very exclusive fitness centre. We cater mostly to businesswomen, and often to women whose business it is to be beautiful. I work with some of the most pampered bodies in the country today.

A few weeks ago I was waiting for the regular members of my six o'clock class to show up. There had been one of those sudden, torrential spring rains, so I expected a few people to be absent. In fact only one student, a lissome auburn beauty who was a star on a popular TV show, finally showed. She was fantastically devoted to her daily workout, and all that sweating had paid off. She had just purchased a shiny black leotard, cut way up on the inner part of her thighs. I could barely keep myself from staring at her enormous, firm breasts which spilled out from the plunging neckline. Her nipples were almost visible; and beads of moisture had already formed on her upper lip and deep between that incredible cleavage. She told me that she had been warming up before class, and I thought I detected a mischievous look in her eyes when she demanded that I give her a *real* workout.

Of course, I'm a professional athlete who's used to being around beautiful women. But there was something special about this creature. The way she loosened her hair and tossed it about, the way she stretched, cat-like, allowing me to catch a glimpse of her firm buttocks raised high in the air, and especially the way she did backbends, allowing me a long, lingering look at the lips of her pussy, outlined by the leotard.

I had to look away when I realised the bulge in my tight gym shorts was becoming all too visible. She noticed too, and as she licked the salty sweat from her upper lip she came towards me.

Before I could speak she had turned on the Jane Fonda workout tape, pulled down my shorts and was on her knees before me. With one hand she grasped my aching cock and slowly, very slowly began to kiss my inner thighs. I could feel her breath tickling my pubic hair, and her tongue working in slow, undulating circles over my balls. She did not move the hand that encircled my throbbing member, and every time I tried to touch one of those breasts — I had to have one of those erect, succulent nipples in my mouth — she would push my hand away, smile, and continue her slow, slow teasing.

Just then Jane Fonda's "buttock tucks" exercise came on, and I knew I couldn't stand it a minute longer. As Jane urged us to "work deep . . . really squeeze it," I pushed my star pupil down on the workout mattress. With one tug her leotard was pulled free, and I could now see how worked up she really was. She couldn't control the thrusts of her smooth, round hips. She moaned as I darted my tongue between her swollen red lips and then sank my teeth into her white breast. Pulling her legs apart, I rammed myself into her with one swift lunge.

Jane Fonda was really getting into those buttock tucks now, and every time she told us to "push", I'd ram myself right up to the hilt. Every time Jane told us to "squeeze it", my lady contracted her muscles until I was throbbing, begging her not to make me come.

Finally, just as Jane said "hope you felt the burn," my beauty screamed in ecstasy and I came in the most intense bursts of pleasure I have ever experienced. — *Name and address withheld*

Fantasy fulfilled

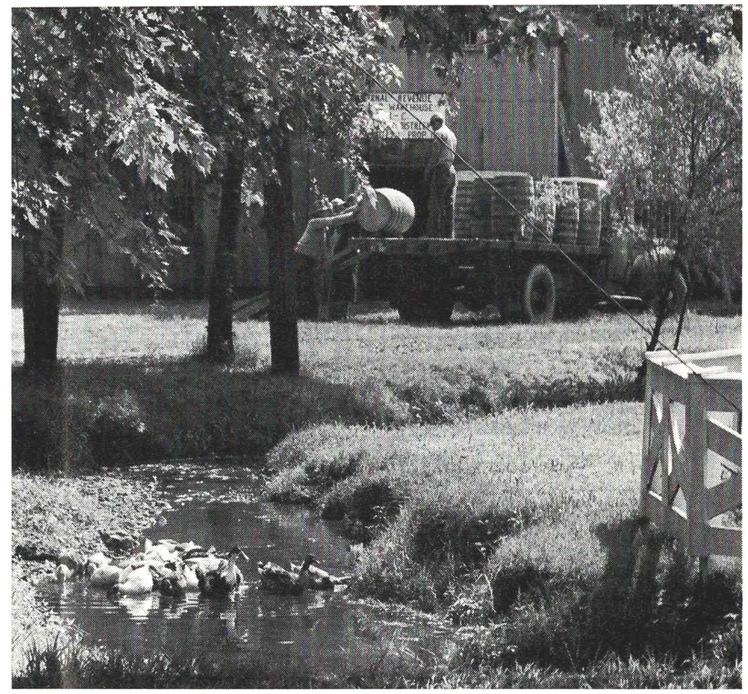
For a long time my husband and I have fantasised about having sex with another woman. Although we've talked about it a lot, I've always been hesitant because I didn't know if I could watch him making love to another woman without becoming jealous.

One day, I noticed that a beautiful, big-breasted redhead had moved into a unit near ours. Sometimes we would ride up in the lift together and smile at each other. She was very breezy and seemed to exude sex. I felt that she was different enough from me that I wouldn't feel she was a threat to my relationship with Jim. Jim and I talked about her one night, and he agreed that she was really attractive and that she might be a good choice for a second woman in our bed. I decided to plunge right ahead, and the next time I met her I invited her over for drinks. I told Jim what I had done and I could tell that he was really turned on by the idea.

So was I, and before Audrey was due to come over, I fixed up the place and scattered a couple of copies of *Penthouse* around. Audrey was supposed to come over around eight. During the afternoon Jim called to tell me that a crisis had come up at the office and he probably wouldn't be able to get home until nine. I told him not to worry, that I would entertain Audrey until he got there. Then I showered and put on a pair of pants and a tight blouse.

The doorbell rang promptly at eight, and I found that I was nervous as I opened the door. I shouldn't have been. Audrey was warm and friendly and perfectly relaxed. She wore a pair of tight white pants and a bright green silky T-shirt that was moulded to her body. Her nipples stuck up pertly beneath the shirt, and I found I couldn't keep my eyes off them as she walked around the unit, admiring it.

I mixed a couple of gin and tonics and brought them to the living room, where Audrey was leafing through a copy of *Pent-*



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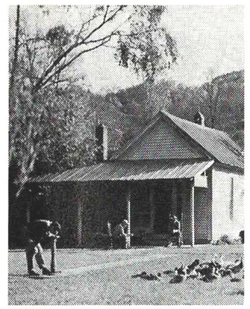
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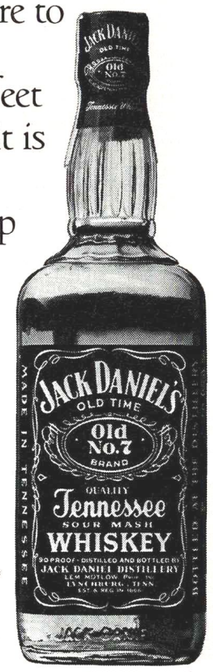

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If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

house. As we sipped our drinks, our conversation turned to sex. It turned out that Audrey was a swinger and had suspected what I had in mind from the first time we met. She had seen Jim and me together and agreed with me that he was quite a man, but she was a little surprised to find out that I was inexperienced in everything except straight heterosexual relationships.

"You mean you've never even kissed a woman before?" she asked in disbelief. I shook my head. "Oh, honey," she said warmly, looking at me with a twinkle in her eyes and smiling broadly. She put her drink down and took mine out of my hand. Licking her lips provocatively she leaned over and kissed me on the lips. Her mouth was sweet-smelling and sweet-tasting and delicate, and I sighed and found myself responding wildly.

We put our arms around each other and I felt her big soft breasts rubbing against mine. I moved my hands up and down her arms and then grabbed her breasts, my fingers spread wide. I was amazed at their softness — at the firm, pliant softness of her whole body. As if she was guessing what I was thinking, she said, "You're pretty soft yourself." I hardly remember what happened next, except that before I knew it, both of us had our tops off and I was fingering Audrey's nipples and watching with excitement as they grew bigger and harder. I remember being surprised at my own sureness. There was no strangeness; I felt as though I had been making love to women all my life.

Audrey was as flushed as I was and we were both breathing hard. She leaned over and tongued my nipples back and forth. I moaned with pleasure and pulled her head closer to me. We both fell back on the couch and she lay on top of me, rubbing herself against me. Then she sat up and leaned back away from me, displaying her body in an incredibly provocative way, her big breasts jutting proudly from her slender torso. I put my hands around them and sucked one nipple while I squeezed the other between my fingers.

"Oooooh," she breathed, "you do that so well." We eagerly helped each other slip off our pants and panties, and I ran my hands over Audrey's hips and thighs. Her pussy was covered with silky red hair, and I leaned over and kissed it tentatively, then slipped a finger between her labia. I was thrilled to find that she was all wet. She grinned down at me. "You like this?" she asked.

"Oh, I love it," I breathed, and the two of us kissed again, more passionately this time, rubbing thighs, bellies, and bushes together. Then we got off the couch and walked into the the bedroom, our arms around each other's waists, licking tongues as we went. My vagina felt so wet by this time that I was sure I was dripping on the floor.

We lay on the bed and I had never felt so voluptuous or turned-on as I squeezed and stroked Audrey's soft, silky flesh. She took her big breasts in her hands and pushed them into my mouth. When I had licked her nipples, she took her breasts out of my mouth and began to rub them against my nipples. I clasped her thigh between my legs and rubbed my pussy against her, moaning.

She rolled over on her stomach and told me to stroke her bottom with my fingernails. I did so, loving the way she wriggled beneath my touch. "Put your hands underneath me and rub my clit," she said. I did and she moaned and pushed herself hard against my fingers. Suddenly, I looked up and saw that Jim was watching us. Audrey and I were so intent on our lovemaking that we were unaware of Jim's entrance into the bedroom.

It was an awkward moment and I didn't quite know what to say. I knew Audrey and I must have made a delicious sight; she had her round bum up in the air, and I had rolled over on to my back and was lying with my legs spread and a slightly glazed expression on my face. Neither of us had come yet, and we both hotter than firecrackers.

"Hi," Audrey smiled at him, slipping a finger into my wetness. "Why don't you get out of your clothes and sit down and watch for a while." Jim's eyes looked as if they were going to pop out of his head, but he started to take his clothes off, never letting his eyes leave us.

I started to pump myself on Audrey's finger, but she had other ideas. She moved up to my face and started licking me — moving from my face and my mouth to my neck, shoulders, underarms, and then to my breasts, where she spent a long time on each nipple, sucking and licking and teasing until I thought I would go mad. I pushed her head down along my body, rubbing her soft flesh wherever I could reach. She put her fingers on my lips, and I kissed and licked them feverishly as her tongue moved with maddening slowness down my belly to my pubic hair, where she buried her head and kissed me passionately.

All the while she was shifting herself around so that her pussy was moving closer and closer to my mouth. One of her thighs brushed my face and I kissed and sucked it eagerly as I felt her tongue enter my slit. Just then she positioned her pink vagina over my mouth and I breathed in her aroma and licked and lapped at her with the same hot eagerness with which she was sucking on me. In seconds I heard her cries blending with mine as we climaxed together.

Suddenly I felt her head leaving my thighs and I saw Jim, eyes gleaming, ready to enter me with an enormous erection. I spread my arms and legs for him, and Audrey lay down next to me.

As Jim pushed his huge cock into my pussy, Audrey stroked us both. Jim leaned over without interrupting his strokes and kissed Audrey on the lips. Then he kissed me and I could taste both Audrey's and my juices as we kissed.

The rest of the night is a swirl of images in my mind: Jim and I kneeling on either side of Audrey, each sucking on one of her nipples, our fingers working in and out of her vagina, while Audrey fondled my clitoris with one hand and stroked Jim's cock with the other; Audrey gobbling Jim's hard cock as I licked her pussy; Jim fucking Audrey while I kneeled behind him and licked him; finally the three of us in a chain with me sucking Jim's cock, Audrey eating me, and Jim licking away at Audrey like mad.

Surprisingly, I did not feel too jealous, considering the unusual circumstances. I never thought I could be so open-minded about deviating from my sexual norm. There is something extremely invigorating about sharing those feelings with two caring individuals. It changed me forever.

The three of us had many other exciting evenings together until Jim's company transferred us to another state. We have since had other women join us in our lovemaking, but we both will always remember Audrey, who really turned me on to supersex. — *H.F.A., Sydney, NSW*

Coming in second

My brother and I work at the same petrol station, so we both know most of the regular customers. Les and I met Tanya at the same time, but as my bad luck would have it, he beat me to the punch and asked her out first. I cursed my misfortune and felt pretty bad. Tanya has the best arse I've ever seen. She always pumps her own juice and I love to watch her lovely bum as she bends over.

I'd never seen Tanya in shorts, but with the summer approaching, I thought I might get the chance.

Well, one afternoon, she and Les returned home, and she had on the filmsiest pair of red nylon running shorts I'd ever seen. Her cheeks jiggled round like jelly in them. Her long legs were even better proportioned than I had imagined.

She and Les were sitting out in the yard talking. Tanya was stretched out face down on a beach towel. Observing from a window in the house, I had a fantastic view of her bum and legs. I even got out a pair of binoculars for a close-up view and began to rub my dick and balls. I just knew that Les was having a great time with her, probably banging her every night.

Just then Les got up and went over to his car and drove away. Tanya got up off the blanket and came toward the house. I quickly put away the binoculars.

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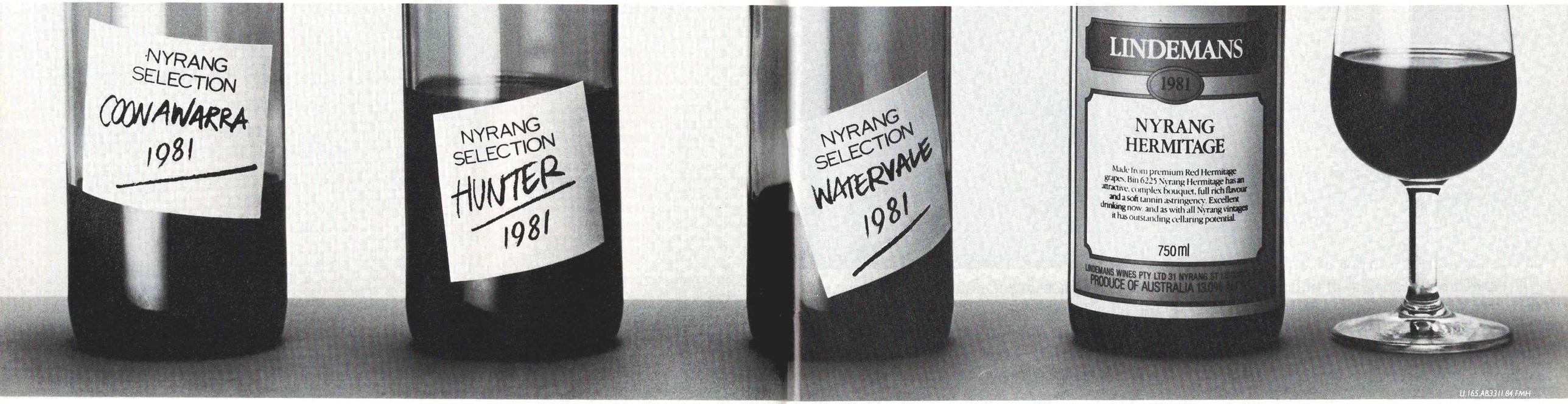
A MIXED BACKGROUND IS GOOD FOR THE CHARACTER.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New V8 Holden Commodore SS. Loses by 0.6 sec. Wins by $38,000.

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Both cars accelerate from rest to 100Ks in under 7 secs. The Carrera in 6.1 secs, the SS in 6.7 secs.

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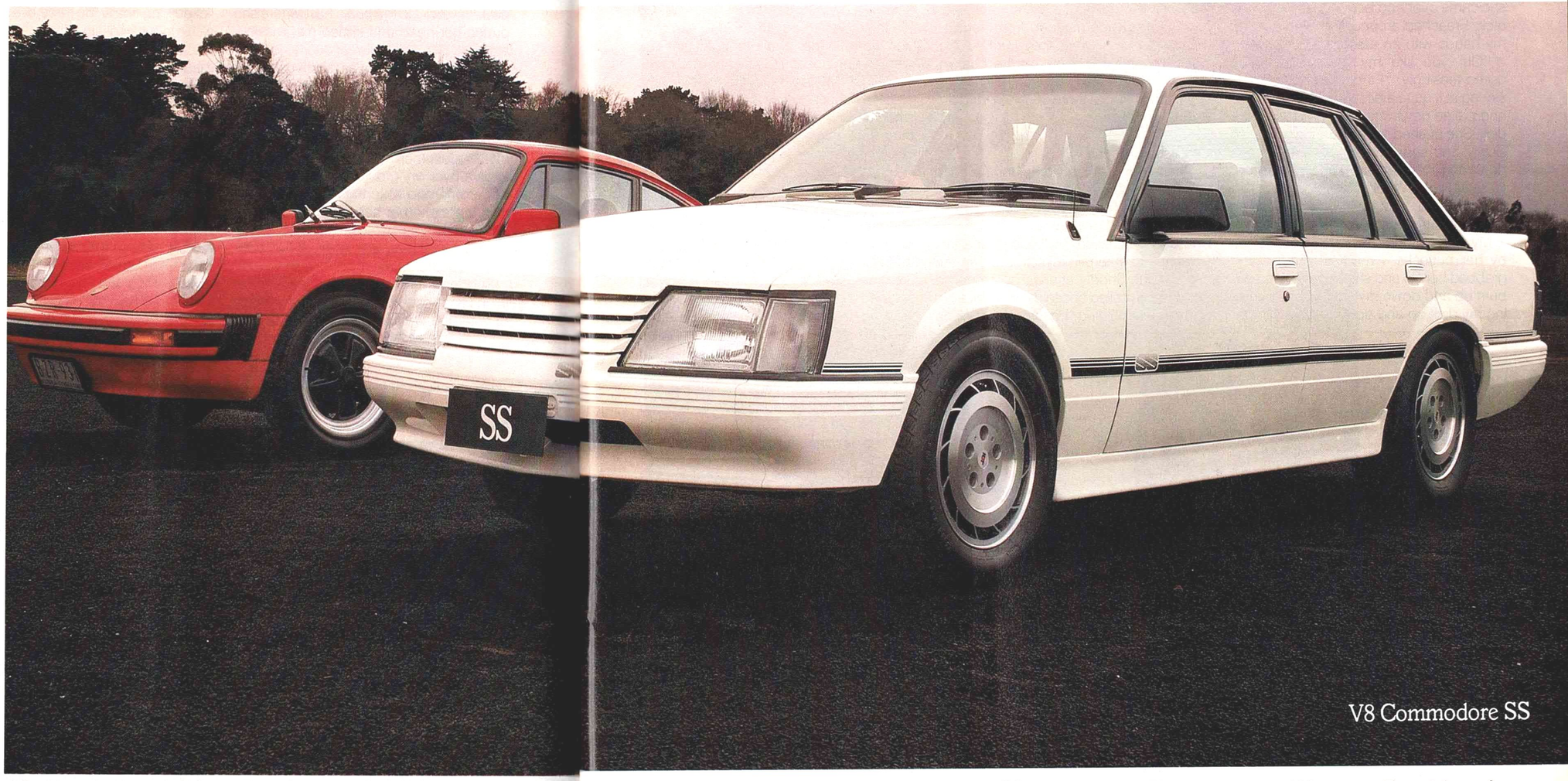
Not only does the SS go like a Carrera, it stops brilliantly too, with big discs all round.

The V8 Commodore SS handling is also preferred over many of Europe's finest. Designed by Peter Brock himself the V8 Commodore SS is based on his experience of seven wins at Bathurst.

Brock has included a limited slip differential, a blueprinted ignition system, and HDT high performance cylinder heads with large inlet and exhaust valves. He has also added a refined inlet manifold with improved inlet passages and free flow extractor exhaust system. Power steering, HDT gas rear suspension, 15" HDT alloy wheels and low-profile Uniroyals provide an outstanding ride with precise handling.



V8 Commodore SS

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GMCO0155

FORUM

Continued from page 17

"Les's going to get some beer," she said. "And . . ." She stopped mid-sentence. Horrified, I looked down to where she was looking and realised I had forgotten to zip up my pants. My underwear and the big bulge it contained were plainly visible.

"Doug," she said, "Les is my boyfriend, and I don't want to have sex with him yet because I don't want to spoil our relationship by moving too quickly, but you're a different story. You look like you've got a little problem. I think I can help." With that, she came over and began massaging my dick. I reached around and filled each of my hands with an arse cheek.

"Oh, you like my bum, huh?" she asked teasingly. "I thought I noticed you staring at it quite a bit." She helped me up and pulled down my pants, releasing my dick. She pushed me against the wall, then slowly and seductively pulled her shorts down and lifted her T-shirt above her head. Her tits weren't all that big, but they looked good enough to me. She then turned around and backed against me.

My dick was sandwiched on both sides by her buttocks. I reached around and grabbed her tits and she began sliding her bum up and down my shaft. I was pumping my dick up and down in time with her thrusts. I would have passed out and fallen down if it had not been for her weight holding me against the wall. Then, she reached around behind herself, and grabbed her own bum. She squeezed her soft buttocks together back and forth on my cock. "Jesus," I thought, "I never knew anything could feel this good."

All of a sudden, I felt myself about to come. With Tanya still in front of me, I forced my way out from the wall, and Tanya bent over, grabbing the table. My dick erupted all over her back, with flaming hot blobs of sperm shooting uncontrollably. My bursts gradually subsided, and I loosened my hold on her tits. Just then, we heard my brother's noisy car coming down the lane. Tanya quickly dressed, not even bothering to wipe my load from herself.

Later that night, when they were leaving, I saw several wet spots on the back of Tanya's shorts, and I was excited knowing that I had put them there. — *Name and address withheld*

Old acquaintance

One Friday night, my girlfriend called to cancel our date due to her parents insistence that she study that evening. I was very depressed. My only consolation was my newly purchased *Penthouse* magazine. I planned to entertain myself with it for the entire night. Shortly afterwards, Roger, a good friend, called and told me about a big party in his building. I decided that since I had nothing better to do, I might as well get shit-faced.

I was only on my third beer when into the room walked a familiar face. I'll call her Stephanie. She and I had gone out together earlier in the year, but nothing "came" of it. Due to the fact that I hadn't called her in months, I wasn't exactly dying to be confronted by her. Much to my dismay, however, she came right over and sat next to me. Our conversation was noticeably tense as I tried to think of a way to get myself out of trouble. Before I could say anything else she said, "It's been such a long time since we've talked; why haven't you called?" Luckily, I've always been a quick thinker and I came out with a great line from my bag of tricks. I said: "Well, I felt that I was more attracted to you than you were to me, and I thought that you were feeling uncomfortable about our relationship." My embarrassment over the situation must have made me sound sincere because she fell for it. She leaned over and planted a kiss on my lips and whispered in my ear. "My flatmate is away for the weekend." I needed no further prompting.

Once in her room we were on the bed and naked in seconds. She nearly tore my underwear as she tugged at the waistband to get them off. Out flew my throbbing crusader. She licked my balls for what seemed like hours as I anticipated her working her way up my shaft. Before long she had accomplished quite a feat. She had engulfed all of my cock. It felt so good that I thought I was going to blow my load right then. But I wanted to savor the moment. With her kneeling in front of me, I had an incredible feeling of power and I felt the surge of an oncoming orgasm. I spewed my goo with such force that if she hadn't swallowed every drop, it would have been the first sperm to orbit the earth. I was totally blown away, but I was not about to stop yet. I lay her on her back and went to work. I worked my way up her legs, kissing every inch of her beautiful legs. By the time I reached her thighs, my cock was hard again. It would have to wait until I finished my meal.

I gently spread her pussy lips with my tongue and found her clitoris. In minutes I discovered that she was not only a moaner, but a screamer as well. Many moans and several screams later I realised that she had now turned into jelly, and it was time to sink my knife into her jar. My penetration revived her and we were soon going at it like beasts in the woods. I pumped furiously, longer than I ever thought I could, before I finally filled her love harbor with my ship of "seamen." I then looked at the clock. Four hours had passed since I'd arrived. I kissed her and was on my way. — *Name and address withheld*

Share the wealth

My wife Gwen and I have been married

Where would we be without Red?

MASIUS WAL10187 AB3181/84

for five years. Our sex life has remained exciting, and neither of us has found the need to look for fulfilment elsewhere. My wife is stunning: tall, with long legs, blonde hair that cascades past her shoulders, and the palest green eyes I've ever seen. I enjoy the long looks she draws from men when we're together in public.

In May we went to a party at a friend's house. Gwen wore a simple, green dress that came to mid-thigh, which permitted her luscious legs to move freely and to be admired by all. She looked so sexy that I had her remove her panties during the drive to the party so I could finger her pussy. We almost decided to forego the party and return home to satisfy our desires.

A few weeks after the party my wife and I were making love when she suddenly announced there was something she needed to tell me. At the party, we had seen little of each other as I spent the night mingling with my friends. As we said our goodbyes to the host I noticed that Gwen had a dazed expression on her face, which I attributed to alcohol. No sooner were we in the car than Gwen slid next to me and began to stroke my crotch. She leaned back against the car door on the passenger's side, spread her legs for me, and revealed the absence of her panties.

"I readied myself for you," she whispered huskily. "For the last 15 minutes your wife has been in the bathroom fantasising about being fucked." She moistened her fingers with the dew from her pussy and offered them to me for a taste. Half an hour later, with Gwen straddling my thighs in the privacy of our bed, I injected her with torrents of come.

Now she informed me of the events that transpired in the three hours before her bathroom fantasy. Throughout the evening a friend of ours, Craig, had dominated Gwen's attention. They drank freely, and, as giddiness took over, my wife allowed Craig to take more and more liberties. At first they were nothing more than a touch on the arm or a pat on the cheek, but when he stole his first kiss on the back patio, things really started happening. Craig cornered Gwen as she came out of the bathroom, manoeuvred her back in, and locked the door behind them. At first she resisted as he swept her into his arms, but passion combined with booze soon had her returning his kisses lustfully. Craig lifted her body and sat her on the counter, forced the hem of her dress up to her waist, and stripped her panties down her legs.

Gwen began to protest as he steered his cock into her. She says she was loving every minute of it but needed time to think about starting an affair. What she told me set my dick pulsating with desire and without much hesitation I told her to go ahead with an affair.

"Fuck you!"

The very next day I walked into the living room late in the afternoon to find Gwen sucking on Craig's dick. "Well, do I have good taste in men?" she asked as she rubbed his wet prick along her cheek. I smiled at Craig, saying, "We're never done anything like this before, but I'm sure we'll find it to be a memorable experience."

I removed my clothes calmly as I watched Gwen service our friend. She relished what she was doing, groaning deep in her mouth, bathing his cock with her saliva, and sucking noisily on his staff. I sat on the couch beside Craig and began to fondle my stiffening cock.

"Well," my wife said jokingly. "This lady wants to be fucked. Are either of you men willing to supply the dick?"

We all smiled and ran off to the bedroom. I sucked on Gwen's steaming box as she and Craig kissed and caressed each other. "She's ready," I announced to Craig.

Gwen, as lewd as I'd ever seen her, stood up and leaned over the bed, her bum bobbing in the air. Craig positioned himself behind her, and I guided his penis for entry. Both of them moaned with pleasure as he inched his prick into her pussy.

I crawled beneath Gwen's spread legs and watched Craig's balls swing to and fro as he pumped my wife. My tongue licked the base of Gwen's slit and the underside of Craig's hard-on as it reappeared from inside her. Their mating made a delicious sucking noise, my wife's pussy pulling the shaft into its deepest recesses.

The speed of Craig's pumping increased and my wife began to advise him. "Fuck me slowly, deeply," she begged. "Come on, sugar. Fill my hole with your cock. Yes, lover, that feels so very good. That's right. Feel me milk you with my pussy."

Craig groaned as he buried his prick to the balls and sprayed his load into Gwen's snatch. He then pulled his cock out of my wife's soggy tunnel.

Gwen, with an insatiable look in her eye, sat on the edge of the bed, spread her legs wantonly, and indicated that she wanted me to finish her off. I gladly returned to her fragrant snatch and teased her clit with my tongue. Craig stood up and offered his shrinking cock to her mouth. She soon had him rigid again. Gwen exploded with an orgasm that sent a shudder through her whole body. That capped off the most exciting experience in our relationship — so far.

After Craig left, Gwen told me that she had been fantasising about making it with another man for two years.

Gwen has willingly agreed to fulfil my fantasy by finding another woman to join us. Just two days ago she reported that she was making progress with a beautiful woman whom she works with. I only hope that I can experience another night to tell *Penthouse* readers about. — *Name and address withheld*

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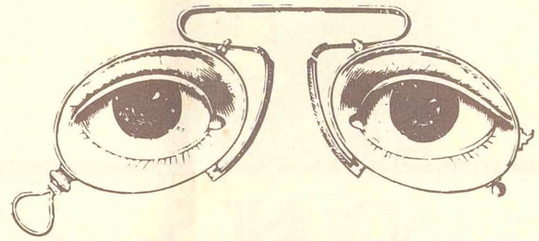


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE NEW LONELINESS

BY FRANK ROBSON

I have become a student of the New Loneliness. God knows, there is little enough time to pursue my hobby, but when a few moments can be stolen away from family, friends and work, I sniff out examples of the loneliness epidemic like a hound on a scent. What intrigues me is the great contradiction: to be truly desolate, we must experience life where it teems. Remember *Midnight Cowboy*? Jon Voight's achingly lonesome mid-western hayseed in New York probably got me started with this preoccupation.

On Saturdays, when the morning broadsheet is plump with news and features, I go straight to the personal column. Once I found an advertisement that said: *Oh God, Where Are You?* That was all — not even a box number.

My wife could not understand why it seemed to fascinate me. "It's a rhetorical question," she said. She believes most personal ads are phoney, the work of cranks and pranksters. But of course, this is no longer so. My research shows that the loneliest people are those who, by accepted standards, should not be lonely at all. Personal columns reflect this: *Fed Up With Singles Scene*, the ads wail. And *Is There No Hope Anymore Of A Meaningful Relationship?*

In the Ten Network's *Perfect Match*, lonely people are exposed to public humiliation in order to create irresistible television. This suggests an entertainment theme in which, at a later stage when audiences are *ready* for it, agoraphobiacs might be dropped by helicopter into football crowds and albinos made to cross Death Valley without hats.

A few weeks ago something new began to appear in the personal columns: ads placed by people who are prepared to go to the homes of lonely Australians and listen to them talk. Some listen for a fee, but one woman does it for nothing. I called her number and discovered that response to her ads was so great she was booked for two months in advance. In fact, she was out listening to people when I rang. Her friend explained the situation and said, exasperated: "I just can't tell you the loneliness that's out there! People don't seem to want advice. They are so damn lonely they just want someone to bounce their decisions off — to see if they're doing the right thing."

She said her friend had lost her husband and children in a car accident years earlier and had become increasingly concerned with the plight of the lonely. "You might not believe it," she told me, "but quite a few of them are well off, with their own circle of friends. But they can't talk to these friends — that's what they say — not about anything that really matters. They only feel comfortable with a stranger."

In my work, I know how often this happens. People you have never met will describe the most intimate details of their lives on the telephone. A fellow I know is facing bankruptcy because of debts incurred while discussing the meaning of life with prostitutes.

For sheer, heart-wrenching human isolation publicly exhibited, there is nothing to rival talkback radio. In Brisbane, and no doubt elsewhere, talkback priests sell faith like used cars: *Feeling Insubstantial? A Little Invisible Around The Edges? Let His Love Make You Whole. Phone This Number And Know Jesus By The Weekend!*

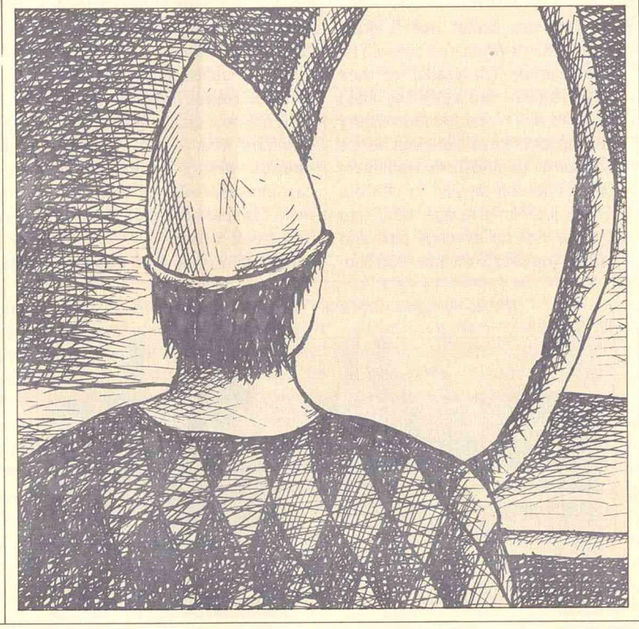


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

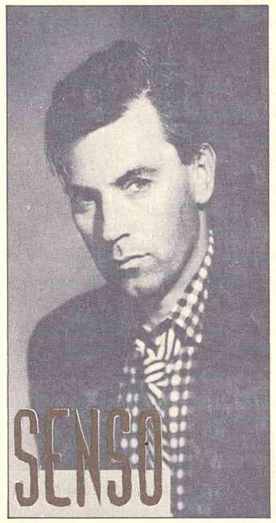
Perhaps I should explain what has made me go public about my preoccupation with loneliness. As a freelance journalist, I go public about anything that will earn me money, yet for some reason my Lonely File has always been sacred. Maybe that's because I still have no firm idea why the subject interests me. But after ringing the woman the other night, my hobby has been in my thoughts rather too much, scratching away like the mice that regularly dine in my filing cabinet.

It's as if, staring into an increasingly complex universal mirror, a percentage of us are distressed by the absence of a reflected image — or perhaps by an image not recognisable as our own. The New Loneliness is a man knocking on his own soul, with the forlorn suspicion that no-one is home.

SOUNDS

STEPPING OUT

Two smartly dressed young men with distinctive vocal styles now have albums under the banners their mothers gave them. Locally, **Stephen Cummings** has collected his past singles (except the best one, "We All Make Mistakes") with other tracks long in the mixing for *Senso* (Regular). The European theatre has yielded **David Sylvian's** gardening compendium for



Cummings' first solo effort

the sensitive and aware, *Brilliant Trees* (Virgin). Sylvian has recruited a wide array of musicians including old Japan colleagues Steve Jansen (drums) and Richard Barbieri (synth). The convoluted funk of "Pulling Punches" is very reminiscent of their previous outfit; the rest of the album strays more on the atmospheric side of the tracks visited occasionally by Japan in songs like "Ghosts." Synthesisers wash, David croons, while most melodic flights are left to brass lines courtesy of Kenny Wheeler's jazzy flugelhorn and John Hassel's idiosyncratic trumpet breaths. The strength of the album lies very much in Sylvian's choice of players rather than his evocative, personal poetry.

Cummings' disc is a much more ruddy-faced number aimed at the feet. With more than a dash of Motown, including strings and girly ooh-ahs, he explores little of the old Sports' arena. Longtime associate Martin Armiger, much in evidence as composer/guitarist/producer, helps keep the material in an AM radio format. Such an approach didn't do Tim Finn any harm on his *Escapade* and even if songs like "Gymnasium" do sound at times like jeans commercials the album has some fine pop moments.

A glimpse at some of Cummings' current inspiration comes from one of the beaming great uncles of funky soul, **Smokey Robinson.** *ESSAR* (Motown) sways appreciably in the breeze of public notoriety, but does little to elevate listeners to a state of euphoria, and little to snap them out of it if they've got there under their own steam.

Spandau Ballet had a great ideal ("Only When You Leave") for the *Parade* (Chrysalis) of their latest tunes — it's a pity they didn't have a few more. Guitarist Garry Kemp must have a devious sense of humor getting Tony Hadley (of the sonorous tonsils) to belt out "I'm just an average boy, and you're not an average girl, and when you sing to me the shoo-bee-doos, you sing so well."

The quirks of humor that characterised Squeeze, initially aided by resident loons like Jools Holland, have been ironed out for the debut of the songwriting axis of *Difford And Tillbrook* (A&M). The fact that many songs sound like twisted reworks of Paul McCartney's "Admiral Halsey" and the chords and arrangements smack of the Beatles at their most George Martin is more an acknowledgement of lineage than a putdown. Still, many of the melodies sound like too much work and not enough care has gone into them.

Despite minor desertion in the ranks, Melbourne's famous tribe **Hunters And Collectors** have found themselves in the *Jaws Of Life* (White) once more. Mark Seymour's growl remains to lead their primal chants and while heavy bass riffs anchor and define the songs, they use the studio more as a means of escaping the pubs than as a tool to seriously tailor their sound.

Sydney-based tape loop boffins **Severed Heads** (now a duo) have their first real album in *Since The Accident* (Ink 2) — previous sounds being committed to cassette alone. At worst they do a more than passable impersonation of a stuck record.

Is there no way **Nick Lowe** will take life seriously? He's back twisting the night away with his Chuck Berry socks and rockabilly slip showing in the company of another *Cowboy Outfit* (F Beat).

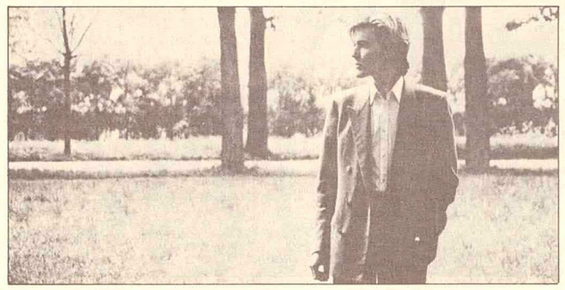
Second generation jazz-rock, following in the footsteps of Tony Williams, John McLaughlin, Chick Corea and cronies was often a very sanitised affair — like the Jeff Lorber Fusion. Jay Beckenstein's **Spyro Gyra** do little to dispel this notion on their latest double dose of concert footage, *Access All Areas* (MCA), despite the individual prowess of many of its perpetrators.

Eartha Kitt, around on the charts since "Under The Bridges of Paris" in 1955, drapes her languid vocals around six largely forgettable "dance" tracks on *I Love Men* (RCA).

Two vast chests of varying vocal ability, **Dolly Parton** and **Sylvester Stallone,** meet for some heavy country as the soundtrack to *Rhinestone* (RCA).

Paul Young's singing training is documented on the mainly live soul revue *Q-Tips Live At Last* (Powderworks) while EMI finish their spring cleaning with what they claim is *The Very Best Of Kim Wilde* and yet another **Rolling Stones**'compilation, *Rewind (1971-84). Never Told a Soul* (Vertigo) sees **John Illsley** not breaking out of the dire straits he's been in for the last few years. **Le Club Foote** have one of the most consistently drab local debuts, from the art work to the closing chord, in *Cinema Qua* (EMI). The only permissable sequel to *Rodney Rude Live (EMI)* should be *Rodney Rude Dead* — short but to the point. **Richard Clapton** takes a while getting to *The Heart Of It* (Mushroom) without actually arriving, **Nick Cave** has some unwarranted delusions of Presley *In The Ghetto* (Mute), **Kraftwerk** rerun their *Tour De France* (EMI) in English and German, while **The Dropbears** aren't exactly done *Proud* (WEA) by their latest. — *Jeremy Cook*

David Sylvian's Brilliant Trees . . . atmospheric



FILM

BUSTING TO GO

The contents of my fridge have occasionally been a sight to drain the blood from the face of a healthy adult. Nothing a few squirts of Exit Mould couldn't remedy in a jiffy. Sigourney Weaver, on the other hand, is a woman with a real problem. When she opens the door of her Kelvinator she's confronted, not by a crop of penicillin, but by a snarling, drooling hound of hell guarding the gateway to a dimension where evil and mayhem reign. There's something mighty black in the white goods and it's not an old bunch of bananas. It's a job for the **Ghostbusters.**

It's quite a jumping off point for what proves to be one hell of a movie. *Ghostbusters* is odds-on to be the comedy hit of the year and a cult movie for some time to come. It's directed by Ivan Reitman from a screenplay by Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis, a piece or work that defies adequate explanation or summary without some form of hallucinogen.

Akyroyd and Ramis also take the roles of two of the Ghostbusters — a company of parapsychologists who set up an exorcise business after being booted out of academia. Handily, just after they've set up digs in a disused fire station, ghosts start coming out of the woodwork all over New York for a sort of Armageddon convention. The third member of the ectoplasm extermination squad is Bill Murray who, as the swaggering, pseudo-cool Dr Peter Venkman, is allowed to pinch the picture.

Sigourney Weaver seems to be living more dangerously than ever as classical musician Dana Barrett, initially the only "normal" character in the film. After the incident of Cerberus in her butter conditioner, she receives an earthly visitation that disturbs her nearly as much. Dr Peter Venkman arrives for a spectre inspection, and when he finds nothing more horrible in her fridge than a lot of junk food he turns his

Ectoplasm exterminators Aykroyd and Murray

energies to inspecting her and establishing a tenuous romantic interest.

However, there's scant time for that sort of funny business when there are ghosts to be busted. The menacing little blighters are popping up all over the show, terrorising honest citizens and displaying appalling table manners at the best hotels. These are not your cute, namby-pamby Casper types — they're ugly, nasty green cacklers with a messy habit of coating with slime anyone they're just passing through.

It's readily apparent that visual effects director Richard Edlund had the time of his life creating some of the more ludicrous aspects of *Ghostbusters.* As well as coming up with the naughty spectral slimers, hounds of hell and ghostbusting proton rays, he had the chance to really get his teeth into a 100-foot marshmallow man, which as the manifestation of ultimate evil terrorises New York, wreaking havoc at the climax of the film.

Mr Pufty (the marshmallow man) with his huge, inane face striking terror into all in his path, just about sums up the hilarious unlikeliness and comic book action pace of *Ghostbusters.* With an upbeat, rocky score, lashings of snappy one-liners, insane characters and Bill Murray's unashamed showing off, it's a film not to be missed by anyone with even a ghost of a funny bone in their body.

Meanwhile, back at the fridge, this time the bumper economy sized one at the top of the world, a team of scientists have chipped a Neanderthal man out of a glacier, thawed him out and called him Charlie. Sounds just about as likely and potentially funny as the premise of *Ghostbusters,* but Fred Schepisi's **Iceman** takes itself very seriously. That doesn't mean audiences are likely to. After gripping opening sequences when the iceman is discovered and revivified with all the right Marcus Welby paraphernalia and intensity, the film gets bogged down in the tired old theme of humanity versus science. None of it works very well, not even with a dash of mysticism thrown in.

Timothy Hutton is on the side of humanity as anthropologist Dr Stanley Shepherd, who befriends the iceman and battles oh so earnestly the scientists who want to carve Charlie up and distribute his vital organs to research centres around the Western world.

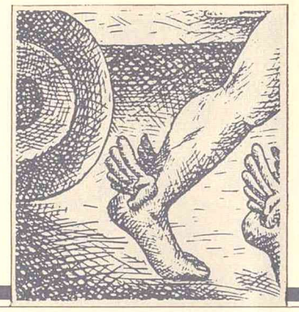
Lindsay Crouse, last seen with Hutton in Sidney Lumet's *Daniel,* is Dr Diane Brady, the scientist who sees poor old Chuck as a collection of parts which, when dissected, would better the science of cryogenics and perhaps hold the key to human immortality. The best of the lot is Eurasian actor John Lone as the iceman. His grunts make about as much sense as the rest of the film put together. It looks like Fred Schepisi will have to do a little better to fulfil most expectations. With *Barbarossa* and this effort he's cracked the ice on foreign turf, but he hasn't cut the mustard.

Hoping to pare away anything the frostbite leaves behind comes **Firestarter,** the latest screen adaptation of the work of that nabob of nailbiting fiction Stephen King.

Executive producer Dino de Laurentiis has gathered the proverbial galaxy of stars to bring King's pyrokinetic thriller to cinematic life. The likes of George C. Scott, Art Carney, Martin Sheen and Louise Fletcher all have a hand in this story of a little girl, with the potential to create atomic firepower, on the run from a government agency.

Eight-year-old actress Drew Barrymore and David Keith carry the bulk of the film well as Charlie McGee, the super Cinderella, and her father Andy.

The screenplay by Stanley Mann holds a faithful candle to the original novel. However, special effects — the crux of any such film — ultimately fall short of evoking the terrifying energies the storyline centres upon. It's a failing which staunches the fuse that burns quite steadily throughout the film, leaving *Firestarter* not so much of a cracker as a fizzer. — *C.J. Mackay.*



SPORT

WHY WE WON'T KEEP THE AMERICA'S CUP

Australia will lose the America's Cup in 1987. I'm convinced the Cup will be checking out of Perth in '87 because I've experienced firsthand how serious the Americans are about retrieving that ugly urn. On a recent tour of the United States, I spoke at length with key officials from the leading US challenge syndicates. The message was loud and clear: "We're gonna blow you guys out of the water."

It'll take some big guns to carry out their threat — whichever of the Australian groups that wins the right to defend the Cup certainly won't be an easybeat — and the Yanks will be equipped with the nautical equivalent of MX missiles. More than ever before, the Cup in '87 will be won by money and technology — resources which abound in the US.

Let's face it: strip away all the euphoria and pride that has clouded our eyes in a green and gold fog since September 26, 1983 and you'll see that we won the America's Cup by putting one over on the New York Yacht Club. We sneaked under their guard by having the sheer gall to gamble on the unconventional.

We will have no such advantage next time. The ante has been upped to a level that we'll be struggling to match. The Yanks have earmarked a combined $107 million — more than it cost them to stage the LA Olympics — on reclaiming the Cup. That money is buying the sort of technology that developed the Space Shuttle.

And let's not discount all the other foreign challengers — there's plenty of talent and innovation within the non-US ranks. But I rather think that in the end, they'll just be the Americans' supporting cast, though with enough potential to work the best of the Septics to an awesome peak when it gets down to the Foreign Eliminations.

You may think I'm hoisting the white flag prematurely, and that the Boxing Kangaroo spirit will

make up for what we lose in the money/technology race. I've been to Perth twice to size up the situation there and I've checked out the enemy in their own territory too. None of the Aussies have the fire in their bellies, or the depth of purpose I saw, and felt, in the US.

Take the NYYC as an example. Our mortal Cup enemy is still stinging from last year's defeat, and they don't mind admitting it. "We will do everything within the bounds of integrity to win back the Cup," America II syndicate communications manager Tom Hazelhurst told me. The NYYC plans to spend $12 million to refill the void in its trophy room. The first of three versions of *America II* is already trialling off Fremantle, making the New Yorkers the first cab of the '87 Cup rank.

The NYYC's America II syndicate will almost certainly be the most powerful of the up-to-23 foreign challengers, but there are three other US groups with impressive credentials: Sail America, Eagle, and Courageous/Defender.

The man behind Sail America is Denis Conner, who has an obvious score to settle with the "Ossies." Sail America is challenging through the San Diego Yacht Club (of which Conner is Commodore), and like the NYYC has budgeted for a $12 million campaign, pulling in high-tech support from everywhere it can. Its principal source of high-tech input is a crowd called Science Applications Inc, a think tank operation that has such heavyweight clients as the US Department of Defence.

The Eagle syndicate is a $6 million operation challenging through California's Newport Harbor Yacht Club. Like the America II and Sail America groups, Eagle officials have already made a number of visits to Fremantle to organise dock space and accommodation and to check out the local sailing conditions.

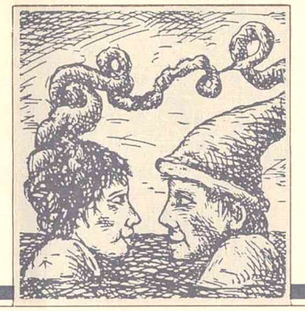
The Courageous/Defender syndicate, which is challenging through the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club in Connecticut, has been trialling *Courageous II* for some time. *Courageous II* features a winged keel variation dubbed "Vortex Wings" that's the result of four years development by syndicate backer Leonard Greene, a multi-millionaire electronics and aerospace expert.

As far as preparation goes, the Australians are already being left behind. The first defender yacht won't be launched until this coming January when the West Australian Task Force '87 syndicate unveils its initial contender. (A second 12-metre is planned for the end of next year.) Bond's new boat isn't due to be completed until the summer of 1985. The rest, except for the South Australian boat, are looking at late '85 to early-to-mid '86 debuts.

Another matter of concern is the lack of co-operation between the Australian syndicates. The Bond group, which gives the impression that it believes it has a divine right to defend the Cup (which it doesn't), has been keeping very much to itself. It has expressed no interest in working with the Task Force operation, even though they're "neighbors." Instead, this summer, the Task Force boat will trial against the NYYC's US42 "scout yacht." The Americans, on the other hand, are right into working together. Links have been made between the America II, Eagle and Heartland (Chicago Yacht Club) syndicates, and between Sail America and Courageous/Defender.

At last count, nine groups had notified the Royal Perth Yacht Club of their intention to mount defence campaigns. The definites are Bond's America's Cup 1987 Defence and Task Force '87, which is headed by WA department store chain owner, Kevin Parry. Sir James Hardy has won state government support for a South Australian syndicate using a Lexcen-designed boat. On the drawing board are another pair from WA — one from sailing identity Rolly Tasker, the other from mining magnate Peter Briggs — plus two from NSW and one from Queensland. The NSW entries are being put together by *Gretel II* owner Gordon Ingate and Sydney construction company boss Sid Fischer, who won't be happy till he's erased the memory of the '83 challenge debacle with *Advance*. The Queensland campaign is headed by Gold Coast entrepreneur Keith Williams. There's also been talk of a Victorian contender, but so far that's all it's been — talk.

The writing is on the wall. I hope I'm wrong, and I wouldn't unbolt the auld mug from its spot in the Royal Perth Yacht Club just yet, but there's no way I can see us hanging on to it for a second term.
— Mark Fogarty



SEX

IS THERE SEX AFTER LIFE?

Is there sex after life? If there is, what's it like? If there isn't, why not? This is an issue of vital importance to everyone from 18 to 80. (Especially 80.) A reader's questions on sex and the afterlife are answered here by a spokesman for the Heavenly Hosts, and appear in print for the first time, exclusive to *Penthouse*.

Q: Before we start — what's it like? Up there, I mean. My vicar says we all get our old bodies back when we die and stand about on clouds with harpsichords.

A: That's partly correct. Let's make one thing clear: you don't get a body as such. You get something called *ectoplasm*. You leave your Earthly body behind in a box or an urn; then, on arrival in Heaven, you are issued with wings and debriefed. You are then free to do whatever you like, provided it's not enjoyable.

Q: This body I get. What's it like?

A: It's what we call the "body invisible." It will be an exact replica of the one you had on Earth. That is why if you are at all worried about going bald, it's best to do away with yourself now so you can have a full head of hair in Heaven.

Q: The Big Question. What about sex?

A: Sorry. Sex is definitely out.

Q: Isn't that a bit dangerous? Not allowing sex? You know the sort of thing that goes on in Her Majesty's Prisons and public schools.

A: There's none of that either. Our angels may all fly and have wings, but they're not fairies.

Q: What's the point of getting your original body back then, if there's no sex? We might as well become neuters . . . run around with sheets over our heads like spooks.

A: You have to get your complete body. If you didn't get all the bits, it wouldn't be resurrection, would it?

Q: I suppose not. All right then — can I have a bigger one in Heaven? If I can't use it, I might at least be able to show it off a bit.

A: No.

Q: All right, what about this: I was circumcised when I was six months old, and when I was eight I had my tonsils out. When I get resurrected do I get my tonsils and my foreskin back?

A: Good point. You get the body in the state you left it in. So, no — you don't get the tonsils back. As for the foreskin, you don't get that whether you were circumcised or not. As He is basically Hebrew, all ectoplasms have been ceremonially treated.

Q: What about marriage? Does that mean I'm still married — even after I'm dead?

A: Of course. Marriages are made in Heaven. Not broken up.

Q: So I'll still be married to Candy?

A: No, to Darlene. We don't recognise divorce up here.

Q: Does that mean I'll get the property settlement back?

A: Look, I don't think you've got the idea yet. No-one owns property in Heaven.

Q: What about the Moslems? I'm told that if they die martyrs they go straight to Paradise and have four 16-year-old virgins brought to their Jason Recliners every night. Sounds like a good deal to me. Better than the one you're offering.

A: None of that is true, I'm afraid. There aren't four virgins, there's only one. And she's not 16, she's 55. And she's not a virgin either. She's not even a Moslem — she works undercover for the Israeli Secret Service.

Q: I want to come back to sex. It's not that I'm obsessed, it's just that I'm not sure I can live without it forever. It was bad enough when I was 14 and I never got to do it till I was 16. Those two years seemed like eternity. Do you have amnesties up there? Say, one day a year when you can have sex without repercussions?

A: I see I have not made His point clear to you. All forms of fleshly pleasures are out.

Q: What if I don't like Heaven? I might not get on with God or something. People tell me I have a strong personality, and we might clash. Or maybe I'll get bored. And commit a transgression.

A: What sort of transgression?

Q: You know. I might get to meet a lady angel. With a cute little ectoplasm. And we might get to know each other. In the Biblical sense.

A: I'm afraid that sort of thing doesn't go down very well up here. You'd be banished from Paradise and committed to Purgatory with a minimum term of Forever.

Q: I see. This Hell, what's it like?

A: Hell is a very dark place, very hot, with fiendish little creatures running round beating sinners with leather whips and red hot pokers. All you can hear is the evil laughter of the tormentors and the screams of those being punished.

Q: That sounds like a little place I know of down Darlinghurst Road. I have a friend who goes there a lot when Parliament isn't in session.

Q: What if I don't want to go to Heaven or Hell? What are my options? I mean — can I get reincarnated and come back as Richard Gere?

A: No. Reincarnation is reserved for Hindus and other masochists.

Q: What about atheists?

A: We don't believe in atheists up here.

Q: Well, that's all rather depressing. I'm sorry I talked to you now. Can't I even get a copy of *Penthouse* up there? I've got a few dollars put aside . . .

A: Oh, you've got *money*! Why didn't you say so? That's different. After all, you can't take it with you . . . *— Colin Bowles*

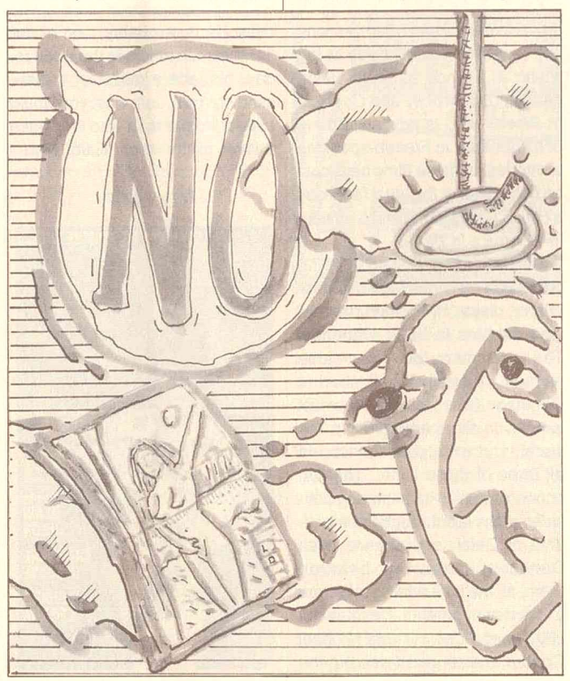
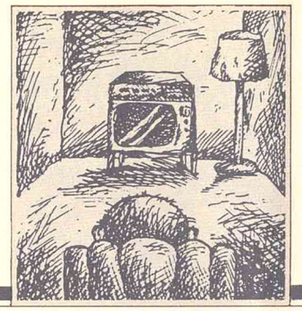


Illustration by Lewis Denton



VIDEO

FRENCH POLISH

The French are a funny mob — particularly when it comes to their films. Unless you are a member of an elitist film appreciation society, it may come as a bit of a shock to learn that the French revere Jerry Lewis and go into raptures over the distinctly American films of veteran directors John Ford and Howard Hawks. They see in the works of these people values not readily recognised by other audiences. The initial melding of this love affair with what was perceived through French film criticism as the *creme de la creme* of American cinema came with the 1959 French production, *Breathless*, directed by Jean-Luc Goddard from a story by Francois Truffaut (and remade recently in America as a vehicle for Richard Gere). Jean Paul Belmondo played a cheap Parisian gangster who styled his ethic on that of Bogart.

Deneuve and Delon in Contract In Blood

In the quarter-century since *Breathless*, the French have quietly developed their infatuation with the gangster film; while international audiences have thrilled to *Bullitt*, *The French Connection* and *Dirty Harry*, they have consistently turned out a long line of equally well-made police and gangster films. The only difference between many of these films and their American counterparts is that because of their nationality, the American films are virtually guaranteed automatic access to ready audiences.

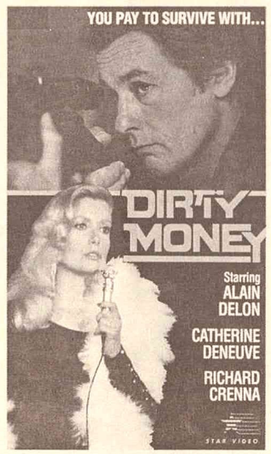
A triple release from Star Video is now rectifying this injustice, and **Choice Of Arms, Contract In Blood** and **Dirty Money** are as good a place as any to start in appreciating the worth of foreign flics. It is worth noticing — to rustle up an idea of what to expect when approaching this trio — that Charles Bronson honed his own particular style of acting craft in French thrillers and gangster movies long before *Death Wish*. He was as big a star in France as Alain Delon (lead in *Dirty Money* and *Contract In Blood*), who is now something of a superstar in French-speaking territories. In these films he is cast on both sides of the legal fence: as a cop in *Dirty Money* and a hit man in *Contract In Blood*.

Dirty Money (released in 1972) pits Delon against a nightclub proprietor, played by Richard Crenna, who dabbles in bank robberies. The two men love the same woman, played by Catherine Deneuve (one of the classiest women in films *anywhere* in the world, and who takes the lead in all three of these films). The film concerns itself with exploring both sides of the law through the friendship of Delon and Crenna, with Deneuve seesawing between them, all the time adding mystique to the developments. Devotees of *Hill Street Blues* will note Michael Conrad, the sergeant who put the boys through roll-call each episode, assuming one of his many rogue parts.

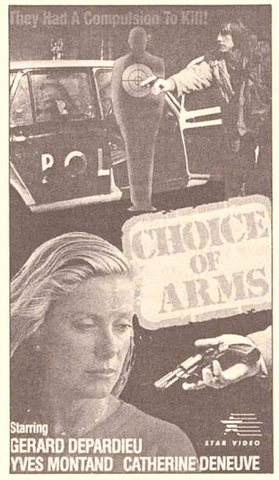
Contract In Blood sees Delon cast as a hit man (not unlike the type Bronson played in *The Mechanic*) who has his own stockbroker — a lady, no less — and who plans to get out of the business; he has made his million. She is trying to nudge him into a deal involving turkeys (breeding them), but the syndicate for whom he has worked has other plans — that he come to his senses and continue his gainful employment, or suffer the consequences. Again, Deneuve figures prominently as Delon literally runs for his life, the syndicate hot on his tail.

Yves Montand, unlike Delon, made his break from the regional success of French cinema in the Sixties to become one of the leading *international* stars of the time. He is, arguably, one of the finest screen actors in the world today, his face a mirror of a thousand sorrows. Just what you would expect from a man who was once a lover of the tragic Edith Piaf.

Dirty Money

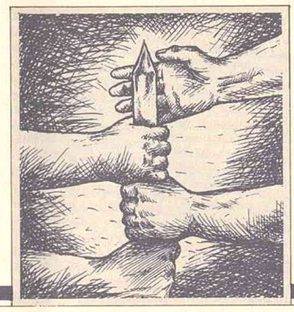


Choice Of Arms teams him with the latest French name to make a stab at international stardom, Gerard Depardieu (who isn't doing too badly, having already made the cover of *Time*, and having been dubbed the "one-man new wave" of French cinema). In this film he plays a nasty case, one of three villains who go over the wall of a prison and — once one of the three is gunned down within minutes of the opening scene — joins a veteran crim in landing on Yves Montand's door. It seems Montand, a successful horse breeder, shares a past with the veteran crim and, despite ties that bind, can do without having his past dredged up. In a memorable confrontation, Montand is the iceberg, clinical in his every move, while Depardieu plays the volcanic-tempered psychopath.



Choice Of Arms

Each film respects the gangster *genre* as defined close to 50 years ago by the master, Howard Hawks and his proteges, Cagney, Bogart, Robinson and Raft. With all the inane, violent rubbish coming from English-speaking countries on to the video market, it makes a nice break to see some classy, sensible violence gracing the screen. *—Denis Whitburn*



WINNING

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU SOMEWHERE

Everyone is susceptible to flattery — and those who claim to be immune are usually the most susceptible of all. The moment someone tells you: "Don't flatter me, give me the *truth*," you can be sure the truth is the one thing that he doesn't want to hear, and won't forgive you for saying.

Living as we do in a democratic society, we are spared much of the ritual flattery that is built into older societies. We make up for this in business, however, where even the most conniving and bottom-line chief executive is labelled a "statesman of industry" by his own PR staff. In the boardrooms and executive suites of our country, the "cult of personality" flourishes. The way to the top in most organisations is, therefore, seldom to be found in telling those above you what you think of them. What is more, as people rise through the ranks to positions of power, their appetite for flattery grows proportionately.

HOW TO GIVE GOOD FLATTERY

The first thing to bear in mind is that flattery in public is twice as appreciated as flattery in private. If your boss has just said something particularly stupid at a meeting, it is far better to announce, "I think we've just heard a *brilliant* analysis of our problems, and I, for one, know exactly what to do now," than to remain silent and tell the boss how brilliant he was when you meet him in the toilets afterward.

Flattery directed at a superior should always be preceded or accompanied by a disclaimer, since he (or she) may feel that you're not entitled to express *any* opinion, good or bad, ie: "I know I'm out of line, and it's not for me to say, but I just want you to know that all of us think you're doing a wonderful job."

When flattering somebody it is important to project an air of absolute sincerity on a par with that of a cocker spaniel gazing at its master. Women are usually better at this than men, because early on they get a lot of practice at feigning admiration in the non-business areas of life. Practice makes perfect. Do not sweat, smile inanely, blink, or snigger when flattering. Steady, purposeful sincerity, and man-to-man frankness is what you should try to project.

If your boss is shorter than you are, by the way, flatter him from a seated position whenever possible. Most short men instinctively hate anybody who's taller than they are, and don't accept flattery easily from somebody looking *down* at them.

Flattery must be congruent in order to be effective. Indiscriminate flattery is pointless, and may even be counterproductive. To flatter somebody effectively you have to have some idea of what their particular area of vanity is. When in doubt, it is always safe to admire a man's sense of humor, since even the grimmest of men believes he has one.

Above all, don't be afraid of acquiring the reputation of a flatterer. Flattery isn't at all the same thing as being a yes-man. Flattery is a tool for putting across your ideas and for getting your own way.

There is a lesson to be learned from this, too: those who are most susceptible to flattery often make the best flatterers. Understanding your own vanity enables you to understand other people's vanities.

HOW TO RECEIVE FLATTERY

If you have managed to get yourself into a position of power, you will have to learn how to accept flattery. Blushing is out. Overprotesting sounds insincere ("Shucks, I'm just a country boy. I guess I became chairman of the board by sheer, dumb luck"). If somebody tells you what a wonderful, gifted, truly noble human being you are, it is hardly good manners to reply, "No shit!"

The proper response to flattery from below (ie, those who work for you) is a gentle smile and silence. Flattery from below is simply your due, but you should accept it with a certain dignified respect.

The best tactic is to fire a salvo of flattery right back, then change the subject, since most flattery from below invariably precedes an inconvenient request for a raise, an extra day's holiday, or a larger office. Most good executives keep their eyes open for weapons with which to puncture this kind of thing, ie: "It's very kind of you to tell me this, and I think you're doing a good job too — but why weren't you at your desk when I passed by yesterday afternoon?"

The trick is to show that you accept the flattery, but that you're not going to be taken *in* by it.

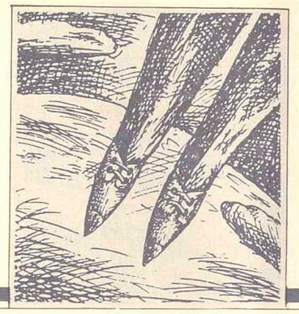
Illustration by Mark Tremlett

Flattery from those *above* you should be gently, but firmly, waved away — the trick here is to accept the praise but deflect it toward others. Not *all* of it, of course; fifty percent is plenty.

If you're told that you're doing a good job, don't say: "You bet I am!" or "Do you really think so?" The proper reply is something like: "I'm very pleased you noticed, but of course a lot of the credit belongs to my staff — and to the help I've had from you." Becoming modesty is the keynote, with a knowing smile to indicate that you and your boss both know that the credit belongs to *you* 100 percent.

Many recipients of flattery stubbornly deny that they deserve it. This is an advanced technique, designed to prolong the flattery or produce more of it. False humility is an excellent device for producing flattery in large doses, particularly from your subordinates.

So you see, the adage that "flattery will get you nowhere" is entirely untrue. Flattery will almost invariably get you somewhere — and often faster than anything else. *— Michael Korda*



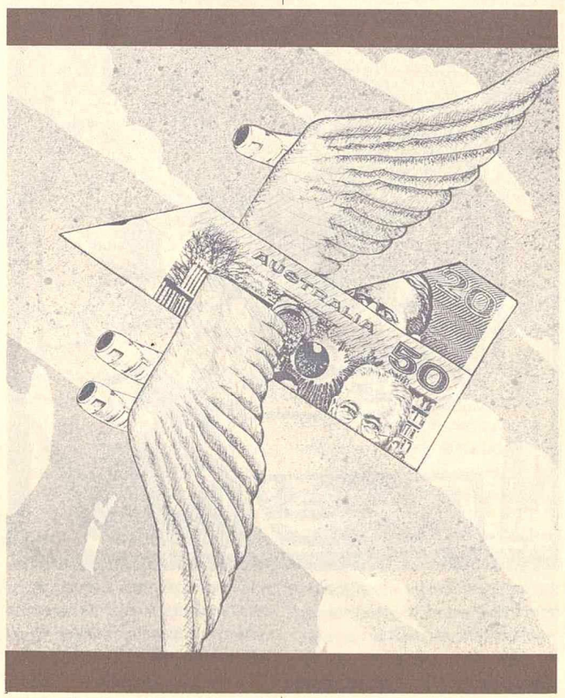
TRAVEL

THE GREAT AUSSIE AIRFARES MYTH

I take it all back — some of it, anyway.

For years, I've been in the forefront of the knockers of domestic air fares, and like many travel writers I haven't listened too hard to the bleatings of the airlines that they're misunderstood. But their arguments do make some sense.

For instance, comparisons are often made between Australian domestic air fares and international fares: a return Sydney-Perth flight costs $707, and that doesn't look too good when you can fly to Fiji on a return fare of $399, including departure tax. But this Fiji fare is a group discount available only on weekdays during the off-season. The full fare is $796. At the same time, with the discounts offered by TAA and Ansett and available more or less year-round, you can fly Sydney-Perth return for $389.



The practice of comparing Australian and US domestic fares, always a talking point in the pub when someone comes back and tells you how he was just about paid to fly on an American airline, can also be misleading. The $90 New York-San Francisco fare got a good press coverage here and put our own airlines at a huge public relations disadvantage, but in fact there were only a few seats available at that price for a relatively short time.

The process by which fares are set is extremely complex, and comparing a New York-Chicago flight with a Melbourne-Sydney flight is rather like comparing Bo Derek with Jeannie Little — they're two quite different cases. The fairest comparison, according to the airlines and to the Australian Consumers Association, is to take journeys of similar distance between cities of comparable size; the size of the market is a leading factor in the fixing of the price of any commodity, and airline tickets are no exception. And there's little point in just comparing the basic economy fares because of the fluctuating effect of discounting. It's more equitable to look at average fares.

In Australia, the average fare is about 20 percent less than the economy fare; in the deregulated US, the average fare is about 40 percent less because of tigerish competition between airlines. But, believe it or not, our fares are substantially cheaper than theirs, and nothing short of bargain basement when you compare then with short-haul European fares. Just look: we pay 22.40 cents per kilometre for the 470km Melbourne to Canberra hop; US passengers flying the 473km from Atlanta to Winston pay 24.94 cents per kilometre; the poor old Pom flying from London to Nantes gets soaked 33.24 cents per kilometre.

On long hauls it looks even better. You can get to Darwin from Hobart (3882km) for 9.85 cents per kilometre, your Septic mate pays 12.34 cents per kilometre to do the 3857km from Los Angeles to Philadelphia, and once again, suffering Pom is hit with 20.52 cents per kilometre for the 3575km between London and Tel Aviv.

It seems pretty fair to me. And the airlines do this in the face of higher navigation charges and fuel costs than most other countries.

That's the positive case for the Big Two, Ansett and TAA. But there are plenty of gripes still left. Parallel scheduling, for example, is one, where two aircraft bound for the same destination take off within five minutes of each other, leaving a long delay until the next pair is ready to go.

The two-airlines agreement, which excludes everyone except TAA and Ansett from operating the profitable trunk services, will be in force until 1990. The agreement is an open-and-shut violation of Section 92 of the Constitution, which guarantees free trade across state borders; the High Court challenge against it which East-West Airlines was pushing until taken over by Skywest was almost certain to succeed. But Skywest has dropped the challenge; aviation industry moles tell me there was some sort of under-the-counter deal.

At the moment, only 15 percent of Australians have ever flown, and only two to three percent fly regularly. More discounts and the appearance of another East-West (perhaps a forlorn hope) are needed to help more people into the air.

Meanwhile, if you're planning a flight within Australia and you don't have to go tomorrow, don't just walk blithely into your travel agent and shell out the full economy fare. Ask about Apex — 35 percent off, or Flexi-Fare — 45 percent off. Or — a genuine TAA advantage over Ansett — Air Pass, which can give you as much as 47.5 percent off. You won't get it if you don't ask, because travel agents earn only five percent commission on domestic fares, and as a consequence, don't push the cheapies too hard.

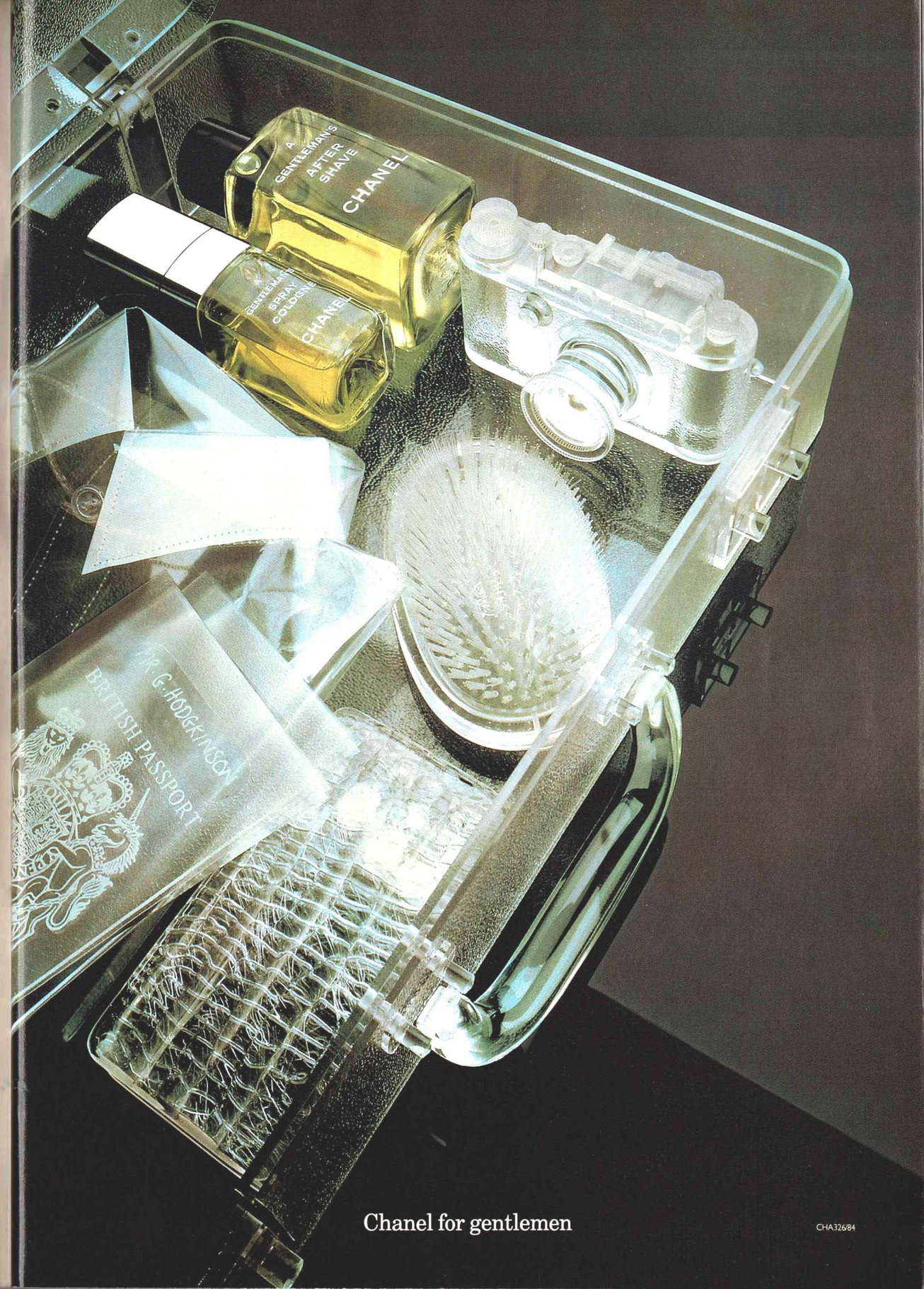
Most airline stories are apocryphal, but I knew the hostess behind this one.

A passenger boarded a plane in Cairns with a basket of mud crabs, which he asked her to keep in the fridge. During the flight he soaked up a fair amount of booze and was slightly troublesome, so as the aircraft was taxiing to the terminal after landing, she announced over the public address system: "Would the gentleman who gave me the crabs in Cairns please come to the rear of the aircraft?"

The moral is never be a sucker — the hosties will always find a way to deny you your even break.

— *Fred Baker*

Illustration by Handjobs



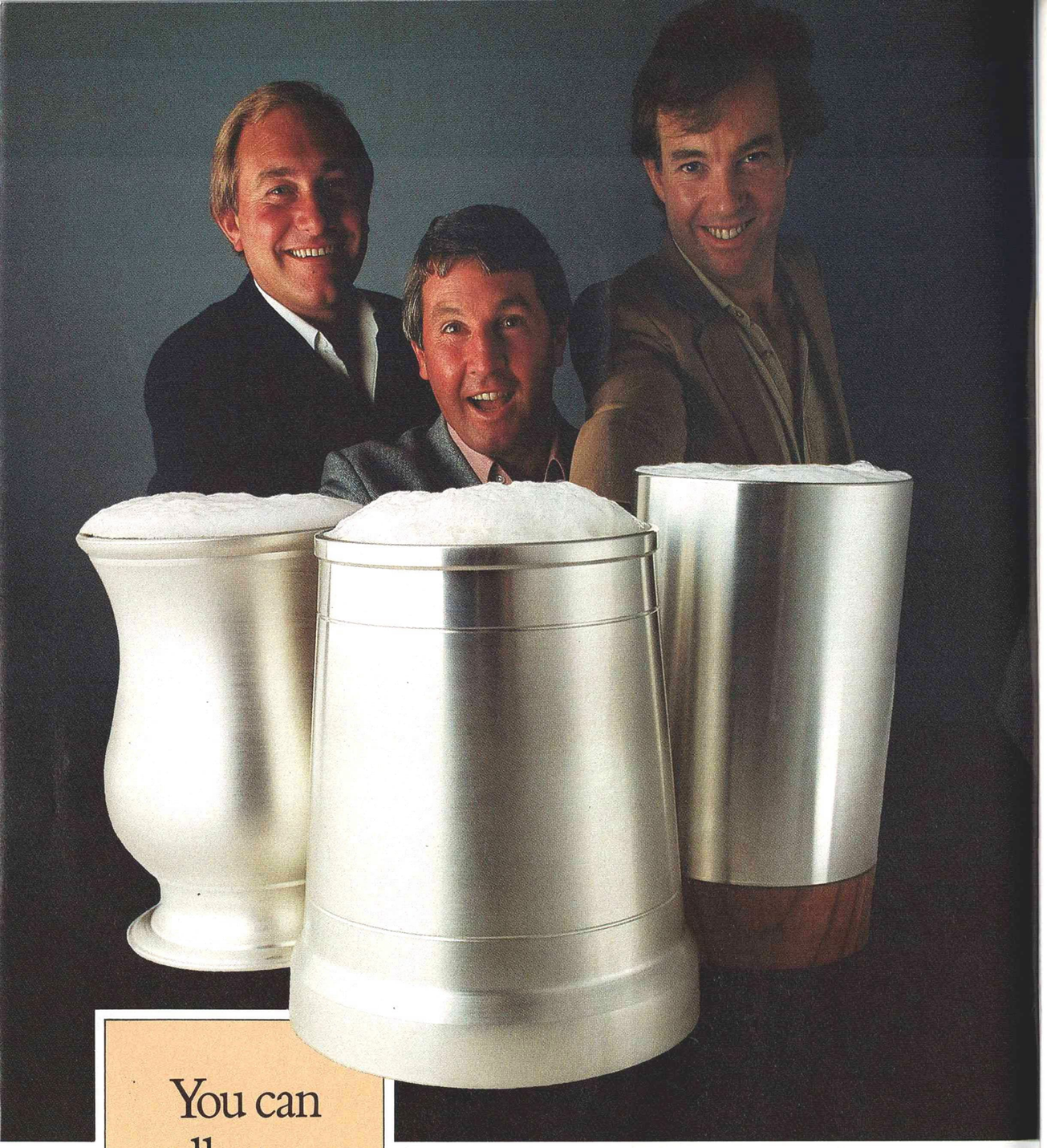
The questionable ethics of some sections of the corporate security industry are turning it into the bug-bear of Australian business

THE INSECURITY INDUSTRY

BY GREG HUNTER

Australia's corporate security industry is by all accounts one of the most incompetent, fraudulent, unscrupulous and downright disgraceful industries in the world. It is populated largely by a colorful assortment of characters — ranging from the tweedy, pipe-smoking ex-Scotland Yard types down through the ranks of disgruntled ex-security guards and on to the hordes of totally untrained and inexperienced ex-cabbies, ex-truckies and ex-fish shop owners — all of whom share one characteristic: they always wanted to become a private eye. Lured by the glamor of espionage and counter-espionage, bugging and debugging, secret surveillance and undercover penetration, this motley array of would-be Sam Spades is collectively entrusted with the job of protecting your own valuable company secrets from the prying eyes and ears of competitors. Unfortunately, in many cases that trust is likely to be misplaced. While there are security companies that strive against the odds to maintain standards, the fact is that the dollar tends to take precedence over professional ethics in the industrial espionage marketplace. And as often as not, companies claiming expertise in all areas of corporate security turn out to have little

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



You can tell a true beer drinker by his tankard.

A wine connoisseur has his goblet, a beer man his tankard. Traditionally handcrafted in pewter, nothing keeps beer as cold or refreshing as a Selangor tankard. There are different styles to choose from and all carry the Selangor trademark of quality. There's no getting away from it, you're not a true beer drinker without a pewter tankard. Selangor Pewter

DDB SE 309

INSECURITY

or no idea what they're doing, especially when it comes to detecting the sophisticated listening devices now available. Separating the pretenders from the experts is an expensive corporate lucky dip.

All this would be of no great concern if it weren't for the security industry's claim that industrial espionage — and particularly, the use of electronic listening devices — is currently flourishing in Australia. It would hardly be surprising if this was true, when you consider that the enormous potential benefits of gaining access to a competitor's secrets, and the huge profits to be made by third parties from the sale of such information, are accompanied by almost zero risk. Industrial espionage, unlike in most Western countries, is not an offence in Australia. With a couple of minor exceptions, the law says that "theft" only applies to the stealing of tangible objects; you can't, in other words, steal somebody's thoughts. Apart from that, the federal and state legislation dealing with telephone interception and electronic listening devices has not produced a single prosecution. People simply don't get caught slipping bugs under boardroom tables or connecting telephone taps in basements. They certainly aren't found hiding in closets with their mini-tape recorders on.

From this perspective it's tempting to accept the proposition that unbeknownst to the naive Australian business community, the black arts of hi-tech industrial espionage, so entrenched in the US and Europe, have firmly taken root on Australian soil. Many corporate security executives will tell you that industrial espionage is a "boom industry", running "haywire" in an environment which is "wide open." But then, these people stand to make a lot of bucks out of saying things like that. There are sources outside the industry who reckon the espionage "scare" is little more than an elaborate hoax designed to drum up business for the burgeoning corporate security industry and provide a launching pad for all manner of dirty tricks. The truth, it appears, lies somewhere between the two extremes.

On April 26, 1983, 500,232 shares in financier Mercantile Credits Ltd changed hands on the Sydney Stock Exchange. Aware that the company's interim results showing a 30 percent jump in operating profit were due to be released two weeks later, Mercantile's chief general manager Warren Thompson suspected some form of industrial espionage. He had the offices and boardroom at Goldfields House in Sydney swept for electronic listening devices. The sweep didn't turn up the suspected bug — only a piece of clear adhesive tape which "could have held such a device." With the spectacular exception of the White Industries penetration, which dominated newspaper and financial journal headlines back in August 1980, that's about as close as you can get to a fully documented case of electronic espionage in Australia. Companies have nothing to gain by going public on the subject. They don't want to be hauled over the coals by the media, and they particularly don't want their shareholders to know that lax security has allowed them to be penetrated. Aware that one of their own employees may have planted a suspected bug, many corporations don't even let the staff know when an electronic sweep is happening. Normally the security outfit hired to investigate a case of industrial espionage enters into a verbal agreement not to divulge any information whatsoever. Despite the cloak-and-dagger atmosphere, however, some other major Australian companies have for various reasons allowed themselves to be reported in the media as victims of electronic penetration.

> The NSW Attorney-General's office estimated that five percent of all business telephone conversations were being tapped

Among these are Adelaide Holdings Ltd, CIG Ltd, Lend Lease Corp, Peko-Wallsend Ltd and the Federation of Australian Commercial Television Stations (FACTS).

Security executives maintain that these cases represent only the very tip of the iceberg. But in a game where the cards are played so close to the chest, it's impossible to determine just how much bugging, tapping, peeking and snooping actually goes on in Australian business circles. Both federal and state authorities have come out in support of the view that industrial espionage is a growing threat to the business community. A figure of $40 million was ventured by former NSW Attorney-General Frank Walker and the Australian Law Reform Commission as an estimate of the value of information lost annually in NSW alone as a result of corporate espionage. This figure could only be regarded as a rough guess, since no-one knows how many cases go undetected and it's usually impossible to put a precise value on the information lost to a competitor. But $40 million is a great deal of money — more than is lost in NSW each year as a result of ordinary theft. The NSW Attorney-General's office also estimated that five percent of all business telephone conversations in that state were being illegally tapped. These estimates, based on cases examined by the Attorney-General and projections from overseas experience, are alarming enough. But they're now more than two years old and some security experts view them as extremely conservative anyway.

Richard Jennings, a director of Sydney-based Websters Corporate Security, is a high-profile investigator who is widely regarded as one of Australia's foremost experts on industrial espionage. Jennings reckons that *at least 25 percent* of Australian businesses either have been or are currently being subjected to some form of industrial espionage. In an address to the Australian Security Crisis Management Conference held in Sydney last August, he told the assembled throng of business executives that Websters Corporate Security was finding "four or five bugs" in the offices of major Sydney public and private companies every week. The current detection rate in Sydney was, according to Jennings, twice as high as it had been just six months ago, when two to three bugs per week was the average. Jennings has elsewhere stated that Sydney bug technology lags behind the Melbourne scene in terms of sophistication, while Brisbane is a "late starter" in the industrial espionage field and Adelaide has "come into its own recently."

In a prior interview with *Penthouse*, Jennings claimed that Websters would also track down three or four listening devices attached to Telecom lines in both Sydney and Melbourne each week. "In many cases the company has called us in for a routine sweep without suspecting a device, but the fact is that very few businesses are swept on a regular basis. So if Websters alone is finding that many listening devices, how many are going undetected?" Jennings says his experience leads him to believe that telephone taps and bugs do their job without being discovered in 90 percent of cases. "You have to realise," he says, "that the demand for industrial espionage services is enormous. Every time we decide to go public and run an ad saying 'We prevent or detect industrial espionage', the phone never stops ringing the following day with callers wanting us to *plant* the devices rather than detect them. Websters won't plant bugs — but we know these people won't have any trouble finding a security company that will."

Jennings and other security executives rest their case for the existence of an industrial espionage epidemic on the premise that Australian businessmen are hopelessly naive about all aspects of corporate penetration — the methods, the targets, the potential profits, and the probability of themselves becoming victims. "Businessmen will tell you how they've got

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locks on every door, a burglar alarm, armed security guards manning the entrance, and so on. But these measures will do nothing to stop the industrial spy, posing as a tradesman, from gaining access to the boardroom notes, and they won't stop him from planting bugs and telephone taps. The average Australian executive thinks industrial espionage is James Bond stuff — totally fictional. They don't realise that the sort of equipment used in those movies was old hat 10 years ago."

Because of the nature of the security industry, these arguments can't be unequivocally refuted. Jennings has gained a lot of mileage recently by taking them to the public on behalf of Websters Corporate Security. But he's not the only security executive who's been publicly pushing the industrial espionage barrow. There are several others, the most notable being the flamboyant Frank Monte of Sydney-based Monte Corporate Security, who maintains an extraordinarily high profile for a man in this line of business, and apparently has counterparts in most Australian capital cities. The media push has borne fruit; press releases have been picked up by the dailies, articles have appeared in magazines such as *The Bulletin, Australian Business* and *Rydge's*, and TV current affairs programs have lately jumped on the industrial espionage bandwagon.

The result of all this publicity is, according to one concerned group of security employees who spoke anonymously to *Penthouse*, a state of rampant and unjustified paranoia in business circles about the extent of electronic invasion currently taking place in this country. John M, a veteran of more than 20 years in the business and a specialist in the field of electronic invasion, said this: "The paranoia is being fuelled by the unscrupulous operators in the industry. All you hear about from businessmen these days is 'bugs, bugs, bugs.' The fact is that in 90 percent of cases where a businessman thinks he's being bugged or his phone is being tapped, the real cause of the information leak has nothing to do with electronic penetration. And if you could investigate all the cases where a listening device is supposedly found by the debugging outfit, you'd find that in half those cases the device has been introduced and then 'discovered' by the shonky operators, the aim being to drum up business. The notion that a security company will 'find' a particular number of bugs every week is in my opinion just not on."

Despite the unchecked progress of bug-consciousness in business circles, there are plenty of company security managers who aren't buying the electronic espionage line. When you try to investigate cases where companies have been reported in the media as "victims" of bugging operations, you generally get a standard run-around. But a spokesman for one of those companies, who wanted to remain anonymous, told *Penthouse*: "The whole thing was a furphy — a bodgie operation. I put no credence in it whatsoever. It happened in one of our Melbourne offices in 1980. Some character came into the office and claimed that while he was doing a debugging elsewhere, he picked up a signal coming from our place. We let him do the search, and sure enough, a bug was allegedly found somewhere in the air-conditioning in a minor office. It was a lousy $10 job with flat batteries, and you couldn't have found out anything of value by placing it there. We never identified the supposed debugger — he was gone in a flash. But the following day, the brochures

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Electronic invasion is the most spectacular method available to corporate spies. While the use of bugs and telephone taps is fairly limited in Australia at present, no-one in the security industry doubts that they're becoming more prevalent all the time. The only way businessmen can guard against rip-offs by unscrupulous security companies is to learn how the equipment is used and how it's detected. That knowledge won't make you self-sufficient, however; you still have to call in the experts.

Most of the devices listed below are readily available over Australian shop counters, while some are bought through mail order catalogues which circulate freely here. The most advanced equipment is imported mainly from the US, Japan, the UK, West Germany and Israel. New designs and new technology become available almost on a daily basis.

ELECTRONIC LISTENING DEVICES

Otherwise known as "bugs", most of these are miniature radio frequency transmitters with a built-in microphone and power source, enabling them to pick up conversations and transmit them on a preset radio frequency to a listening post anything up to 10 kilometres away.

All the components necessary to make a simple bug can be bought in kit form from any major electronics store for around $7. The ease of assembly is demonstrated by the recent case of a schoolboy who made a bug and planted it in the bedroom of a neighboring woman, then played the recorded conversations to schoolmates. There are specialist electronic shops in both Sydney and Melbourne where purpose-built bugs can be bought over the counter, with no attempt made to disguise their function. Radio House in Pitt Street, Sydney features a display window full of miniature transmitters in the $80 to $130 price range, although the cost of fully professional gear can run to $3000. Money buys quality in three areas: strength of signal, duration of operation and clarity of reproduction. The cheaper bugs usually operate in the FM 88-108 MHz range, which means they can be picked up on the FM band of an ordinary radio. Thus there is the possibility of accidental discovery. The more professional items available in Australia operate at up to 1000 MHz and come complete with specialist receivers crystal-locked at the same frequency. This means the listening post does not have to be manned continually; it can be operated on a voice-activation system. All the equipment needed to receive and record transmissions from these devices can be contained in a briefcase locked in the boot of an unattended car. Listening devices, mostly imported, also come disguised as cigar boxes, pen holders, ashtrays, tape dispensers, staplers, cigarette lighters, etc. The entire componentry of an electronic bug is now down to less than the size of a five-cent piece, which means it can even be concealed inside an executive's pen, wristwatch or tieclip.

Preserving The Power: The great limitation of the battery-operated bugs is that batteries run flat at crucial times. There are several ways of preserving the power source. Some devices are voice-operated, which means they're using little or no power until a certain sound level is reached inside the office. Others switch themselves on and off at preset times. Some can be activated by a radio transmitter of the type used to control a model aircraft. A recent innovation is the solar-powered bug, which starts transmitting as soon as the sun shines on the boardroom curtains behind which it is concealed. It can also operate under fluorescent lights.

Devices Operating On AC Power: The most cost-effective way of bugging an office is to get the targeted executive to plug the listening device into the power socket. Thus imported or locally-made bugs are built inside clocks, double adaptors, light globes, and so on. Corporate executives often receive expensive presents; it's easy enough to pre-wire them to provide a listening device that sits on the victim's desk and transmits forever. "Beware of strangers bearing gifts" is the sensible advice.

Contact Microphones: These are incredibly sensitive devices which, when placed against a window or wall — even the thickest concrete wall — will accurately pick up the conversation inside by monitoring the vibrations caused by the voices. Dozens of different makes are now available.

The Infinity Transmitter: A lot of people talk about this one (also known as the harmonica bug) but very few have actually seen it. In its original design for domestic use, the idea was that the executive could have it wired into his home phone and check on his wife's activities by ringing the number from anywhere in the world. By sending a particular tone down the line, via a hand-held "harmonica", he activates the microphone placed in the room prior to the telephone actually ringing. The conversation in the room will then be transmitted back along the line. The infinity transmitter is about the size of a cigarette pack and thus can be fitted inside most phones, enabling the industrial spy to listen to a boardroom conversation from anywhere at any time. One Australian company, acting as an agent, imports these items at $498 each.

The Laser Listener: Something of a legend in local security circles, these gadgets operate by directing an invisible laser beam at the boardroom window from a distance of up to three kilometres. The beam is reflected back to the receiver, carrying an audio signal generated by the vibration of the glass. The receiver separates the bounced beam from the signal, then amplifies that signal and converts it back into voice. At $64,000 each these devices, used fairly extensively in the US, are not part of the espionage arsenal of the average Australian company. According to Frank Monte, a Sydney security executive, a laser listener was used once or twice by the Federal Police and then discarded for more conventional equipment. A company called Southern Logistics, located in the Sydney suburb of Lane Cove, advertises in a brochure that it can import them from West Germany on request. "We don't hold stock, but we could get one here within two weeks if necessary," said a company spokesman.

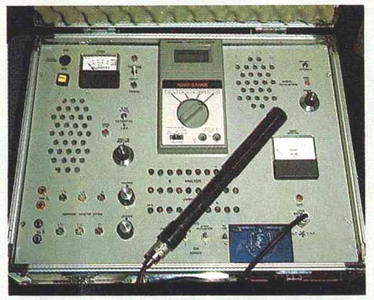
PREVENTION AND DETECTION

Given the size of the electronic bugs in use today, you'd need to virtually demolish a room to have any hope of finding them without the proper equipment. However, the companies which manufacture bugs also happen to make the equipment that will flush them out. The most effective type of bug detector is a large, complicated piece of electronic gear which scans the entire radio spectrum, looking way beyond the FM and AM bands, and analyses every signal transmitted in the room. The electronic sweep has to be performed by a qualified engineer — but even then, it can be beaten by certain "throwaway" bugs. And if your office is swept at 10am, how can you be sure it won't be repenetrated by 11am? Alternatively, how can you be sure that the suspected bugger, aware that a debugging is on, hasn't temporarily switched off the device by remote control?

The only way to permanently protect the privacy of your office — and again, this isn't foolproof — is to install a built-in bug detector which operates off mains power. These can be placed inside practically any electrical appliance. One Sydney security company has developed a line of digital clock radios which go into unobtrusive alarm — the time signal flickers on and off — when they detect the presence of a listening device.

TELEPHONE INTERCEPTION DEVICES

A "telephone tap" is in most cases basically the same thing as a bug, except that it does not contain a microphone. Instead, the device is connected across a telephone line, where it picks up the conversation travelling both ways and transmits it on a radio frequency. Telephone taps, although limited by the fact that they can't transmit conversations which don't take place on the phone, have two advantages over the simple bug. First, they can be connected at any one of half a dozen points between the handset and the Telecom exchange, which means the infiltrator has no need to actually penetrate an office in order to place the device. Second, telephone taps are available in a form which needs no independent power source. The miniature transmitter draws the two or three volts it requires from the current carried on the line, which means it has an unlimited life. Telephone taps are no more difficult to come by than electronic bugs. They're sold over the counter in specialist shops at about half the cost of a simple purpose-built bug.



Debugging gear should look like this.

Most office buildings have an "individual distribution frame" located on each floor, usually close to the elevator, where all the lines on that floor converge. In the basement is the "main distribution frame" — either a cupboard or a small room — where all the lines in that building terminate before entering the main Telecom cable. And in some city areas and all suburban areas, the telephone line has an intermediary connection in the control post — those rounded grey things that protrude from the footpath every couple of blocks. At each of these locations there's a little book which clearly identifies every one of the terminals and which line they belong to — an indispensable aid to genuine Telecom engineers and industrial spies alike. Clipping a device across the appropriate terminals takes no more than 20 seconds.

PREVENTION AND DETECTION

Unless you are dealing in narcotics or trading in secrets with the Russians you can forget about being bugged at the Telecom exchange. Only government departments can get access to the heart of the beast. But you have to check that the handset and the locations described above are clear of taps, and you can't do it simply by opening them up and looking inside. Again, you have to rely on experienced professionals. The job is done by transmitting a tone down the line and then sweeping the radio spectrum with equipment which will lock on to that tone should it be transmitted by a telephone tap. It used to be possible — and many so-called experts will tell you it's still possible — to burn out any stray pieces of electronics on a telephone line by sending a high voltage down the line from the handset. But most modern phone taps have a voltage buffer built in which allows them to resist a short blast; the only result you can expect from this primitive technique is to blow all the fuses at the exchange, which is traceable to your own phone.

Once you've determined that the line is clear, theoretically there are two main ways of permanently securing the privacy of your phone conversations. One is to acquire a telephone with a built-in tap detector. These devices measure the exact voltage carried down the line under normal conditions, and monitor any subsequent voltage drop — which ought to immediately indicate when a telephone tap has been connected. But although there are plenty of these items being sold in Australia, according to Frank Monte the variation in normal voltage on all our telephone lines makes them practically useless.

A better alternative is the scrambling system. The scrambler breaks the speech into a digital code, then turns it into an indecipherable jumble, which is then reconverted into speech by the handset at the other end of the line. Telephone scramblers have been available to governments for many years — enormous, complicated, very obtrusive hunks of machinery which cost anything between $20,000 and $30,000. But if governments have to keep their secrets forever, businessmen don't. All you need is two or three weeks of absolute privacy —enough to cover you until the decision is made to go public. It's now possible to buy a scrambler system that will provide that much cover at a cost of around $1000. If your business requires you to frequently hold sensitive conversations with one other party, a two-way scrambled "hotline" is the optimum security measure.

1 Harmonica bug and whistle for activation, causes telephone to become a room microphone; 2 Tap and Tel, warns user when tap or bug is placed on phone line; 3, 10 & 13 various telephone transmitters; 4 Bumper Beeper car tailing transmitter, effective to 4 kms; 5 & 6 Multi-use professional phone and room bugs; 7 Telephone Vox, starts tape recorder when handset is picked up; 8 Body Mike Transmitter, transmits conversation to stakeout crew for taping; 9, 11, 12, 14 & 15 room bugs varying in quality. Note $1 coin for scale.

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started arriving from security companies. There were proposals coming in, out of the blue, from all over the place. We ignored them."

To understand why it's commonplace for corporate security outfits to pull scams like this, you need to understand the ethics and the economics of the business. Allan Asher, head of the Public Affairs Division of the Australian Consumers Association, sets the background: "You can never tell whether the industry is about *propagating* industrial espionage or *detecting* it. The companies only promote their activities on the 'up' side; that is, their rationale is that they're all about *detecting* sources of information theft — but who knows, for instance, how well they'd be able to resist an offer to *place* a spy in an opposition company? The same applies to bugging and debugging, and to all areas of industrial espionage. I wouldn't mind betting that the people who are 'finding' the bugs are also placing them in many cases, the importation or manufacture of the bugs is done largely by the same people, and so the industry is basically creating itself."

You don't have to look too hard to find evidence confirming Asher's views. The fact is that nobody in the industry denies that it is riddled with unscrupulous operators and charlatans. One of the stated aims of the Australian Institute of Security Executives (AISE), of which Richard Jennings is a prominent member, is to rid the industry of operators who work on both sides of the fence. "The point is," says Jennings, "that there are a hell of a lot of people claiming to be experts at 'debugging' — but you don't learn about that without knowing all about bugging as well. The executive who wants someone to bug a competitor only has to look up the yellow pages under 'Inquiry Agents' and check out the companies that advertise 'debugging'. The next step is to ask whether they'll *sell* you a bug. They won't come out and *say* they will do the bugging — it's too contentious — but it won't be long before an agreement is reached. Usually it takes no more than 10 minutes to locate an outfit who'll plant the devices for you. We believe it's totally unethical to operate both ways. For one thing, if you've contracted an outfit like this to do a debugging, how do you know they're not illegally bugging you instead? How do you know you've not been outbid?"

Jennings claims to have certain knowledge of at least six companies that regularly bug offices in Sydney, and "almost that many in Melbourne — and I'm only talking about companies that I know personally. These outfits have all the tradesmen's disguises and all the equipment. Their view seems to be that you get what you pay for in the industrial espionage marketplace."

Contrary to popular opinion in security circles, Frank Monte of Monte Corporate Security does not publicly admit to planting bugs . . . at least, not in the states where it's illegal. "One bloke thought he had me on toast when I admitted that we do plant bugs," says Frank. "But I never said we do it in NSW. Is bugging illegal in Tasmania and Western Australia? It wasn't the last time I looked." He does, however, admit to being actively involved in the *selling* of electronic listening devices — and that makes him an object of scorn and derision in "respectable" security circles. "Sure we sell bugs, but we do it under another name — 'Security World.' When you can bring them in for $100 and get rid of them for $500, it's a very lucrative line — and we are in the business of making a living." If ostentation counts for anything, Frank's doing quite nicely. The solid gold bracelet, the chunky sapphire ring and the beautifully tailored suit attest to a healthy financial outlook. Frank's not too keen to talk about his own income, but he is prepared to address the subject obliquely: "If you're reasonably professional and you've got half a dozen clients in this business, a conservative estimate of annual income would be around $100,000."

People don't make that sort of money in any business unless they know what they're doing. Frank Monte's competence as a private investigator is not open to question. In fact, he dominates the corporate security industry in Sydney and undoubtedly knows more about the strange and devious game of industrial espionage than anyone else in Australia, having introduced the whole concept back in 1971, "when no-one in this country had even heard of industrial espionage. The authorities figured it sounded vaguely French and therefore illegal, and the cops tried to stop me from advertising. In those days, if you lasted two weeks in this game you were thought of as a real stayer. But I got a big contract, which allowed me to learn the trade inside out and be creative." The burgeoning security business also allowed him to diversify into other areas. He recruited mercenaries to act as security guards for a Middle Eastern oil field — "that job was worth half a million alone" — and learned all about mercenary work from his personal bodyguard, an Englishman who was employed as the executioner following the Nuremburg Trials and who, according to Frank, supposedly strangled many of the condemned with his bare hands — "a very, very heavy man, but a very nice person as well."

Frank takes pains to establish his depth of knowledge and experience in the field of industrial espionage, because as he points out, the issues of fraud, lack of professional ethics and sheer incompetence are closely intertwined. "This industry is riddled with people who've done one or two jobs in their lives and are suddenly 'experts.' The amount of bullshitting and wanking that goes on in the security industry is just unbelievable. Everybody who's watched too many movies wants to call themselves a private investigator. I know of three or perhaps four companies

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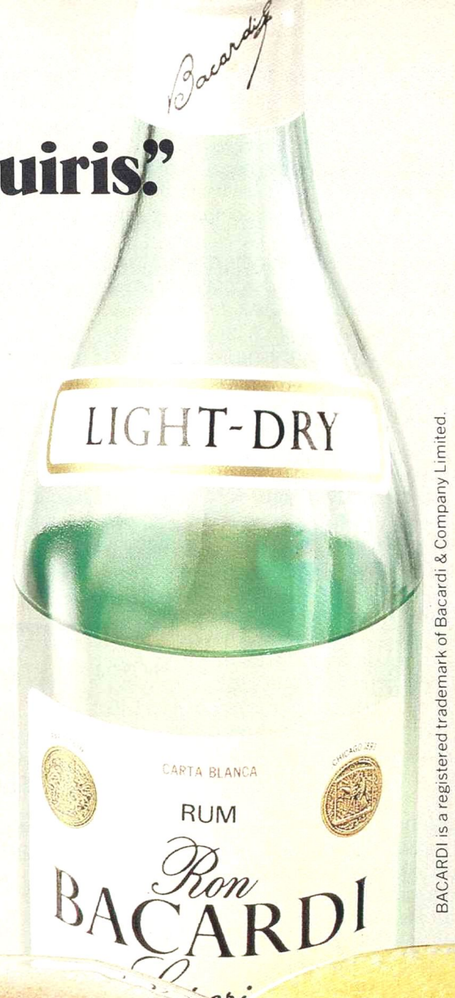

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in NSW that I regard as competent to do most security and industrial espionage work." Mr Monte adds, somewhat expansively: "You wouldn't believe the number of people I've had to fire because of sheer incompetence, and I'd estimate that 99 percent of security companies are fraudulent."

How does this relate to the ethics of bugging, debugging and corporate security? "You've talked about half a dozen or so companies that will place bugs in the major capitals. That's nothing like the reality. *Easily half* the inquiry agents advertising in the yellow pages will do a bugging job — or at least, they'll try to — because the mere fact that they've been offered the job is such a thrill to them, and they take it as a challenge to their professionalism. These monkeys — the ex-truckies and ex-cabbies and ex-security guards who've bought themselves an inquiry agent's licence — will do the job for 50 bucks. In fact, some will do it for nothing, just so they can learn what the hell it's all about. They don't even have the equipment to do a bugging. A lot of them come to Monte's to buy the gear, or they'll go to Dick Smith's and get a $40 plastic bug that will transmit a distance of six feet. Christ, you can shout further than that. And a lot of these outfits who call themselves 'debuggers' are on the phone to Monte's as soon as they get a sniff of an actual job, asking us to do it for them and talking enormous amounts of money in commissions. They don't understand how the market operates."

Which brings us to the question of economics. No-one knows exactly how many licensed private inquiry agents exist in this country, but there's no doubt that the corporate security industry is growing at a tremendous rate, largely because of the persistent belief that there are huge amounts of money to be made. Frank Monte estimates a total of something like 5000 private enquiry agencies in NSW alone, most of them tiny backyard outfits based somewhere in Sydney's sprawling western suburbs. "Out of all these thousands of operators, I would say that perhaps two or three companies apart from my own are actually making any money out of the business. The rest are too obviously inept — in many cases, they don't even get paid because they've botched the job. A lot of them are so poor, when they get a bugging job they come and rent the stuff from us because they can't afford to buy it. These people are living on the wire. Of course they're not going to worry about ethics if they can get a job."

It could be argued that it's in Frank Monte's interest to exaggerate the ineptitude of his competitors. But again, you don't have to look too hard for evidence to support the substance of his claims, because no-one in the industry denies them. James Ferne, secretary of AISE, complains of "all sorts of fly-by-nighters who are after nothing but a quick quid. They haven't got any expertise or experience." Nor do they have the proper equipment, according to Richard Jennings: "More than once, I've come across people allegedly carrying out a sweep of a corporate office using nothing but a screwdriver and a transistor radio. The transistor is totally ineffective, and God knows what the screwdriver's for. These people wanted to charge a great deal of money for their sevices. Effective equipment in the hands of experienced operators is a rare phenomenon in Australia."

Allan Asher of the Australian Consumers Association estimates the number of fraudulent security companies at "about 50 percent." He has first-hand experience of the debugging frauds perpetrated by the security industry. Early in 1983, the ACA was informed by a senior judge that its phones were being tapped. Asher called in a number of security firms. Some of these were going to do the job by

> If you've got $50 to buy an inquiry agent's licence, you can start pretending you're a corporate security expert

oscillating the volume of a small FM radio in the vicinity of the telephones, hoping to get a squeal out of the speaker which would indicate the presence of the most primitive type of phone tap. "No serious spy would use such a device," says Asher. "They'd attach a listening device to the telephone circuit or the power line (see box). We were extremely disappointed with the advice given by these people. Others were going to come in with more sophisticated equipment and do much the same thing — and again, it would almost certainly have failed to detect a well-placed telephone tap. These companies wanted to charge thousands and thousands of dollars for the service."

Those security employees who are genuinely concerned about the state of the industry — and there are many — have no trouble agreeing on the root cause of all its problems. If you've got $50 to buy a private inquiry agent's licence in Australia, you can start pretending you're a corporate security expert. The only requirement for obtaining the licence is the lack of a criminal record. No experience, no training, and no skills are necessary. And the opportunities for launching all sorts of scams are limitless. According to David Ford, president of AISE, "We've got numerous criminals using inquiry agents' licences under their wives' names (a practice known as "ghosting"), and very little vetting is done by the police." In many cases, shonky operators don't even bother getting the requisite piece of paper.

In a cut-throat environment such as this, where economic considerations are paramount and professional ethics generally run a poor second, it would hardly be surprising if the average "debugger" would not only be prepared to plant bugs and telephone taps, but also to plant and then "find" the same devices in order to drum up business and perpetuate the belief that electronic invasion is rampant in Australian business circles. And according to John M, the anonymous electronic invasion expert, this is precisely what the game is all about: "There are firms who have a reputation for *always* 'finding' a bug — which establishes their value to the client. As a result of that fraud, they'll be able to line up a dozen or so more jobs for subsidiary companies or business associates of the original client, and so begin a snowball effect by feeding on the paranoia they've created. It's not the large, reputable security companies who are renowned for this, but the small, nameless operators who never know when the next pay cheque's coming in. I know of only three companies in the debugging business in Sydney that I would trust — and that's a very small minority. The truth about electronic invasion is that while some very good stuff is being used for espionage in Australia, there's not a great deal of it around."

Why the fixation on electronic espionage in shonky security circles? The answer is that bugging and debugging is where the money is, if you can land a sufficiently naive client — and there are plenty of them around. There are no standard fees for these services; it all depends on what the client is prepared to bear. Allan Asher's experience of companies asking "thousands and thousands" for a debugging operation is not a rare phenomenon.

If John M's disclosures are correct — and there's no way of proving this either way — then the electronic invasion "scare" in Australia generally boils down to an elaborate hoax, at least in its current stage of development. However, nobody seriously doubts that electronic gadgets are the espionage weapons of the near future in this country. The familiar "catch-up" situation applies. Electronic penetration of companies has been standard business practice in the USA during the past 20 years, and European executives have caught up rapidly in the last decade. In recent years some incredible technology — far superior to the available methods of detection — has been introduced to facilitate the process of parting companies from their secrets. The only way to guard

INSECURITY

against current and future rip-offs in this area is learn how the devices are used and how they're detected (see box).

And if electronic invasion is not an immediate threat to most Australian businessmen, there are numerous other forms of industrial espionage which are. Information theft is unquestionably a major growth industry, and John M agrees vehemently with the view that Australian executives are hopelessly naive about the extent and the methods of industrial espionage. "I'm not talking about the electronic business. I'm talking about the areas that form the real guts of industrial espionage in this country, where there is a genuine risk of infiltration. You see, in a business community that lacks understanding of even the basic aspects of information security, there are much easier ways to get hold of company secrets than electronic penetration — and the serious spies are well aware of that. So when a businessman detects an information leak and calls me in for a debugging, I tell him to forget about all that and tell me who's screwing his secretary. Sexual contact with an important female in the opposition is a standard espionage tactic, and staff loyalty is a huge problem for any business. Often the easiest method of cracking a company is to buy the information you want directly — either by offering a bribe, through your intermediary, to an opposition staff member, or by enticing one of the heavies on the competitor's staff to come and work for you. If you offer the operations manager or general manager a salary he can't refuse, you'll get all the information you could possibly want."

Failing that, according to John M, industrial spies often resort to a tactic called "pretend to hire." A particular opposition staff member is selected as "the pea." After advertising a bogus job in a manner calculated to attract that individual, they sit back and hope he'll take the bait. If he does, they can surreptitiously elicit the required information during the "job interview" without even having to test his company loyalty. A standard, risk-free operation.

If a spy finds that some sort of penetration is really necessary, he's most likely to resort to an age-old espionage tactic used by governments and private industry alike: rifling the garbage. This can be done either by posing as a cleaner and rummaging through all the important rubbish bins, or simply by waiting out the back until the big green garbage bag is delivered. "If you're prepared to get your hands dirty," says John M, "it's incredible what you can find out by doing this. It never fails to turn up something of value. Australian companies are amazingly complacent about garbage." For instance, an executive may take the precaution of locking the boardroom notes in the company safe, but where's the typewriter ribbon used by the company secretary to type them up? It can be read off easily. So can the carbon paper she's used to save money on the photocopier. Her discarded shorthand notebook would be equally revealing, as would the inevitable reject photocopies of sensitive information. And if the infiltrator is posing as a cleaner, why should he restrict himself to the garbage bins? He can get his hands on anything that's not locked away, including the access code for the company computer.

Maybe the penetration will require some form of listening device. The smart industrial spy knows that on a cost-risk-benefit analysis, bugging is not a very good proposition. Think of the logistics involved. Where do you put the bug in the first place? Who's going to do all the listening, taping and transcribing? Who's going to change the batteries? How does the listener know

> It makes more sense to plant a human being as a listening device than any electronic gadget

when the sensitive information is going to be discussed? Often he can't even identify who's doing all the talking. Frank Monte is prepared to concede that he knows of only two bugging operations which could be classed as resounding successes. Logically, then, it makes much more sense to plant a human being as a listening device than any electronic gadget, however sophisticated. And the security company contemplating whether to resist a lucrative offer to plant a spy is confronted only with ethical questions, not legal ones. As Frank Monte rather gleefully points out: "As long as the plant doesn't pinch anything, there's nothing illegal about it in Australia. I've been doing it for years. No Australian law says you can't put someone in an office and get them to tell you everything they happened to overhear during the day."

Frank reckons he does about half a dozen undercover penetrations a year. "We almost always use beautiful women. The average ocker businessman will find a job for any girl with great legs and great tits — just so he can look at her for a week. I had two real stunners once, and I've still got some great girls. But it's not easy getting them in. We usually try to get the receptionist or the secretary out of the place and substitute our girl, even if it means setting up a holiday for her, or offering her some enormously lucrative job so she'll take a sickie."

There aren't many corporate security companies who are honest enough to admit that *detection* of information theft isn't their only area of operation. But the consensus among security people is that if a businessman offers the average bloke enough money to find out something, he'll do his damnedest to get that information one way or another.

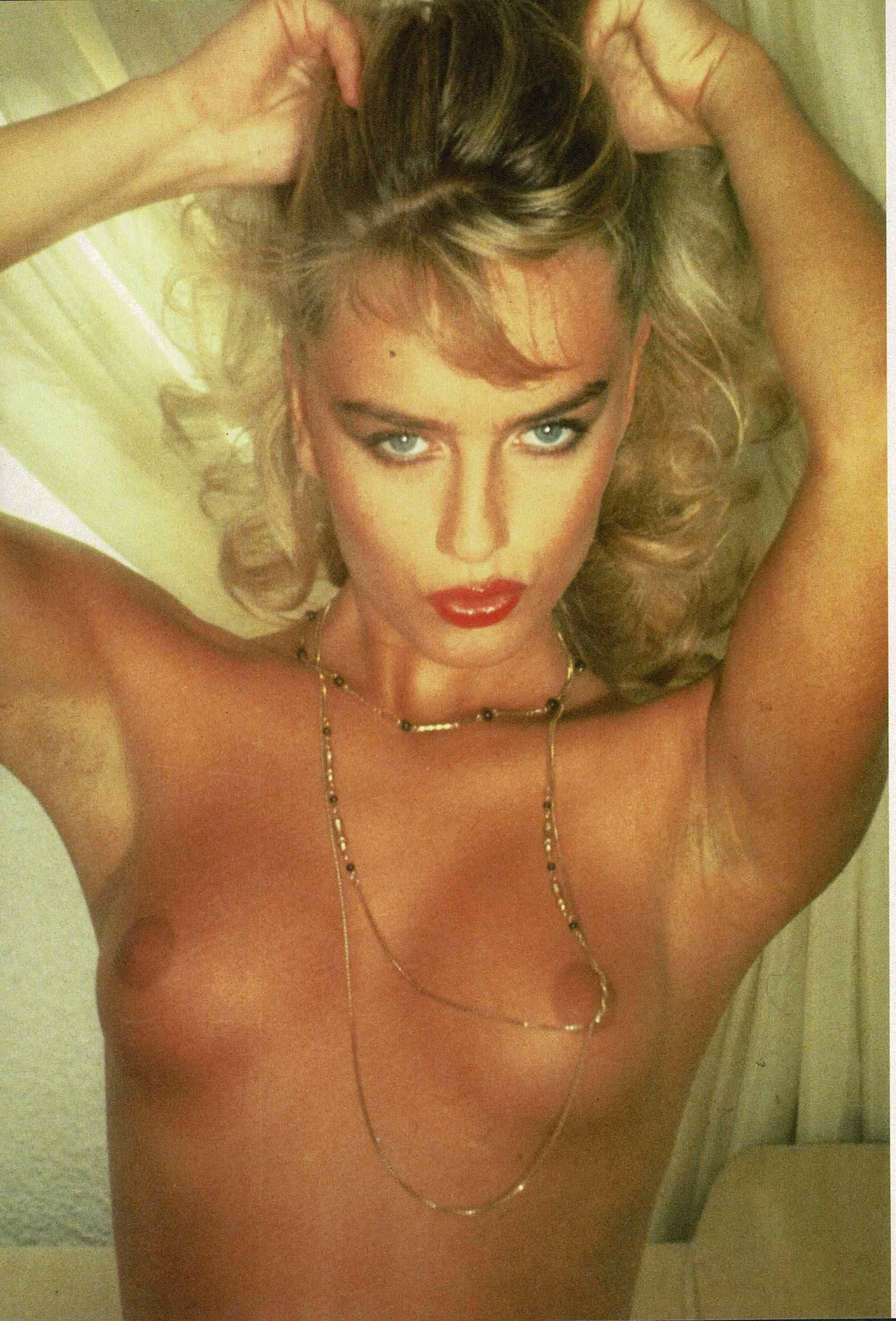
Despite the obvious difficulties, there are certain basic information security measures that will at least make it tough for an industrial spy to accomplish his goal. The most important thing, all security advisers agree, is to overturn the uniquely Australian tradition of letting strangers wander around the office unattended. Don't take your eyes off the visitor — however plausible his story seems — unless he's actually with the boss. No matter how stroppy he gets, keep him in the reception area. This applies not only to the alleged clients or alleged relatives who want to wait in the executive's office until he returns. It's especially important to thoroughly check out the credentials of the tradesmen and their reasons for being in your building in the first place. What's the cleaner doing in the managing director's office? What task is the electrician supposedly carrying out in the boardroom? And you should always view with suspicion any temporary staff — secretaries, receptionists, and people who've come in to do consultancy work. What's the temp secretary doing in the chairman's office anyway? Nobody who isn't thoroughly checked out should have access to important areas and information. You can also modify the form in which sensitive data is kept, so as to reduce the access of disloyal staff. For instance, some security-conscious companies never refer to a company by name when they're considering a takeover. A code-name system is simple and effective. And of all the security options offered by the various companies, a security waste disposal service is, according to Allan Asher, the cheapest and most effective counter-espionage measure for the average Australian business.

It's fair enough to assume that when the majority of Australian companies have shed their naivety and adopted these basic security procedures, then the electronic invasion of this country will begin in earnest. As long as there's a market for company secrets, the game of industrial espionage will continue to be played in boardrooms, bars and bedrooms across the nation. Maybe this sordid and savage game is profoundly un-Australian — but like the Big Mac, the erotic telephone call and the CIA, it's here to stay.

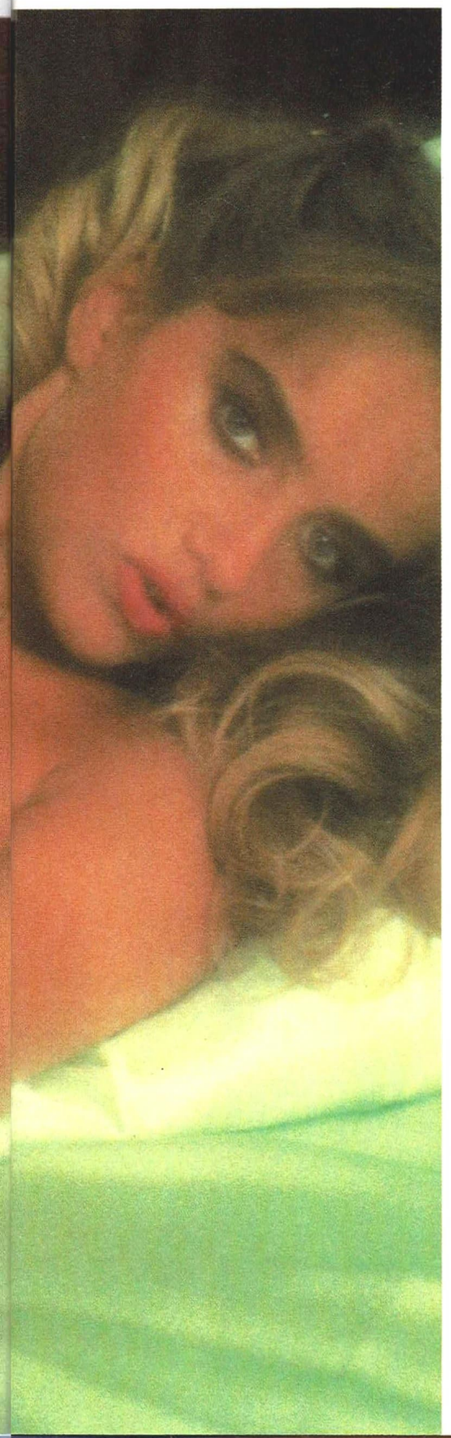
NEVER MISS A CHANCE

Have you seen this girl before? Two pictures of 23-year-old Karina Schally appeared in the *Penthouse* International section of an earlier issue. Two snaps were enough to spark the imaginations of many readers and even prompt a bundle of fanmail. A full pictorial should set imaginations on fire.

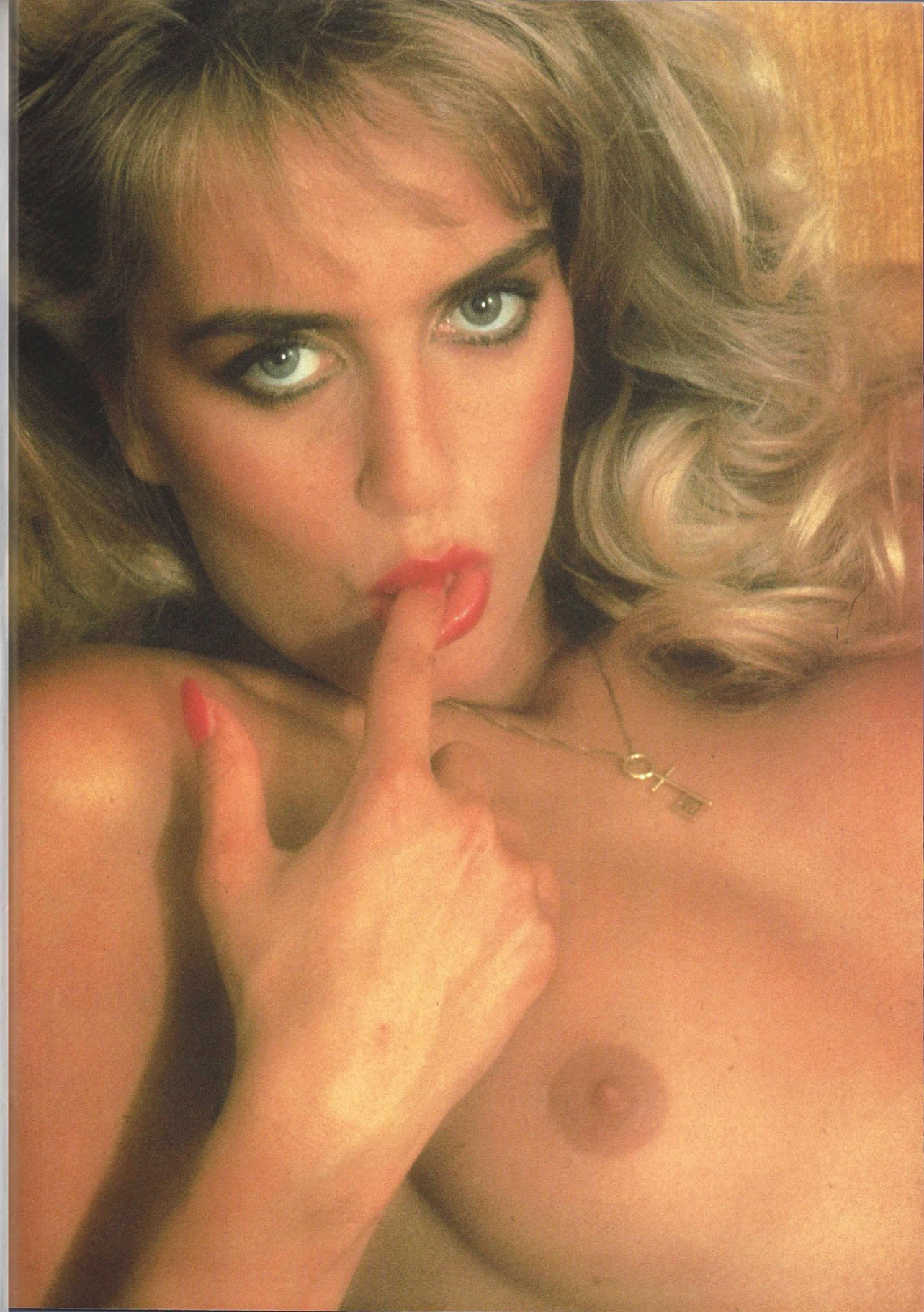
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND



Twelve thousand precision minded Teutonics voted Karina the German *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year in late 1982 and since then the Austrian-born bombshell has been touring the globe spreading the *Penthouse* word.



Karina's personal motto is "Never miss a chance" — a credo not far removed from our own. Karina couldn't miss the chance of showing off for a Down Under audience and we sure as hell weren't going to miss the chance of letting the lady have her way.



HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

. . . or how to end up with your end in

There's more to life than meeting beautiful women, taking them out and bringing them home to bed. But then — who cares? So why do some men have trouble picking up girls? Well, some men are shy. And there are some men who've had repressive childhoods and feel guilty about sex. Now there is absolutely no reason to feel this way. Let's get this straight from the start — there's nothing wrong with lusting after women. If there was, God wouldn't have created women as sex objects.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

GIRLS

Still, every week I get a lot of letters saying things like: "I'm desperate. I don't know what to do. Do you think you can help me with my problem? Last night I came five times. Do you think it would have been better if I'd had a girl with me?"

Usually I redirect these letters to the sex therapist who used to rent the apartment before I did, but they make interesting reading all the same. It seems there must be a lot of men out there who would like some sort of guide on How To Pick Up Girls. And, like the sex therapist, I saw the chance to make some money. So here it is.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS

First, let's look at two of the basic qualities of the model Casanova.

To be a successful lover, a man must be gentle, but strong. How strong? Well perhaps starting with 50 push-ups a day and running 20 kilometres a week is a good start, especially if you're going to take this seriously. Stamina, then, is vital.

If you are one of those men who is particular about who he takes home to bed, good vision is also very important. If you have poor vision ask a friend along to act as spotter. However, if you're not too discerning it probably won't matter all that much if you're blind as a bat, providing the object of your passion doesn't call herself Wayne, weigh 120 kilograms and drive a truck.

If you have both these qualities we are ready to begin. You will need a little money also, but the amount depends on your skill. It is also worth noting that for certain professional people sex is a legitimate business deduction and can be written off against tax. Journalists (research), politicians (fact finding), and advertising executives (career training) are included in this group.

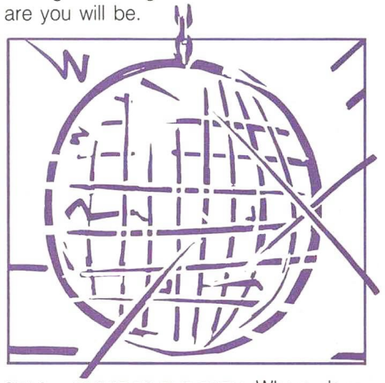
APPEARANCE: You don't have to be Richard Gere to attract girls . . . but it helps. Researchers have found that a man's social position and his sense of humor are more important to women than his physical attractiveness. So if you're President of the Exxon Corporation and you know some good one-liners, you can save a lot of money on toupees and plastic surgery.

A recent survey by a New York newspaper asked women what part of a man's anatomy they found most attractive. Surprisingly, rippling pectoral muscles and bulging biceps did not figure. The majority of the women surveyed said they were most turned on by men with small buttocks.

Okay, so you're in good physical shape, the *maitre d'* at the city's finest restaurant knows you by your first name, and wit flows from your tongue like honey. You undo a lot of the good you've done if you look like a slob. You need to look good, smell good.

It should be noted here that as scent is a great aphrodisiac an abundance of aftershave sprinkled liberally over the shirt and trousers is advisable. (Certain Hottentot tribesmen swear by putting a little dried semen behind each ear but this is not recommended if you are going to places such as discotheques, as it tends to run when you sweat.)

To sum up — remember the golden rule. Look good enough to eat and the chances are you will be.



GIRLS — WHERE TO FIND THEM: Where does the novice lover go to find girls?

Hotels and discos are obvious haunts although there are many other places you may not even have considered. The beach or the supermarket, for instance. Also the "Ladies" at Manly Wharf has a nice variety, day or night. The Art Gallery is also a good place to pick up girls. For a start it shows them you have culture and an eye for beauty. Find a girl you like and start chatting to her knowledgeably about Pisscarco, Vincent van Reubens and the Indonesian painter, Salvador Bali.

Skiing holidays are also highly recommended, but remember not to ski. It is very difficult to be romantic with a broken pelvis.

Take up a sport. Try playing squash with a lady partner; squash up against her on a bus or a train and see how things work out.

CHOOSING THE GIRL: This is entirely a matter of taste; beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Some men like very fat women, which is why God made some men in Italy. Generally most men have different views on what constitutes a perfect "10." For some it's a girl waist high with no teeth and a flat head you can rest your drink on. It depends.

It has been said that very pretty girls are

over-rated as they tend to be vain and are passive in bed. This is totally irrelevant. The best advice is to approach the prettiest girl in the room and keep working your way down until you succeed, stopping when you reach the family dog.

Wives of other men should not necessarily be overlooked but if they are noticeably pregnant it is not considered good form to say: "I'll give you a call in a few months."

TYPES: Before we continue, we'll pause here to have a look at some of the different types of girl you can expect to meet.

Prickteasers: To be avoided at all costs. These girls are continually brushing crumbs off your trousers, even though you haven't eaten anything. Prickteasers are professional virgins who pretend to be nymphomaniacs. They live with their mothers and have periods every day of the year.

Modern Ms: Some of them will spout all sorts of loony feminist garbage, but don't let that put you off. They either work in advertising or publishing. Some of them just do it to get attention, but watch out for the hard-liners, who are really right-wing lesbians and will kick you in the crotch and yell rape if you offer them so much as a potato chip. You'll finally end up as copy in *The National Times*.

Models: These are the very beautiful girls you see on the television ads performing fellatio on chocolate bars. (On no account let one of these girls perform fellatio on you. They smile sensuously, bite down hard, then whisper: "Oh my God, I'm sorry — I thought it was a Chokito." Models, because they are very beautiful, can also be very vain. When they orgasm they shout their own name.

Dumb Blondes: Blondes really do have more fun and so do the guys who go out with them. But watch out for forgeries — some dumb blondes are just brunettes who decided to capitalise on their lack of intelligence and decided peroxide was cheaper than a lobotomy.

Trendoids: Have part-time jobs in post-Paddington boutiques or work at weekends haunting castles. Usually they dress like corpses or victims of a cave-in at a haberdashery. Watch out for fakes here as well; real trendoids will always have more belts than earrings.

Preppies: Are either called Georgina or Katrina, and wear silk scarves around their heads to stop their jaws falling open. They have all-over tans in summer and goggle marks around their eyes in winter. They will always respond to "How about coming to the yacht club in daddy's Volvo." WORD OF WARNING: First make sure daddy has a yacht club and a Volvo.

Nurses: The occupational hazard of having to endure narcissistic half-wit doctors all day makes them long for normal males when off duty. Nurses are naturally randy, but they do have the annoying habit of stopping during lovemaking to fluff the pillows and cannot hold anything without looking at their watches to time its pulse.

Divorcees: As with used cars, it depends a great deal on how many kilometres are on the clock. However, they have the advantage of being fully run-in and they know their way round the block without too much steering.

Groupies: Hang around at rock concerts and pub gigs, and specialise in sleeping with rock singers. They are also notorious for keeping little mementos of their nights of passion to hang on the wall. Tell them you're Billy Idol and offer them a plaster cast; if you don't look like a rock star, invite them home to see your plaster cast of Boy George.

THE PICK-UP: All right, so you've spotted the girl you like. First, try to catch her eye. Smile. Look interested. But don't get too carried away with this; raising one laconic eyebrow creates the accompanying difficulty of trying to make the other eyebrow stay down. And there are some men who cannot wink without appearing spastic, or at best, mentally unstable.

WHAT TO SAY: The next thing is to go up to the girl, and talk to her. It really doesn't matter too much what you say. General topics of conversation are okay: her job, your job, travel, music, the movies . . . these are all fairly safe topics. Bear in mind that most women are not interested in the International Monetary Fund or fluctuations in the Dow Jones index.

There are only two things you absolutely must not say. They are: "Do you come here often?" and "Haven't I seen you some place before?" A compliment always breaks the ice, as long as it's a sincere one, and doesn't compare her lips to cherries, or apricots, or kiwi fruit, or whatever. Don't get too poetic and refrain from telling her she has great tits. This never goes down well for some reason.

Certain subjects should be avoided:

1. DO NOT tell her about your wife and two small children. In no circumstances produce photographs.
2. AVOID mentioning your prostate problem.
3. DO NOT ask her views on abortion.
4. DO NOT tell her the latest on the herpes epidemic.

BODY LANGUAGE: Men and women convey many signals to each other in the courting display, and conversation is often superfluous to this. The expert Romeo is very adroit at picking up these displays of interest. This is called body language. Warm gestures show that the girl is receptive to you; cold gestures indicate that you are not making a good impression.

Warm gestures include: she looks into your eyes; she touches your hand; she smiles; she purses her lips; if you are in a restaurant, she leans towards you, deepening the V of her cleavage with her arms; she raises her eyebrows; she licks her lips often; she makes expressive hand gestures while speaking to you; and/or her pupils dilate.

Cold gestures include: she sneers; she cracks her knuckle joints and looks at her watch; she phones the police anonymously and implicates you in a recent bank robbery; if you are in a restaurant, she falls asleep at the table with her head dropping into the salad bowl; she flicks pieces of avocado cocktail at you; she drops her cigarette in your pina colada; she leaves you at your table and climbs out of the ladies' toilet window; she knees you in the groin; and/or her pupils glaze over.

Be sure to watch for any of these little signs.

TURNING HER ON: Experiments at Columbia University in New York have shown that emotional arousal is a great catalyst to sexual attraction. Researchers hired an attractive female to interview two groups of male students — one group in an office, and the other in the middle of a swaying suspension bridge, 100 metres above a rocky gorge. They found that the responses from the group on the bridge had a far higher sexual content than the others. From this they concluded that fear, danger and excitement brought about sexual arousal.

This is really only confirming what soldiers and men with sports cars have known all along. If you have a fast car take her for a drive along Parramatta Road at 140 km/h during peak hour.

If you don't have a sports car, get a motorbike. It's not the wheels that matter here, it's the speed and the danger. Just tell her to climb on the back, put her arms around your waist and hang on to the gearstick if she gets scared.

If you don't have a motorbike or a fast car, seduce her on a suspension bridge. Or while her husband's out lighting the barbie. Take her mountain climbing and push her off a cliff. Any of these things is sure to get her adrenalin pumping and put her in the mood for love.

Women are also turned on by men who can be dominant and assertive. But don't come on too heavy; it's a fine balance between seduction and the embarrassment of trying to explain to His Honor how you read in a magazine never to take "no" for an answer, and that when she said she was a bride of Jesus you thought she meant she was married to a Spaniard.

TAKING HER HOME: Okay; you have talked about her job as an aubergine tester with the Vegetable Marketing Board, she has made plenty of expressive hand gestures while speaking to you, and you have taken her for a ride along the Parramatta Road on your Vespa. You might now like to suggest to the girl that she come back to your place for coffee, which is recognised in polite circles as an invitation to go to bed.

However, you might like to try a more direct approach and leave no room for ambiguity. Consider the following alternatives.

The Psychological Approach: You look the girl squarely in the eye and say: "I have this urgent desire to return to the womb. How about it?"

The Considerate Approach (a big winner this year at Greenham Common):

GIRLS

"How about coming home with me and working off some pre-menstrual tension?"

The Aerobic Approach: You bounce up to the girl and say: "Gee, you look fit. How about coming home with me and exercising your vaginal muscles?"

The Smooth Approach (common among divorcees): "You might as well come home with me. Neither of us is getting any younger."

WHERE TO DO IT: Your place or her place are best, unless she lives with her psychopathic Croatian boyfriend or you live in a tent on the freeway.

If you must do it in a vehicle, buy an Econovan or a used bus. Making love in a car is brief, mechanical and uncomfortable, and leads to undue wear and tear on the shockers. It is possible to do it in a Porsche, but remember to stop the car first, or at least wear a seatbelt.

Another alternative is to take her sailing. There isn't a girl alive who doesn't enjoy going out on a boat and getting marooned overnight near a Queensland atoll in a 12-metre Bertram. This has a lot more class than running out of petrol in the middle of the National Park in a Mini Minor. If you can't afford a boat, hire one. If you can't hire one, borrow one. If you can't borrow one, steal one. Go midweek, have it back on the mooring by the weekend and no-one will notice.

THE LOVE NEST: If you are taking the girl home to your place, it is important to set the right mood for the seduction. Soft lights and romantic music are important. Barry White, Julio Inglesias and Ravel's "Bolero" are highly recommended. Avoid recordings of Fred Nile's address to the city of Sydney on the "Evils of Immorality."

Avoid having whips, cattle prods and SS caps hanging around the walls. These can be disconcerting to a new amour; they may be introduced later on, when you have developed a deep, meaningful relationship.

UNDRESSING THE GIRL: During the undressing stage, it is best not to appear clumsy or inexperienced. Brassieres have caused many men a lot of frustration and fumbling in their urgent desire to remove them. Practice is important.

Buy one at the markets or appropriate one from your sister-in-law's laundry basket. Attach it to the fridge and then try unclasping it with one hand. When you have mastered that, you can progress to something a little more life-like: the family dog perhaps, or better still, a wet dolphin.

You will then be ready for the real thing. However, if you fail to master this it is perhaps a better idea to leave a small razor on the bedside table, and cut swiftly through the strap. She won't find out until morning and up till then she'll think you're a smooth operator. After that, the chances are she won't. Decide first whether you

think you want to see the girl again.

A final word. In winter some girls wear more than one pair of knickers. For the sake of politeness do not remark on anything up to six pairs.

BEDROOM ETIQUETTE: Little things mean a lot. Don't leave your rectal thermometer by the bed. Refrain from carving a notch on the bedpost until *after* she's gone. Also bear in mind you won't be remembered as a great lover if you stop to put all your clothes in plastic and then hang them up . . . especially if you're in her car.

Other little hints that may prove useful: don't wear rubber gloves during foreplay, and if she asks you to kiss her where it smells, don't take her to the tip.

INTERNATIONAL SECTION: For those of you who are thinking of travelling abroad in the near future, I have put together a guide to the girls of a few selected countries, so that you can be prepared.

Mexico: The girls are all called Maria or Juanita, have skin the color of taco shells and bandy legs (Mexican men always eat with their hats on). They do not generally respond to serenades, endearments whispered in Spanish, the offer of a bull's ear or a bouquet of red roses. Offer to get them an American passport and they're yours.

Italy: Italian women have crisp, jet black hair, which falls to their shoulders, and often starts again at their knees. Before marriage, Italian girls are more closely protected than the whale, and after marriage they get twice as big. If you want to make out with one, tell her you're Paolo Rossi or some other famous Italian. Not the Pope.

The Middle East: Arabic women all have veils over their faces because their breath smells so bad. They are protected by laws in their own country and eight centimetres of cellulite everywhere else.

England: English girls are all called Rita or Liz and bathe regularly — once a month. If you want to make it with an English girl, the best place to look is Adelaide.

New Zealand: Kiwi girls have a slight aroma of wet wool, due to spending so much time in close proximity to sheep. They also have a curious speech defect; in restaurants they like to eat "fush and chups", they walk up "hulls" and can be quite "thuck." The only difference between a New Zealand girl and a computer: you have to punch information into both of them, but with a computer you only have to do it once.

United States: American girls are loud, overbearing and aggressive. You do not have to worry about picking up American girls if they see you first. However be careful; America gave the world all its sexually transmitted diseases, including — 73 years ago — Ronald Reagan.

Eastern Europe: Girls from behind the Iron Curtain are all called Olga or Agent 76, have hairy armpits and work for the KGB. This is a deadly combination and definitely not worth the trouble, especially since the Miss ComBloc contest (the communist version of Miss Universe) has ended in a scoreless draw for the last three years. The year before that it was won by Lech Walensa.

Israel: Israeli girls are all called Rachel or Sophie and either live on a kibbutz or are in the army reserve. Their brothers are all psychiatrists in New York and their fathers are all away liberating Lebanon. Be warned: they carry automatic weapons and have a natural aversion to anything with an olive complexion and a foreskin.

One final hint to every aspiring Romeo: ask every woman you meet to go to bed with you. Treat every woman as a challenge. It's 20th Century Man's last frontier. Everest and Annapurna may have been tamed but Maggie Thatcher and the ticket collector at Central Station are still out there waiting to be conquered. ⊖⊢

Pente. For men and women who like to play games.

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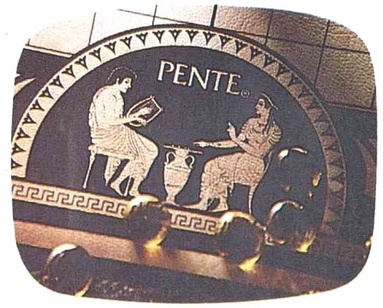

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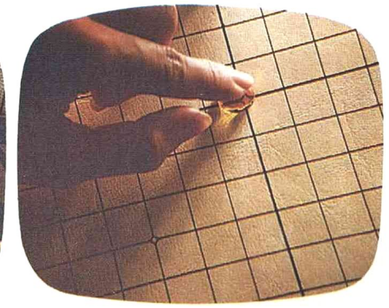
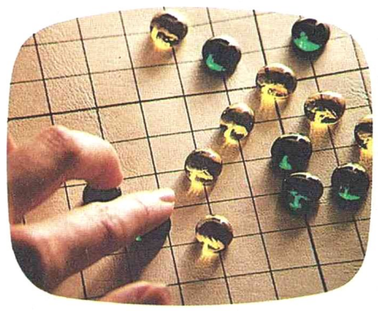


ANNCR:
. . . of all.

WOMAN:
Got a letter from Robert yesterday.

ANNCR:
A game of strategy . . .

MAN:
He doesn't give up does he?

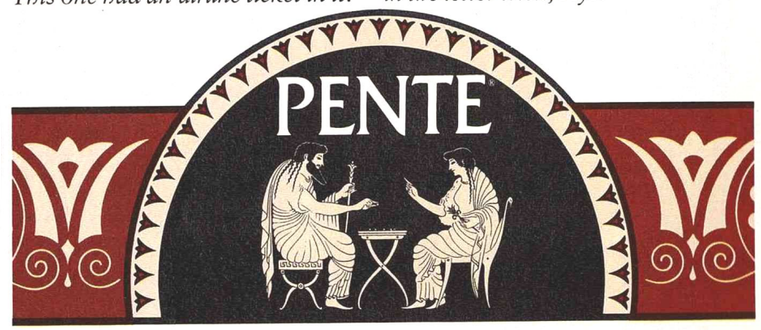


ANNCR:
A game of challenge and intellect.

WOMAN:
This one had an airline ticket in it.

MAN: The old airline ticket in the letter trick, Aye?

ANNCR: For as long as men and women have been playing games . . .



ANNCR: Men and women have been playing PENTE.
WOMAN: It's your move.

PARKER BROTHERS

*PENTE. Registration pending. TOL598/84

Even the surgeons in Sydney would be jealous of this heart transplant.

Celica has always been a trend-setter with its sleek, aggressive styling.

Now a transplant with Toyota's 2.4 litre Super Responsive engine, with Electronic Fuel Injection, has given the Celica new life.

Now Celica produces 87kW of power.

Now Celica will do the standing 400 metres in just 17.5 seconds. And goes from 0 to 100kph in just 11.0 seconds.

So, Celica's lively new heart has the power to get your pulse racing.

And that's only straight-line performance. Celica also has fully independent suspension with Toyota Suspension Tuning.

So you can use Celica's new power around tight bends and challenging roads.

There's little doubt Celica now has a lot of muscle with its new heart. And its standard features are still as healthy as ever.

AM/FM stereo cassette, plush velour seats, digital clock, alloy wheels, 5-speed gearbox, rack and pinion steering, ventilated front discs, and more.

Putting Toyota's 2.4 litre engine with Electronic Fuel Injection into Celica has given it superlative performance.

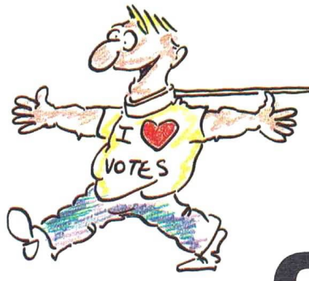
It's never looked better!

2.4 LITRE EFI CELICA

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

DFS/TPA852



A manual for marginal MPs

COOK'S GUIDE TO ELECTIONEERING

MINUTES OF MEETING: ALL DEPARTMENTAL HEADS

Presiding: Gordon F. X. Alloyhead
OA,OBE
Dept of Protocol & Manners

Please be seated. I think you're familiar with the overview and layout of the table. The pecking order should be a matter of instinct by now. Defence up here near me, and Treasury. The new departments invented by the current government in a *frisson* of social experimentation are, of course, on the antique bar stools to the foot of the table.

This is, of course, the big one. Three certainties exist in this life: death, tax evasion, early elections and enormous superannuation payouts. *Four* certainties. There are sound, obvious and cogent reasons for this election. The PM has explained them, he's sick and tired of having to repeat himself, and if you still give the impression that you can't quite grapple with the concept of their obviousness, the chances are that you don't believe him. Nevertheless, for the remedial thinkers among you, here they are again:

(a) *Simultaneous elections.* A half-Senate election is compulsory. It says so in the Constitution, just underneath the bits the previous government crossed out about governments having to be elected. As a matter of fact, the bit about simultaneous elections was one of the things they crossed out. Certainly, they pencilled it back in, but then they crossed it out again. Now it's back, in the margin, next to the bit about abolishing the Senate altogether . . . no . . . that's been crossed out too. Anyway, far too many irresponsible voters regard a half-Senate election as a free kick against the government. The government feels that if it's part of a wider frightener, in which the Opposition stands a chance of being torn away from their accountants and estate agencies and parked back on the Government benches with their fat fingers in the vicinity of the till, then the electorate will sober up and decide not to play silly buggers.

(b) *The tremendous backlog* of legislation held up by the Bourbons in the Senate. To be perfectly frank, I can't name one of these bills, off the cuff, from memory. The *Yabbie Protection Bill* perhaps or the *Driveway Gravel Tax Provisions* may be among them.

(c) *The PM likes elections.* Elections cheer him up. We like them, too, because it gives us a chance to catch up on paperwork, fly fishing and so forth. Let's face it: when our masters and betters are barnstorming and stumpjumping and bullfrogging the country flashing their credentials, they're out of our hair.

On the table in front of you, in the embossed folder, you will find our situation guide for the benefit of ministers, members, candidates and Opposition persons. They need all the help they can get.

IN THE ELECTORATE

EVENT: STREETWALKS

A completely spontaneous eruption of members in hideous multi-level shopping complexes. The member will have the opportunity to be appalled by the sort of people who are voting.

What To Do. The member will:

(a) reach for the startled paws of people who will have to drop the week's meat in order to respond, or who will hate the member with a passion and recoil as if anally penetrated;

(b) be backed up against the deli window by some rabid bore eager to tell the member how the country was run under good old Billy Hughes;

(c) be trapped by a very deaf senior citizen with complaints about the drains and other people's dogs.

(d) be the audience and the reason for an incomprehensible piece of mime from the Street Theatre Collective of the Lesbian Mothers Against Everything, or similar. This will not only effectively mug the cameras, but the sheer embarrassment attending street theatre will empty the mall like a tear gas assault, rendering the exercise inoperative;

(e) try to kiss junior citizens and make them cry, throw up or bite;

(f) try to pin campaign buttons to the taut T-shirts of teenage girls, who will then giggle and put their fingers in their mouths.

What Not To Do. Don't panic. Don't offer to "look into" local whinges. They'll *remember.*

What To Wear. Washable in all cases. You may need to carry the top garment over the shoulder to emphasise informality, so empty the pockets. A shower of change, cigarettes, pens, breath fresheners etc looks bad. For the males, something loose at the crotch. You might have to crouch for toddlers or dwarves. Female members will also be expected to squeeze and admire fruit, so nothing fancy at the cuffs.

Likely Votes. None.

EVENT: DOORKNOCKING

An attempt to corner all those buggers who avoided you on the streetwalk, and to bully them with sheer charm.

What To Do. Knock on doors. The member will then:

(a) try to conduct an informal conversation, ignoring the fact that the door is on five centimetres of steel chain and the dog has a grip on the member's extremities;

(b) meet everyone who has ever voted for the other party;

(c) meet just enough senior citizens who offer the member tea to ensure that bladder control will be an agony. (The alternative is to be remembered as someone who just drops in to use the toilet.) He will

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PATRICK COOK

also meet numerous individuals whose comprehensive knowledge of drains, doggy doo-dahs and pavement surfaces in the district will dispose the member to think well of euthanasia;
(d) interrupt a number of incidents of sexual intercourse (this loses votes);
(e) meet a disproportionate number of born-again loonies. They stay at home a lot and they don't shut up. They also vote, so tough luck.
What Not To Do. Don't catch a glimpse of the living conditions and retch. Don't ask for the head of the household, having just stumbled across the Lesbian Mothers' Commune. Above all, don't comment on family portraits on mantelpieces. If any of them have done well in marriage or insurance or are dead, you'll be stuck for an hour.
What To Wear. Not a plastic overcoat.
Likely Votes. None.

EVENT: THE LOCAL HALL DEBATE

Damned if you do and damned if you don't. These events are invariably organised by local single-issue fanatics, often masquerading under the banner of groups like Concerned Citizens For A Better Gundunnah and the like. They are, in fact, merely interested in saving the yabbie, abolishing driveway gravel imposts, preventing the erection of nuclear reactors adjacent to the kindergarten and other piffling irritants. They are run by aware women with lips like string and concerned and caring men with beards. You will have to attend. The big problem is the other candidates who have nothing to lose. They will cheerfully agree to anything at all, from a billion-dollar Infant Mental Health Clinic and Solarium to a full-Senate inquiry into the terrible burden of driveway maintenance.
What To Do. The member will be:
(a) nagged by the convener, abused by the Opposition and hectored by the audience;
(b) saved only by concentrating on the foulest personal abuse of said opponents. Neighborhoods love gossip.
What Not To Do. Don't agree to anything. Appeal to the tremendous spirit of the advertising slogan of the moment (concensus, pulling in the belt, buying more locally made underwear, winning the war, etc). Try to remember the name of the electorate.
Likely Votes. None.

EVENT: POLLING DAY

People will be voting. Vote very early. By this time the district will be littered with lying handouts about you, illustrated with very old or very retouched photographs. If the voters then see you in the flesh, it could ruin the whole thing.
What To Do. Stay at home with the blinds down. Don't answer the phone or the door. Crouch behind the sofa. If you have won, hold a party for the branch workers. Get monumentally pissed, put your underpants on your head, put your hands up dresses or down trousers as appropriate. It doesn't matter. If you have lost, do as above, but spend some time on the phone trying to get your old job back.
What Not To Do. Last minute begging is desperate. When being photographed voting for yourself, don't miss the little slot on the box. Don't be driven to the polls in your new Bentley. And don't turn up with your pyjamas showing under your selected Saturday informals.
Likely Votes. Too late.

Those of you whose attention has been fixed upon the political survival of our clients will have noticed that the electoral gains from all this flesh-pressing and public loitering are negligible. People won't vote

Commandeer emergency helicopter services, thwart rescue operations, get in the way of firemen and irritate police, but be there when the cameras arrive

for you if you don't manifest; they will vote *against* you if you do. The only way to convince a wider public of your existence and desirability is through television, radio and newspapers.

Personally, I believe these organisations act as a terminal barrier to useful information, rather than as a conduit. This is, of course, precisely why politicians like them. As television creations, they become pleasantly co-mingled with the handsome gigolos and luscious strumpets flogging the latest Nissan Poseur, fishfingers and aids to personal freshness, along with the wheat-brained Americans who flesh out the storyline between commercials. If television appearances were the sole prerequisite for candidates, this country would be firmly in the hands of two newsreaders, a talking car, and the lady with the astonishing thighs who favors Smith's Crisps. And none the worse for it.

Newspapers enable journalists to have lunch with politicians who are more effectively employed by the newspaper proprietors than the journalists are. And radio enables the politician to caress the voter without revealing the deceit in the eyes. All these paths to glory, however, are liberally strewn with mines. Here are a few guidelines.

THE MEDIA

EVENT: THE PRESS CONFERENCE

For most MPs this will take the form of sitting in rows behind the leader, grinning like idiots in new suits, while their candidacy is announced. Occasionally it will be possible to attract attention by denouncing the activities of your opponent or pointing to crap-littered holes in the pavement and declaring: "Something must be done." Most press conferences are attended by ministers, who often form pairs for protection. Policy should never, ever be mentioned. Stand on your record. Quote statistics, the dates of famous battles, the *Commonwealth Gazette* for 1940 . . . anything . . . but don't, for God's sake, answer any questions.
What To Do. You will be confronted with a jostling pack of alarmingly young girls with very clean teeth and raincoats and a number of very young men, fresh from the Bundanunga School of Applied Journalism. There will be a few gnarled old hacks, fresh from lunch, who will wait until you think you have charmed the briefs off the cadets, and then disembowel you with a question about your personal landholdings. To the cadets, you will say: "Let's just get the facts right." To the old hacks, you will say: "I think I've answered that. Next?"
What Not To Do. Don't lose your temper. Don't give a clear statement of policy which contradicts the leader's bullshit denial of the day before.
Likely Votes. Some real estate agents. No journalists.

EVENT: NEWS EVENTS

These provide the opportunity for a bit of sudden initiative, or "opportunism" as we know it. If a hole in the pavement suddenly collapses, swallowing half the street and hundreds of shoppers; if an outbreak of Black Death is traced to the incontinent dogs of the district; or if a seasonal bushfire, flood, sandstorm, drought or massive drug seizure suddenly occupies the attention of the district — it is your duty to be there.
What To Do. Commandeer emergency helicopter services, thwart rescue operations, get in the way of firemen and irritate police, but be there when the cameras arrive. Take off your jacket. Put on a plastic hat of the relevant color and shape. Be seen shaking your head/crumbling the dry earth between sorrowful fingers/standing on a hill and pointing/striding through the rubble/demanding the attention of people who are in hospital or shock or both. Place your car at the disposal of the emergency services without mentioning that it is in Canberra.
What Not To Do. Don't smile automatically if the camera catches you. Don't yawn.

SWITCH TO SWATCH.™
THE CRAZY NEW WAVE IN SWISS WATCHES.
Swatch. On one hand, it's very Swiss. Waterproof. Shockproof. With precise Swiss quartz technology. On the other hand, it rocks the boat. With outrageous colours. Up-to-the-minute styles. And priced around $35. So why not get two or three? Watch out for them at fine stores everywhere.
swatch QUARTZ
SWAT 0004

COOK'S GUIDE

Don't throw up in the first aid tent. Don't wipe your hands on a silk scarf after shaking the grizzled hands of the rescuers. Don't be filmed leaving, especially in a clean car.
Likely Votes. Thousands — most of them, unfortunately, in other electorates.

EVENT: TV PROFILES

Even if you aren't a Prime Minister or a photogenic female member on the way up, there is still the chance of a TV profile. Sometimes it means that you've been sacked and reinstated a few times. Perhaps you're an unusual color, or a former squash maestro, or you worship frogs or something. Usually it means that you are either in an electorate so marginal that the interest of the TV producers is equivalent to a crowd turning out for a hanging, or you are a barking mad fringe candidate campaigning for some crazy idea such as preventing developers from knocking down your town and selling the children into slavery. Hordes of men and women trailing wires and generators and scripts will descend on your house and break things while you try to eat your Weeties in a charismatic, vote-maximising fashion.
What To Do. Put up with it. The occasional interviewer will have some nasty questions. How, for example, do you reconcile your publicly acknowledged mistresses with your resolution in the House to brand divorcees with a hot iron? Show them over the property, or the street, or the rumpus room. Keep them moving. *Sixty Minutes* is better. The questions are a lot easier.
What Not To Do. Don't be filmed washing up. If male, you will appear to be a wimp; if female, you will appear to be selling out. Your children should not be seen rolling joints. Your collection of prewar Bugattis and servants should not be seen at all.
Likely Votes. Against substantial votes gained in the electorate should be balanced the loss of votes among your family, former spouses, etc.

EVENT: TV PANELS

You will be assembled with a moderator and your opposite number to shout at each other.
What To Do. Go in shouting. Keep on shouting. Take off your glasses and waggle them while shouting. Remember these phrases:
"Just let me finish . . ."
"That is just typical of . . ."
"Look. You've had your go. Just . . ."
What Not To Do. Don't listen; it only slows you down. Don't answer any questions.
Likely Votes. This will depend on the color of your eyes.

EVENT: TALK-BACK RADIO

This can be an ordeal. The radio person will be well-informed and biased. So will the listeners.
What To Do. Try to stay polite. Beware of all listeners who begin:
"Nobody minds a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, but . . ."
"As a taxpayer . . ."
"I don't support any party, but . . ." (They *do* — the Liberals.)
"You can say what you like about Thatcher/Hitler/Attila the Hun, but . . ."
"As a mother . . ."
"As a small businessman, taxpayer, mother, JP and ex-serviceman . . ."
Remember to grovel to the popinjay whose program this is. He or she can go on shitcanning you long after you've fled from the studio.
What Not To Do. Do not suggest that the sort of people who ring radio stations are boring, half-witted, self-righteous, whingeing nincompoops who talk to trapped politicians because no-one else can put up with them. Do not attempt to answer questions.
Likely Votes. These people only get pleasure from voting *against* a candidate. Make sure it isn't you.

EVENT: TALLY ROOM

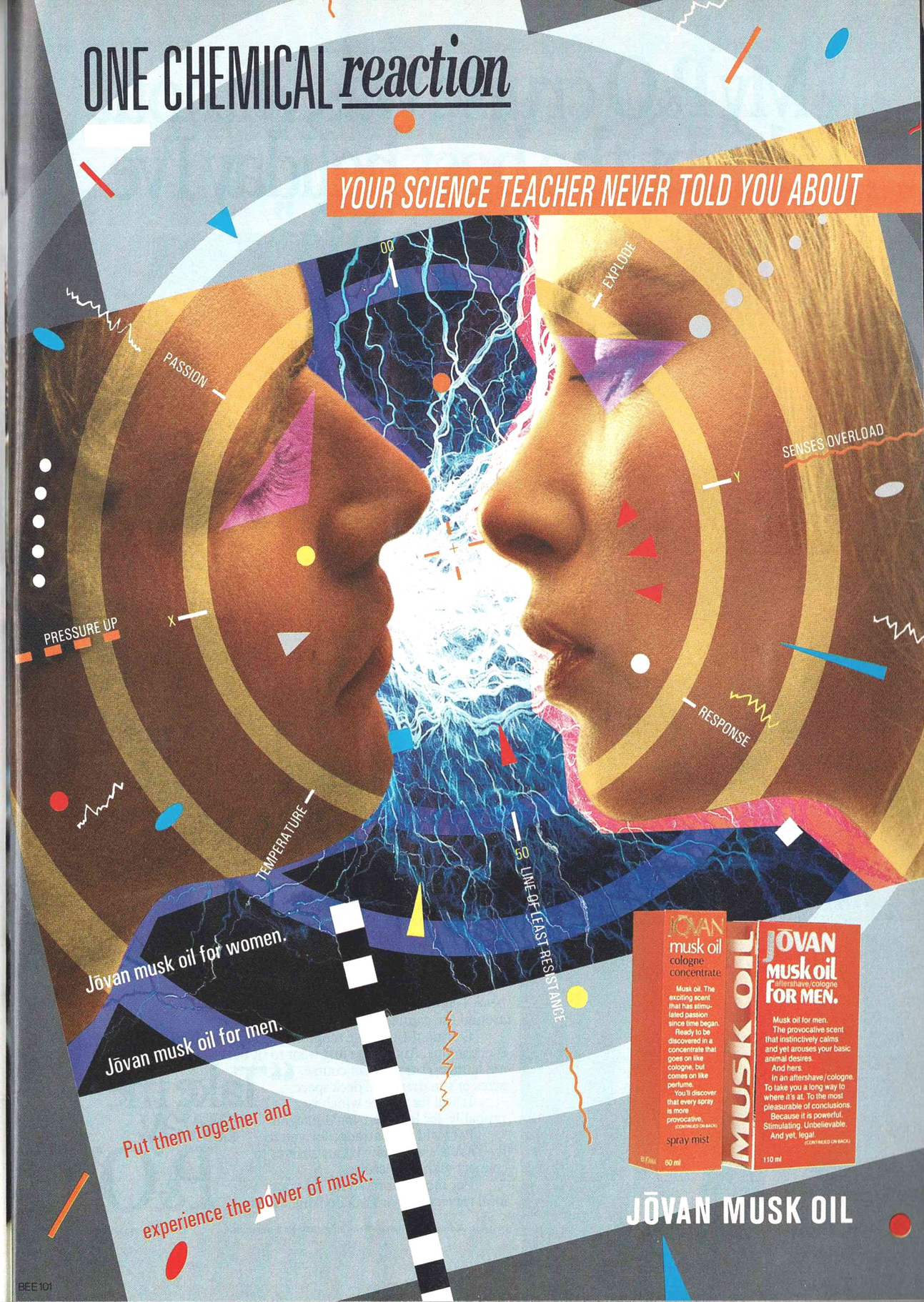
Ordeal or orgasm, depending on the results.
What To Do. While the leaders are waiting in make-up, others will be parked on panels consisting of a boring man with glasses and wires in his ear, somebody from the other party, and several tumblers of neat vodka done up to look like water. Remember these phrases:
"It's too early to tell yet . . ."
"I think you have to look at the overall trend . . ." (when losing)
"And of course the new boundaries are significant . . ." (when losing badly)
What Not To Do. Do not jeer, gloat or say "Shit!" when swings become painfully obvious. Do not make any predictions.
Climax. The losing leader will scuttle from the tally room with a bag over his head, to re-emerge in a hotel miles away and claim that the results are very encouraging, except for the fact that he has lost. He'll then burst into tears. The winner will ponce about radiating triumph, sex appeal and the glow that comes with having, once again, gotten away with it.

The perfect drum roll.

A special tobacco deserves a special paper: New Drum Papers. Available where you buy your tobacco.
JWT 010.P.032

ONE CHEMICAL *reaction*

YOUR SCIENCE TEACHER NEVER TOLD YOU ABOUT


PASSION
PRESSURE UP
TEMPERATURE
X
Y
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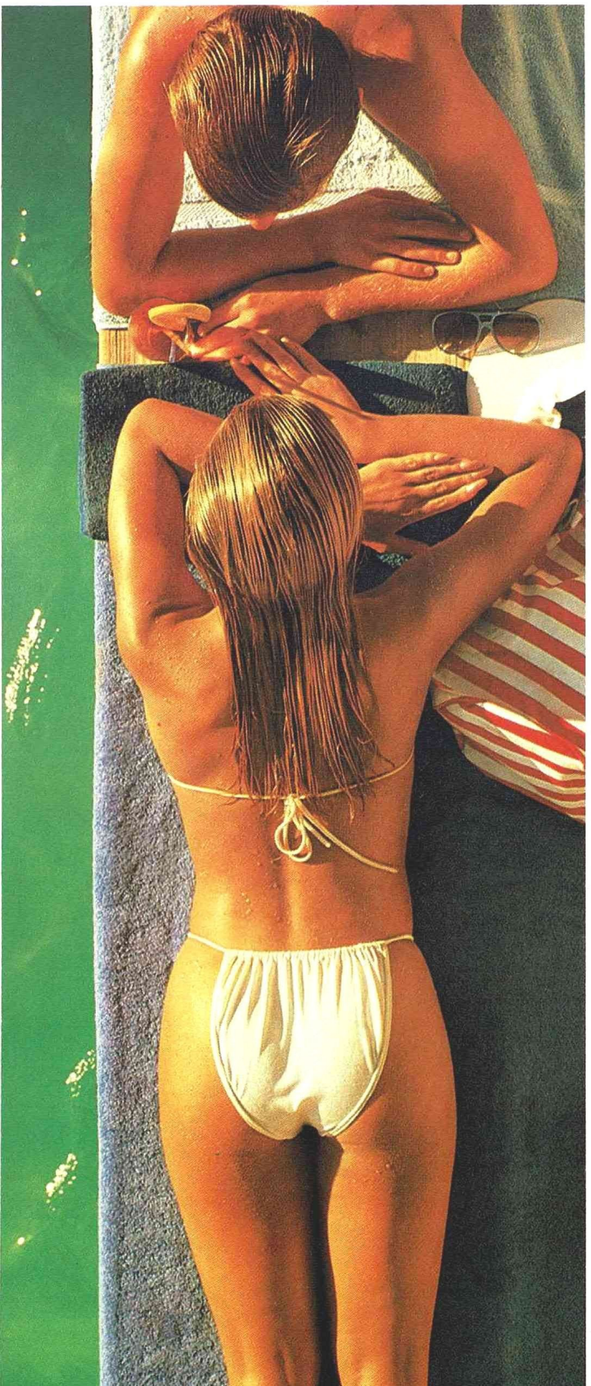
SENSES OVERLOAD
RESPONSE
50
LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE
Jōvan musk oil for women.
Jōvan musk oil for men.
Put them together and
experience the power of musk.
JŌVAN
musk oil
cologne
concentrate
Musk oil. The exciting scent that has stimulated passion since time began. Ready to be discovered in a concentrate that goes on like cologne, but comes on like perfume. You'll discover that every spray is more provocative.
spray mist
80 ml
MUSK OIL
JŌVAN
Musk oil
aftershave/cologne
FOR MEN.
Musk oil for men. The provocative scent that instinctively calms and yet arouses your basic animal desires. And hers. In an aftershave/cologne. To take you a long way to where it's at. To the most pleasurable of conclusions. Because it is powerful. Stimulating. Unbelievable. And yet, legal.
110 ml
JŌVAN MUSK OIL

"My P&O cruise was, without doubt, the best holiday I've had in my life."



Welcome home...

"The English service, especially the drink waiters, is spectacular. You put your feet up and don't do a thing.

Your holiday starts from the moment you step aboard – no boring travel or transfers before you arrive at your destination.

The ship is big enough to get lost in."

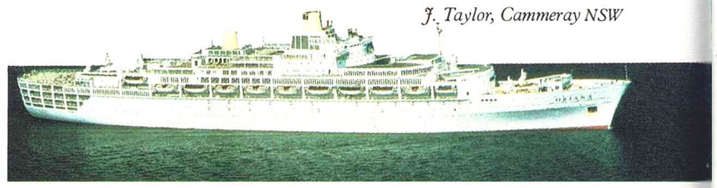
N. Azzopardi, Waverton NSW

"There was something to do every moment of every day on board. And none of the activities cost an extra cent above what I'd paid for the cruise — not even the cinema!"

T. Dalton, Cleveland, QLD

"So much was happening on our P&O cruise, the only thing we didn't get enough of was sleep."

J. Taylor, Cammeray NSW



You could be having the time of your life.

A P&O cruise is really twice as much holiday as you'll find anywhere else.

To begin with, you get the relaxation which you can only experience while cruising the tropical paradises of the Pacific: swimming across lagoons lined with multi-coloured coral; soaking up the sun on powder white beaches; sipping a long, cool drink in the shade of a beautiful palm tree.

While on the other hand, you have the excitement of life aboard ship.

There is a disco, where you can dance away to your heart's content. And you have the chance of winning a fortune around the gaming tables.

During the day, the range of shipboard activities and games is enormous. And if you just want to sit back and watch, there are lounges, bars and, of course, acres of sun drenched deck space.

It's all for a price which is probably far less than you'd imagine.

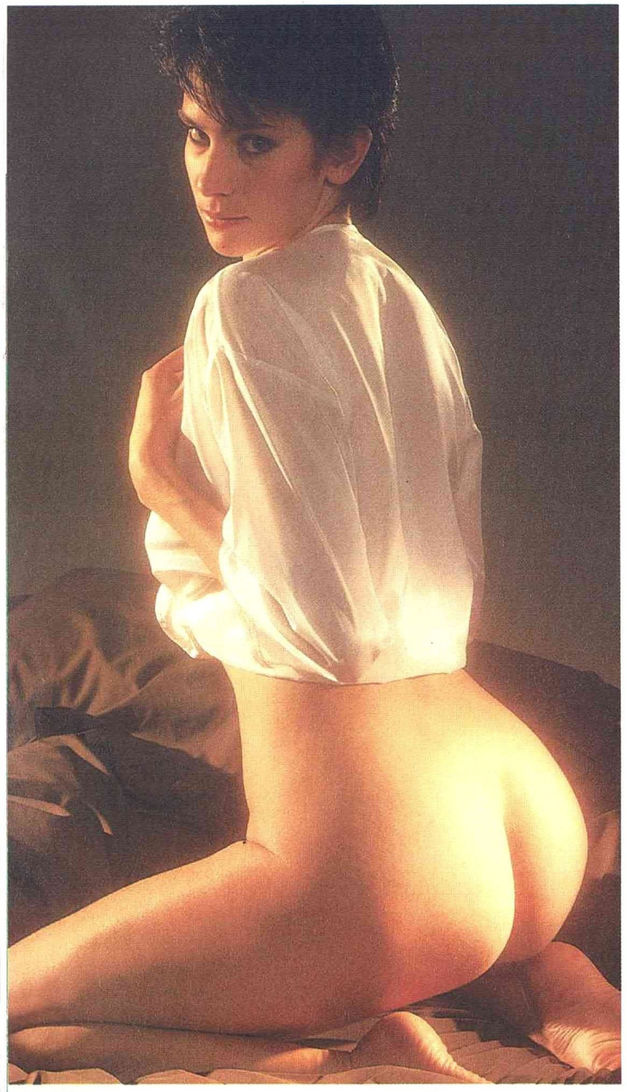
P&O will even arrange for you to fly TAA at special low bonus airfares to connect with your cruise.

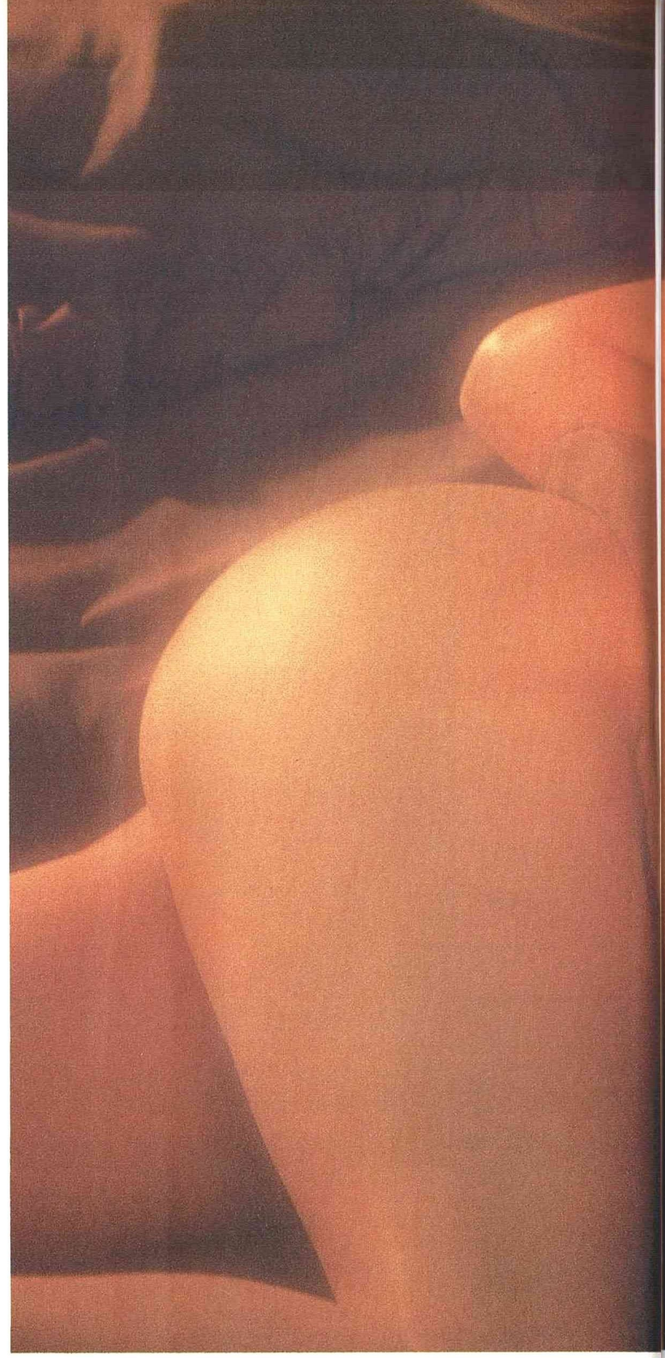
For more information, see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

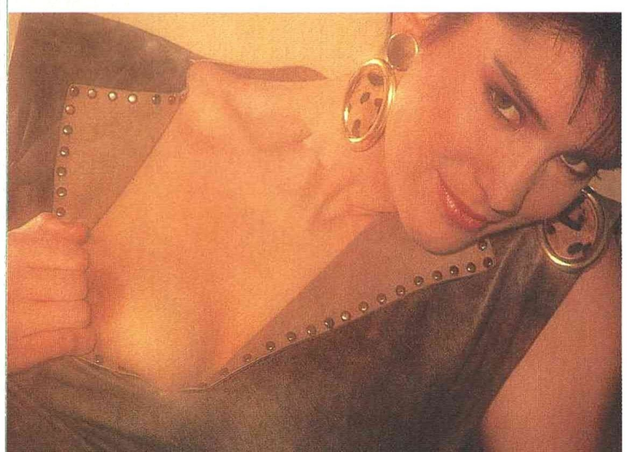
"Take me away, P&O."

P&O Australia Limited, 2 Castlereagh Street, Sydney 2000. NSW Licence B111. MPO3923PE.O&M

BOBBIE







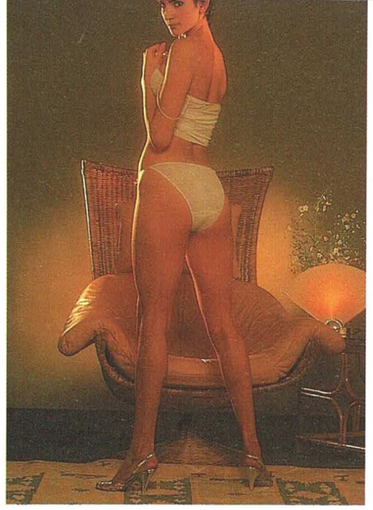
DREAM TIME

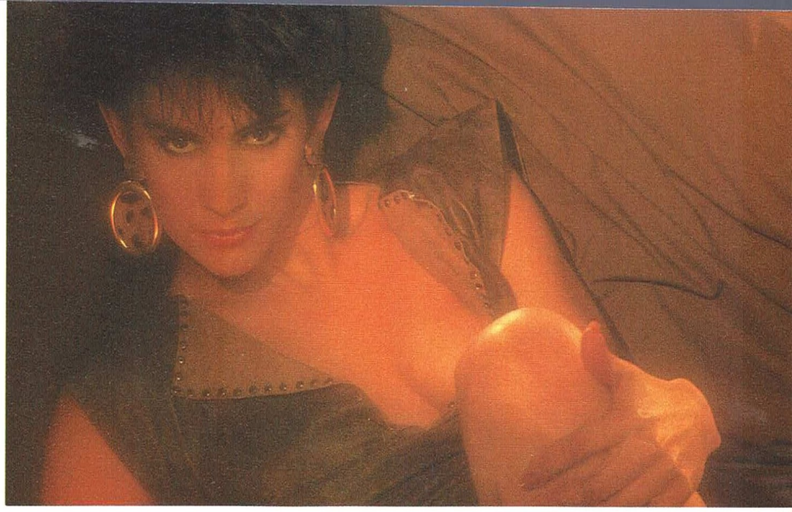
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

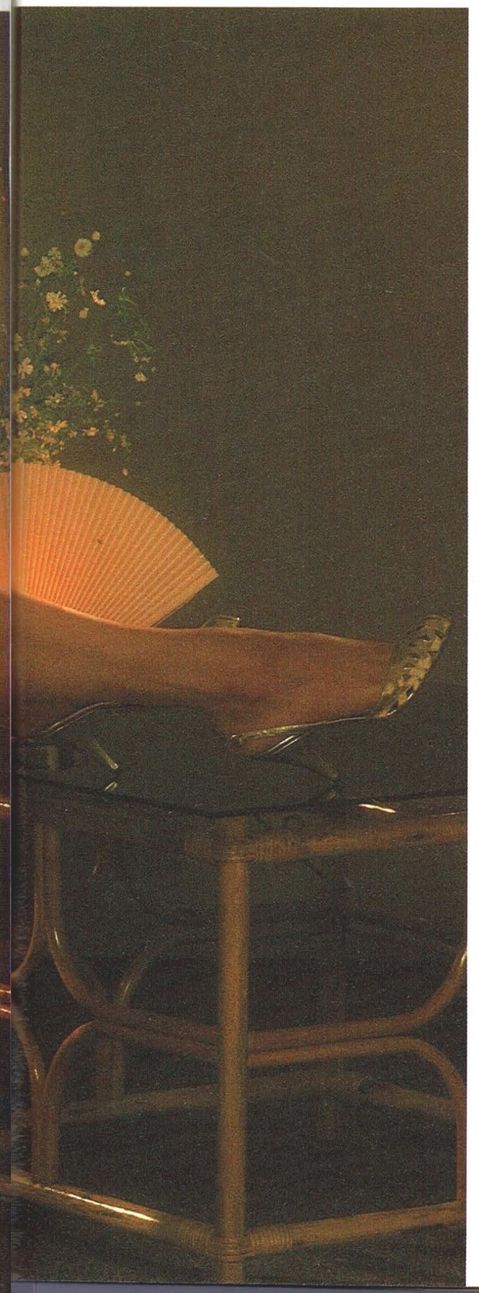
Beautiful Bobbie Wallbank provides *Penthouse* readers with another first in '84. When the lithe 23-year-old model agreed to become our December Pet Of The Month she was delighted to go down in magazine history as the world's first aboriginal centrefold. Bobbie (that's short for Bronwyn) was born of a full-blooded aboriginal father and a part-aboriginal mother, and she's justly proud of her indigenous heritage.

Bobbie is deeply committed to learning as much as she can to perpetuate her forbears' culture.

She has furthered the grounding her parents gave her with studies in aboriginal music, dance and languages.

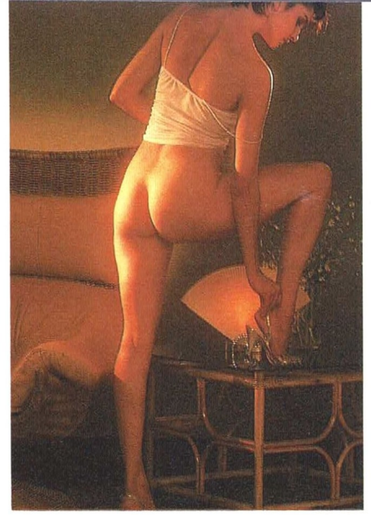


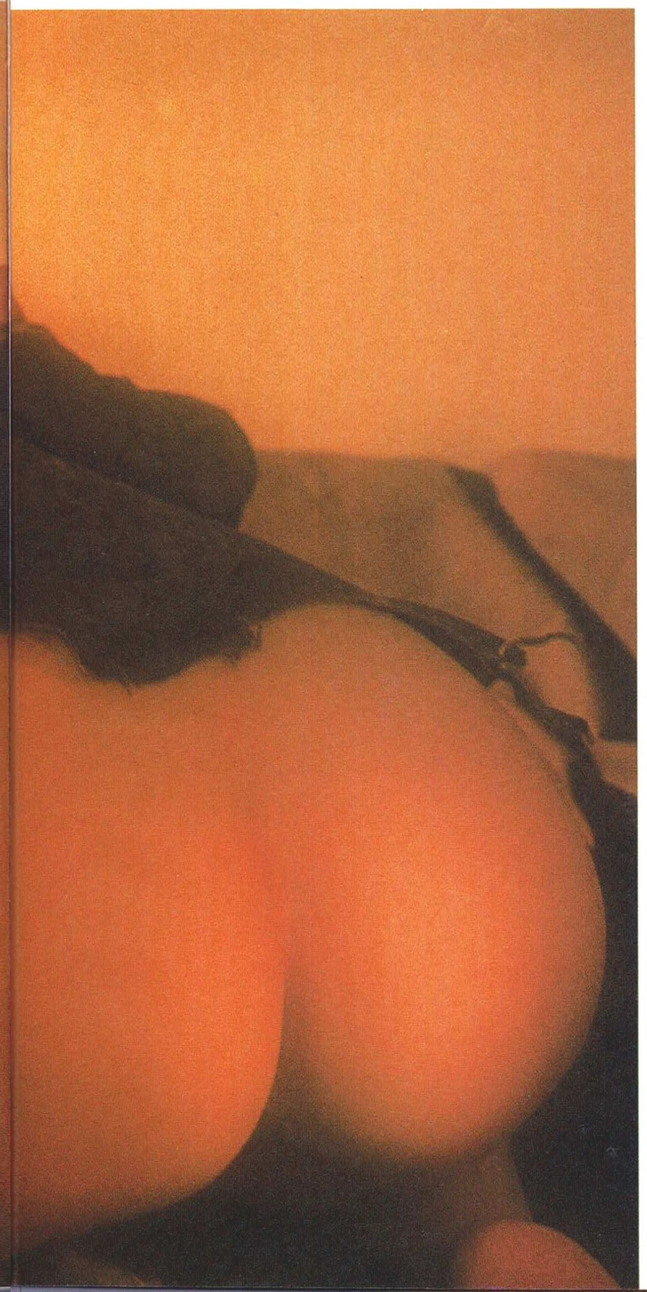


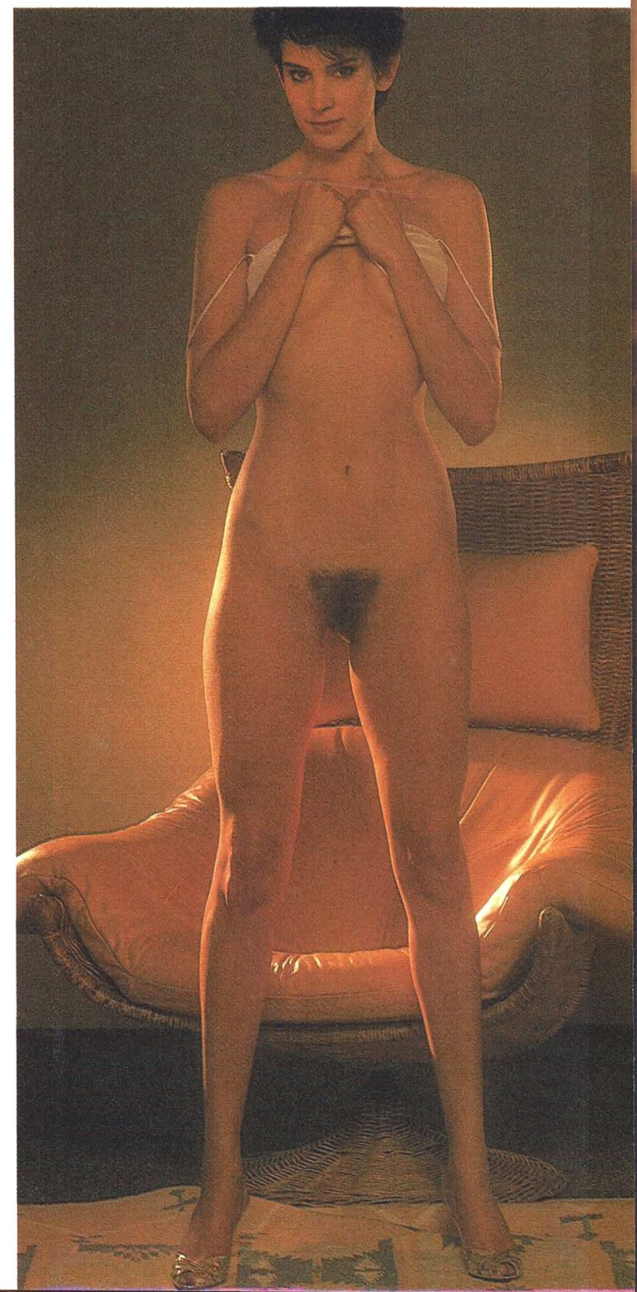


Aboriginal dance is the favorite among her studies. Her natural grace of movement lends itself to dance of all kinds, but her efforts in aboriginal dance workshops and theatre have won particularly high praise.

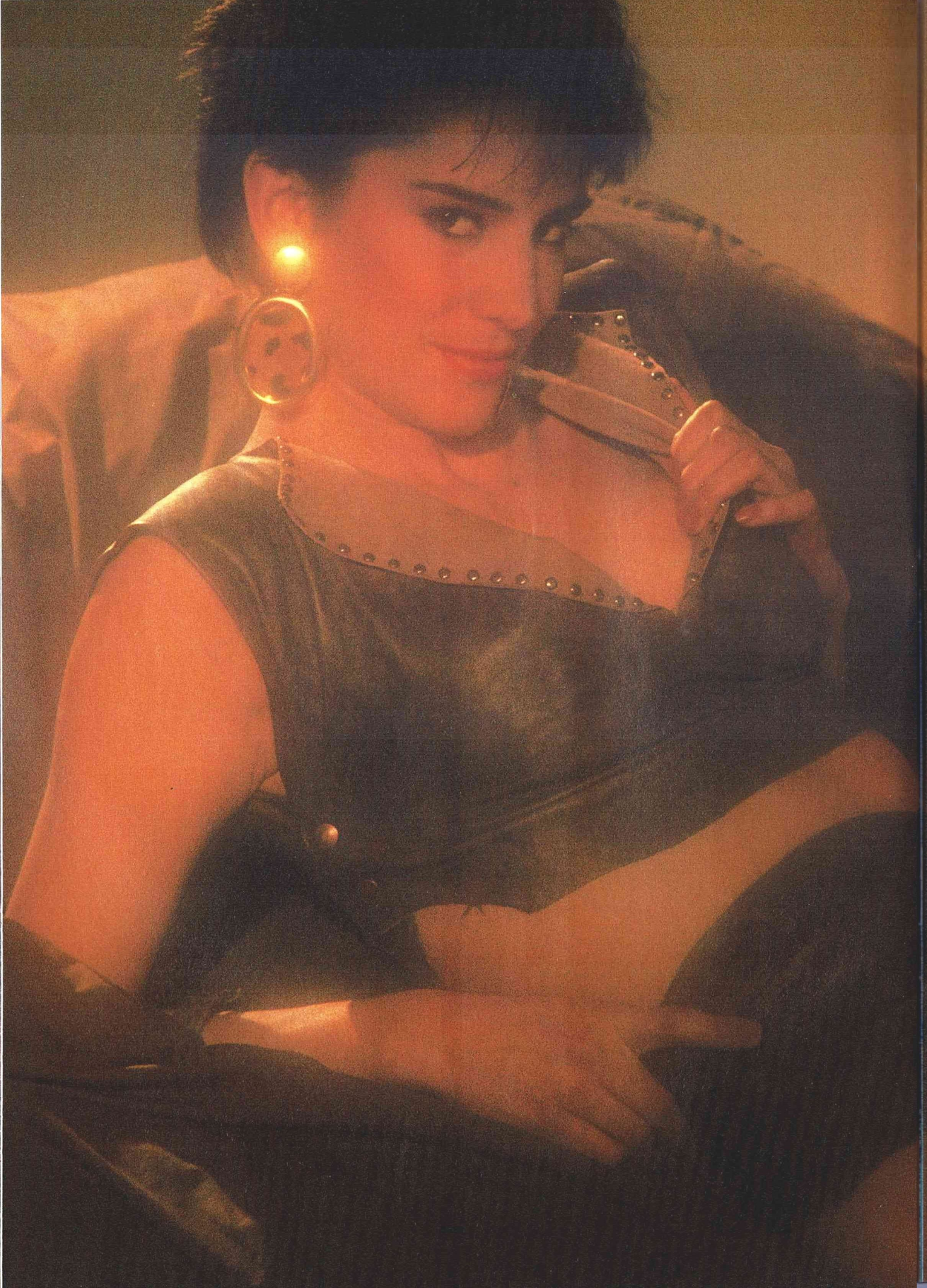
Modelling work in Brisbane and Sydney has paid the bills for the past few years and afforded a long-awaited trip to Europe a couple of months ago. Next year Bobbie will take a drama course and, who knows, she could be a star some day.

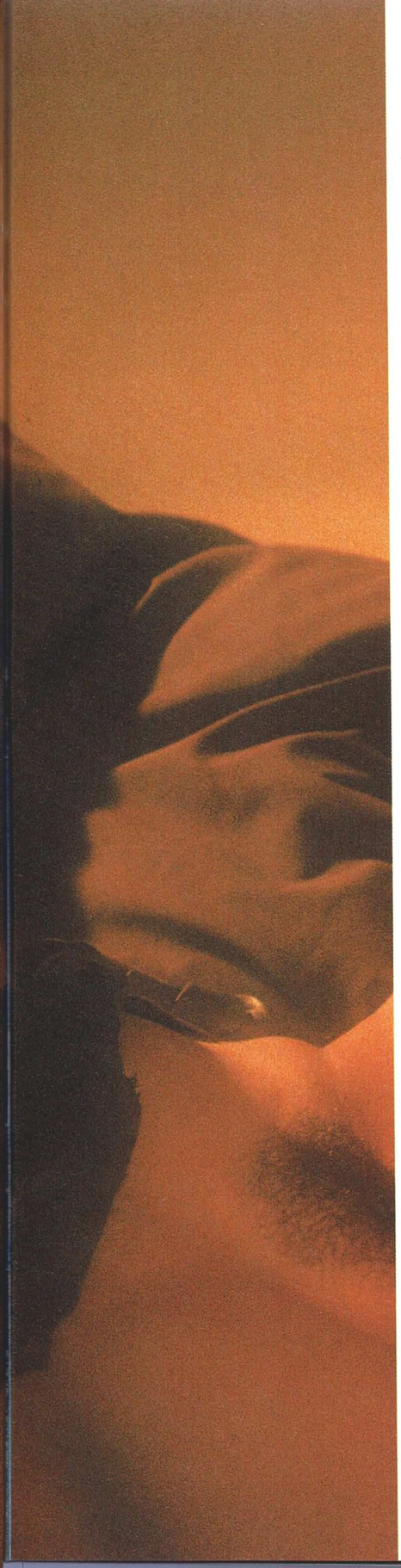






Until then, Bobbie will watch the stars up above through the telescope at her beachfront unit in Sydney. She's a firm believer in extraterrestial life and says she would like nothing more than a close encounter with an intergalactic traveller. Maybe it will come to pass. Bobbie's heavenly body would rank highly on anyone's itinerary.





MISS BOBBIE WALLBANK/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Diving for a dollar in
Australia is a rough and risky business

TAKING A DIVE

BY P.D. JACK

It's payday down at Arrow Diving. Eric Buchanan is behind the desk counting out $50 notes. There's a couple of sailing boat pictures on the wall, a big Fesco Line calendar, and a blow-up photograph of one of the boys swimming around the rudder of a big ship with the rear end of a *Penthouse* Pet cunningly pasted in over his facemask.

"It's not always like this," Eric says as he stuffs $1000 into a brown envelope, "and not everybody gets this much. This bloke worked all week and all weekend. We had a big ship-clean on."

During the afternoon the crowd gathers outside his office. They shove the pay envelopes in their pockets, grab their cans of beer and start talking the talk of seafaring men: fish, women, idiots, boats and other lies.

The Arrow Diving depot is the pump-house for the old Balmain Power Station. A nice little corner of Sydney Harbor, with an Electricity Commission watchman at the gate. I wonder how much copper is left in that power station?

"Nice place you got here, Eric — hard to get?" I ask.

"Bloody impossible, mate. But we do certain favors for the Electricity Commission."

The big man next to him explains: "These water inlets the commission has in the harbor for cooling water for their generators—they get blocked from time to time by these great sheets of plastic that get dumped in the harbor. When that happens they're getting no water for their machines, and they gotta shut down. So that's when they call us out."

"How often does that happen?"

"Often enough," says Eric.

"Not so often these past few weeks," says the big bloke. "They've been watching the inlets, see, so we

Photography by Deacon and Fraser/The Photo Library

TAKING A DIVE

haven't been able to go down and put those sheets of plastic over the inlets, see."

The big bloke, on the other side of 50, is called The Whale.

"Divers don't drink," he explains, opening another can. "If you've got alcohol in your blood, it buggers up your decompression time."

There are rules. Everybody who dives has to learn them. One lot relates to surfacing after diving at depth. Dives deeper than 10 metres require the diver to surface slowly, so that the nitrogen which was absorbed by his blood under pressure can readjust to the lighter pressures closer to the surface. If the diver doesn't follow the decompression times the nitrogen, which gathers in the joints, begins to bubble, expanding and giving rise to aching joints. This is a bend. Laymen know "the bends" as some awful killer disease; professional divers know them as the cause of sore elbows and aching backs.

"I got a bugger of a bend once," a young bloke says.

"Ah yes, Reno, your tale of greed. Listen to this story—it is a filthy tale of filthy greed."

Reno, a blond kid with a father who was in a line of business that allowed him to make offers other people daren't refuse, wanted to be a diver. So, says Eric, his father picked Arrow Diving out of the phone book. As likely as any other story I heard that afternoon. Anyway, Reno, built like an oil tanker, turns out to be a good diver.

He tells of a salvage job off the south coast of NSW. First day out, he and two other divers take advantage of the calm seas to do a quick reconnoitre of the wreck. Usually they use a deck compressor and an air-hose, because aqualungs don't give them sufficient time underwater. But on the reconnoitre they go down with tanks. "So we're down about 80 or 90 feet, and I'm going through the wreck, and I spot this bloody big ship's bell. Beauty, I says, and I start trying to wrench it off the bulkhead."

Now according to law, any sunken ships belong to the owner, if he can be traced, and if not to the Receiver of Shipwrecks, a federal government official who pops up everywhere—one of those blokes whose job is to keep people poor and in line. The odd bits and pieces that may find their way to the scrap dealer's crucible or the ship chandler are only good for drinking money, the divers say. As all professional divers are teetotallers, it's not their game, right?

"So Jim starts to help me get this bloody bell off. Oh, it's a bloody monster—solid brass," Reno continues. "Then Jim taps me on the shoulder and points to his tanks, and then upstairs. Time to go. He's got two tanks and I've only got one, but he breathes a lot, so I have another go at the bell. Finally I decide to give up, but on the way out I spot this bloody great anchor lying loose on the bottom, so I grab that and stick it under me arm, and start struggling up."

"Pure blind greed," interjects The Whale.

"So I run out of air. Me reserve has gone, Jim's way above me, and I ask the other bloke for some air, and he signals me to piss off."

"And why not?" interjects a listener. "Why not!"

"So I dump the anchor, and shoot straight for the top. I got there."

"So we notice."

"But," I ask, "what about decompression time?"

"Yair, well, that's why I got this bloody great pain in me back soon after. Jeez it was bad. So the doctor put me off diving for a year. I stayed out for about six months, and then got back into it."

"You're a greedy lad, son, a greedy lad," opines The Whale.

> The divers make up the original motley crew; there are no hooks or wooden legs, but no more likely outfit ever sailed the Barbary Coast

"A typical diver," suggests someone else.

And good enough, apparently, to be included in The Whale's latest scam. When I ring Arrow the following week to get hold of both Reno and Whale, Eric tells me they've gone off to Queensland. "I don't know where. Some secret scheme they're cooking up, I s'pose."

It was. The Whale had told me earlier of a wreck he'd found somewhere off the Queensland coast — or it might be the Victorian coast, the West Australian coast, or any bloody coast. He said he'd teed it up with the Receiver of Wrecks, but perhaps he was just being polite. The wreck, he told me, was full of blister copper.

"Hm, not bad," I commented.

"Well, copper is all very good, but it's no fortune. You know, when I was working on wrecks around there in Kerosene Bay, what they call Ball's Head Bay, a pound of copper would buy me three beers. Now, it takes a kilogram to pay for one. Anyway, it's not the copper. I've read up on this copper. It's from a mine that was rich in gold. *Gold.* Heh heh. Two percent gold. You follow? I've been waiting for the right time. And I reckon the right time is next week. Heh heh heh." And that's all he said about the matter.

I asked Eric whether *he'd* ever come across any treasure on salvage work. Yes, he had: it was a big pile of black on the bottom of a hull. He picked up a piece and saw it was a tap — a brass tap. There were five thousand of them. Not exactly the stuff dreams are made of, but reality rarely is.

By half past four a dozen pirates have gathered at the depot. Like all men who work with their hands they're big blokes, gnarled and scarred by hard work and accidents; and like all men who work on the sea, they're weather-beaten and tanned. It's cold outside and they wear Stubbies and T-shirts, or full rig: big coats and wool caps. They make up the original motley crew; there are no hooks or wooden legs or parrots, but no more likely looking outfit ever sailed the Barbary Coast.

"No names," they say, "no names."

It's not just the tax man. But like many men who work no set hours for cash payment, they're reluctant to discuss earnings.

"Look, most of us are married men," one explains. "You start printing some of the stories you'll hear about us and use our names and some of us will end up unmarried."

"Speak for yourself," says another. "I've got nothing to hide."

The gang bursts into laughter. It beats me.

Undoubtedly some of these men have backgrounds better left unprobed. And many of their tales are "not for publication." There are wives, employers, Paul Keating, the Receiver of Wrecks, and mates to consider. Also, some of the stories are either unbelievable or not fantastic advertising for Arrow Diving. Not that it really matters, because out of the three diving companies in Sydney, the same blokes always end up doing the work. It doesn't matter to them who gets the contract; they still get the job. They're simply the best divers around.

"We're ghouls, y'know — like ambulance chasers. Something goes wrong at sea and we're in the money. Remember that big storm in '74 that wrecked all the beaches? Boats were sunk all over the place. Got a hell of a lot of work out of that one," The Whale recalls.

They may be just hired workers, but they are the kings of their workplace, where bosses rarely intrude. It is possible, I'm told, to sleep underwater. "Just hook your weight belt around the rudder strut, close your eyes, and you're off." It is also possible to read — but the book is ruined afterwards — and to smoke. "I was wondering why this bloke was not jumping into the water but climbing down the ladder," a diver recounts. "Then I realised the bastard didn't want to get the smokes under his hood wet."

TAKING A DIVE

"I just go under the wharf, sit on a cross-piece and do me hour," the bastard in question explains.

This doesn't happen much, of course. Except when the weather is fine, the water warm, the lodgings and tucker good, there's a good gang collected for the job, no-one is in too big a hurry, and everyone agrees that this'll be a nice place to spend a couple of weeks.

"I dunno why," says Jethro, "but they always seem to have trouble with the dams up the Snowy Mountains in winter."

We're having the odd schooner overlooking Pittwater at the Newport Arms. Me, Jethro, and The Count. We're all in our thirties, although it won't be long before Jethro isn't.

"No work at the moment?"

"Not really. Usty a bit of cray poaching along the coast. Keeps me going. All legal, y'know."

"We do all right," says The Count, "but not fantastic, y'know."

"Yair, real good," says Jethro. "You know the award rate for a diver? Sixteen grand a year. And that's for 10 hours a day, all of it in the water. And this is a bastard of a job in winter."

"Aren't the wetsuits supposed to keep you warm?"

"Ha! They don't."

Like most graduates of this great finishing school of the Australian working man, the divers are full of praise for the Snowy Mountains project. "I don't know whether I'd like to go through it again — the work was hard and the hours long — but the money was good and they really looked after us," Jethro recalls. "It was seven days a week, 10 or 12 hours a day."

"Often more," adds The Count. "I can remember one day I was on the job at 4am and didn't finish until 2.30am the next day."

Much of the work was with concrete, and if you've ever worked a concrete pour you probably know that they always seem to start at 4pm on a Friday and you work like stink until the job's finished, which is too many hours later. It's a bugger of a job on land, and wouldn't be much more fun 30 metres down in icy water.

Yet some jobs are done better, in quicker time, than the same work performed on land. This is probably a result of concentrated effort. When visibility is zero — about the same as the water temperature — there's little to distract you.

In the murky waters of dams and estuaries, the work is done by feel, which can be a pretty dicey sort of thing when you're arc cutting. But then, hearing comes into play: it's a different noise when the torch is arcing, and sound is magnified underwater. Indeed, sound is dangerous underwater. A big noise, travelling at five or six times the speed it moves through air, can crack a man's ribs.

Feel is also used to work out where the top is. Working in strange and cramped quarters, totally blacked out, can be quite disorientating. So when it's time to go home, the diver has to feel where his air bubbles are going to work out which way is up.

There are some engineers who see the divers as a necessary nuisance, and more who see them as miracle workers. Who else but a miracle worker could build a trench a couple of hundred metres long, two metres deep, in bedrock, underwater, in seas notorious for their violence, in conditions of low to zero visibility?

Then there's the wildlife, more profuse than on dry land. "Sharks aren't any worry. There's a lot of dangers I'd rate before I even thought of sharks," Eric Buchanan tells me.

He reminisces of when he was a lad filling a sugar bag with fish and Noahs would come to rob his catch. "I'd get a bit shitty

> "We're ghouls, y'know — like ambulance chasers. Something goes wrong at sea and we're in the money"

with them, stealing my fish. I'd kick 'em and punch 'em and gouge their eyes — this was before powerheads, mind you — and shout and scream. And they'd just keep on munching.

"The only time I ever had a real tussle with a shark was when I was salvaging an anchor out off Ballina, and this big hammerhead came out of the blue. He was acting in a real agitated fashion and as I was getting closer to the surface he was rounding in on me. I reckon those hammerheads are the worst of the lot. That bloody big head, if it comes in too close — bang, you've got yourself a broken arm.

"But they don't bother you. Oh, those South Australian sharks — the white pointers — they can be a curse, but they hit you before you even see them. Your normal shark'll circle and put on a show — but Jeez, they're so far down on the list of dangers.

"Eels are real bastards — they'll attack and slash you, especially if you're working in dirty water, shifting things. You're moving their home, see. And muddies! Jesus! I leave them mud crabs alone. I've seen 'em break broom handles. They'll come out of the mud, arms raised and going. You see, we work on the bottom, so we disturb a lot of things — like rays. You stand on them and whack — you've got a barb in you. Or them electric rays; I got a shock once that put me on my back."

Not that the ocean floor is a minefield of death traps; it's just that if you work down there for 30 years, like Eric has, you come across a few nasties now and again.

There is no shortage of people trying to become divers. There's even a school or two that charge hopefuls a couple of grand to teach a few basics, although the graduates are not highly regarded, and even if they get a job, they end up on the oil rigs. A good diver, it seems, is born rather than made.

Many spent their school years diving off the rocks near their homes. Jethro, for example, used to dive in a couple of football jumpers and a pair of sandshoes. He had a home-made gun which used the window clip from a railway carriage as a trigger. He'd flog his catch, especially crays, around the town. People would contact him when they needed something done underwater, and at some stage he started getting paid for it.

His mate The Count was another who just fell into it. One day Jethro asked him to come out and help tender from the deck. When a bloke is fathoms down, hanging off an air tube, he likes to have someone he can trust making sure the compressor's going.

The Count, who started out as a bank clerk after the police force knocked him back (not big enough, but he's grown since), was then slaving his guts out for five brickies. He'd been out before, but never down. A trip on the boat made a pleasant change. Outside, he learned the crew was a diver short. He squeezed into a spare wetsuit and Jethro pushed him overboard. The Count became a diver.

There are about 400 professionals in Australia, though not all are full-time divers, nor always as capable of the varied work Arrow Diving is called upon to perform. Many work on the oil rigs, a job others dismiss as "too boring, too many bosses, too far away and too often too 'dry'." Others are employed by harbor authorities and wharf-builders. With the award being as frugal as it is, a lot of the divers prefer the uncertainty of sub-contracting to a regular job. Which can mean the hard grind of three days scraping barnacles and weed from the bottom of a tanker one week, a stroll across the harbor floor checking a cable the next, and maybe a search for a $60,000 anchor and chain off Singapore the next.

All the worker supplies is himself — his guts and his skill — and what he stands up in: suit, flippers, mask, belt and "come-home" gear (a small emergency air tank). He gets the same money as a plumber. It's a living. I suppose.

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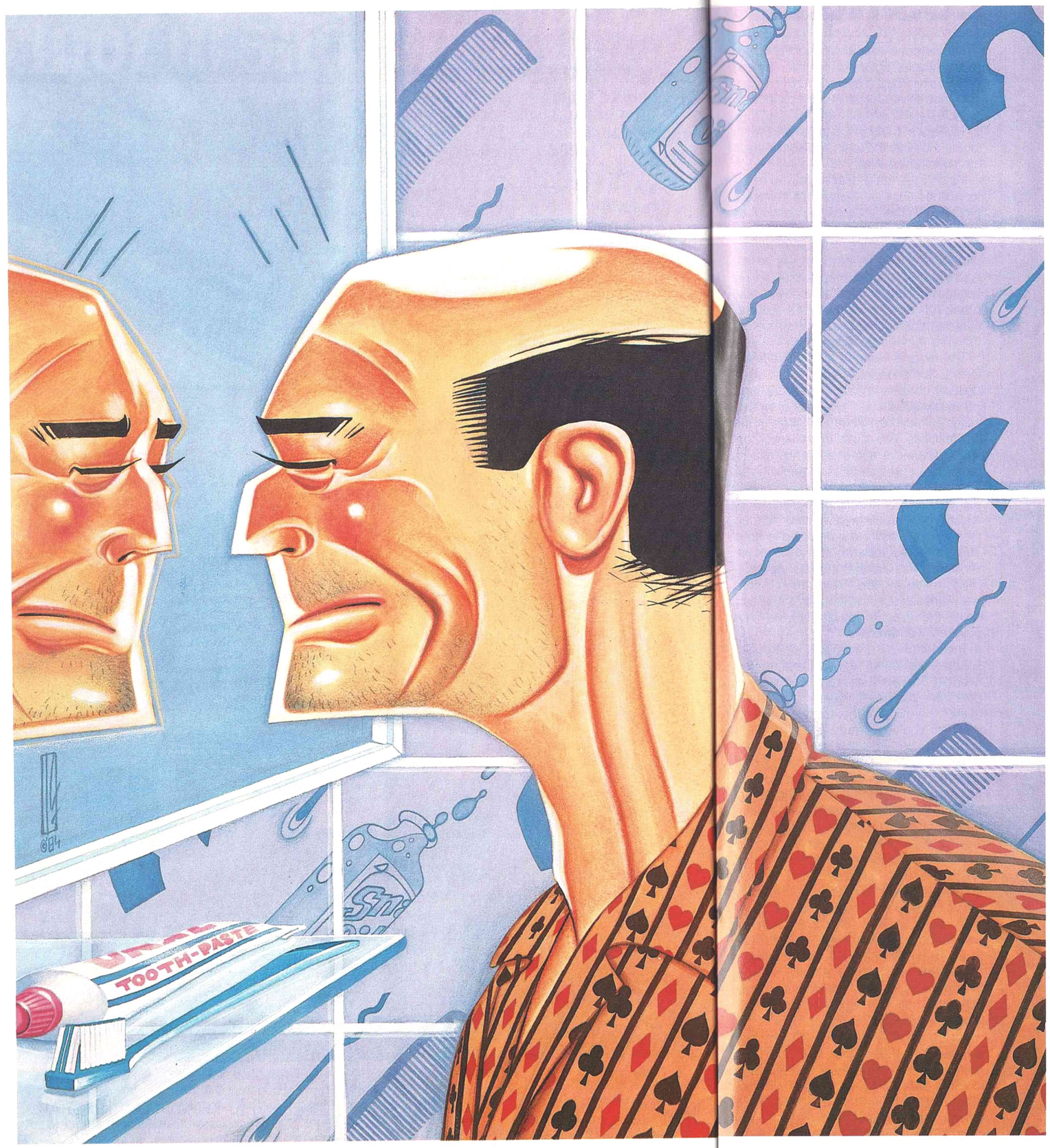

"Moult shops"
are making big money from balding men.
Are they run by experts or old-fashioned scalpers?

LOSING IT

BY JOHN ELLIOT

With such a formidable name, androgenetic alopecia sounds like some sort of serious disease. Probably fatal. It is a condition well known for its debilitating qualities, sapping the ego at the appearance of its slightest symptoms and engulfing the afflicted with anxiety and depression. Even perceptions of ordinary things can be drastically altered: mirrors suddenly accuse, while old photographs take on a new significance as cherished heirlooms.

Androgenetic alopecia has some other names too. It can also be referred to as pattern alopecia and as male pattern baldness. Alopecia is, in fact, a medical term for baldness. It is not a disease. But try telling that to a large percentage of the adult male population. For men of a sensitive disposition, baldness can equate with a death sentence; it becomes a terminal tumor of the psyche. Traditionally, such tumors have proved easy complaints to operate on, as much by charlatans and quacks as by those who have any real knowledge of the subject. Bald heads are a happy hunting ground for those who want to get rich quick.

There are some reputable firms, however, that do seriously try to counsel and treat the balding. *Penthouse* did the rounds of the hair treatment clinics in an effort to sort out the serious from the shysters.

It's easy to see why so many men are so sensitive about their hairlines. In Western society, the culture of youth is glorified, and a full head of hair is seen to represent good health, strength, vitality and success.

The unkind public image of baldness tends to undermine the self-image of the afflicted. It can become a vicious cycle. Love lives can be destroyed and career prospects seriously curtailed, as much through the diminution of self-confidence on the part of the hairless as through the reactions of those around them.

Because balding men tend to be desperate, they have been easy marks for impostors and hucksters for hundreds of years, willing to pay anything, and do anything, in an effort to hang on to their hair. All sorts of weird and wonderful concoctions have been promoted as having the power to make hair sprout. Some of the more exotic recipes are legendary, although they don't all date from the times of the snake oil sellers of last century. While that was perhaps the hey-day of the shonky syrups, consider these "herbal" baldness remedies that still have some (however limited) appeal in the enlightened, sophisticated Eighties.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

SOME BALD FACTS

It has been estimated that baldness — to a degree where it is obvious — affects about one percent of males by the time they are in their late teens, 10 percent by the time they are 25, and 35 percent by the time they are 35. By the age of 65, 82 percent of men have noticeably lost at least some of their hair. Women, too, can be affected by hair fallout, and even other primates like orangutans and chimpanzees are not immune to the ravages of baldness.

In each case — for men, women, and apes — some individuals succumb to the vagaries of the balding process; many don't. But the process should not be likened to a tonsorial Tattslotto. Three controlling factors — age, heredity and hormones — have been clearly identified as aiding and abetting your chances of ending up with a scalp like the Sahara.

Ageing is the most obvious control on baldness. For those unfortunates exhibiting the first tell-tale signs — extensive hair losses from the crown, or perhaps the beginnings of a widow's peak — it is almost certain that their areas of baldness will be relentlessly enlarged as they get older.

Actually everyone, men and women alike, undergoes some thinning of the hair as they age. When we're in our mid-teens, practically every follicle in the scalp is generating an actively growing hair. But by the age of 20, 96 percent of males and more than 80 percent of females have experienced some recession of their frontal hairline. However, this does not represent the first stage of baldness. As the years pass the shedding from the scalp continues, and nobody escapes the process. But for the most people hair thinning occurs so slowly that it's virtually imperceptible — even over many years.

Heredity has a vital influence on baldness: on its onset, its extent, its speed, and its pattern. A flick through a few old family albums should be enough to clearly establish the link between the two. If you're male, and your father's sconce reflects more light than a sheet of Alfoil, then you have a better than even chance of ending up the same way. Even if your dad's got a fine head of hair, but one of your grandfathers is bald, then you have roughly a one in four chance of losing the locks you now possess.

While the heredity factor is notable in men, it's especially obvious in the case of women who have a strong family history of baldness in both their male and female forbears. Of course, hair loss is far less evident in women than it is in men. It affects far fewer, is much later in onset and usually occurs in the form of diffuse thinning.

Aristotle is recorded as being the first to observe that "no castrated man ever goes bald, nor does any boy or woman." The Greek sage may not have had his facts completely in order in regard to women, but his remark about eunuchs and boys was spot on.

In fact, the significance in hair loss of the male hormone testosterone — produced in the testicles — is overwhelming. For the guy who's really desperate, the one sure way of avoiding or arresting baldness is castration. Males neutered while prepubescent don't lose their hair, even if they have a strong family history of baldness. In adults, castration stops hair loss, although it can't do anything for hair that's already gone. And, with those who have been gelded, applications of testosterone rekindle the balding process. At the same time, applications of the female hormone oestrogen help to promote some hair regrowth on the scalp, although the stuff that does regrow is normally likened to "bum fluff." Unfortunately, oestrogen also encourages the development of certain female characteristics. So if you're male, want to retain a full head of hair, and would like to boast a set of jugs that could be neatly pressed inside a couple of champagne glasses, then oestrogen treatment could be for you.

The link between the production of testosterone and the disappearance of scalp hair has been used to promote the great myth of the superior virility of bald men. It's a tale that offers some solace to those who might be thin on top, but falters under scrutiny. In fact, male hormone production is no higher in bald men than it is in hairy men, and any claims about potency are only true to the extent that bald men are definitely more virile than boys, women and eunuchs. The folly of the argument is exposed by the fact that certain racial groups, including the Chinese, Japanese and American Indians, have a much lower incidence of baldness — and also greatly reduced hair growth in their pubic and beard areas — than do those of European origin. But there has never been a suggestion that members of these groups are uniformly deficient in their sexual potency.

It's logical to deduce that there is some sort of hormonal trigger that initiates the balding process in those who are predestined by heredity to lose their hair. After a lot of research, science is getting close to discovering what the triggering device is and how it operates, although some of the vital elements in the process remain elusive. But it really is one of the great paradoxes of male physiology that at a time when testosterone output is at a maximum scalp hair is falling, while hair growth on the chest and beard and in the nose and ears is being stimulated.

LOSING IT

1. Mix cayenne pepper with vodka. Leave for two weeks, agitating the solution each day. Strain through several layers of muslin, and rub a small amount into the scalp twice daily.
2. Mix equal parts of castor oil and white iodine. Rub into the scalp and sit in the sun for 15 minutes. Wash off.

It's only the really desperate who resort to potions such as these. But there are plenty of other "desperate enoughs" around, ready and willing to pay good money to restore their former crowning glories, or at least save what might be left. And they make up a market that is very successfully being catered to by a new breed of miracle workers. Of course, miracles don't come cheap, and much of the time they prove illusory.

The miracle workers take on different forms. Some operate out of post office boxes in obscure localities; others are more obviously substantial, boasting extensive suites within prestigious buildings in the capital cities. The clinics of the larger, national operators share an ambience of reassurance, refinement . . . and money. The decor is always understated, potted palms abound, the muzak (so *pianissimo*) is unrelenting. An array of white-uniformed receptionists discreetly welcome clients. There is not much eye contact in the reception area: clients keep to themselves, thumbing through the ubiquitous *Time* magazines, touching their brows a lot and doing their best to merge into the well-polished woodwork.

The range of treatments offered to counter the curse of baldness is formidable. There are six-month courses that guarantee you'll keep your remaining hair, even if there is little that can be done for the hair you've already lost. ("Though sometimes — we can't make any promises, mind you — some regrowth of hair does occur.") Other courses run for upwards of 18 months; durations of treatments are limited only by how much cash the afflicted ones are willing to part with. Such programs invariably involve the mandatory purchase of highly priced shampoos and conditioners as well as phials of mysterious potions. As an alternative to drawn-out courses of hair treatment, there are hair transplants and hairpieces. Quite a few styles of hairpiece are available for the man who can handle an overnight transformation of his appearance, and the different methods of hair transplanting are becoming increasingly sophisticated.

Controversy exists over the various courses of treatment that promoters claim can halt the balding process and possibly, in some cases, be responsible for actual regeneration of hair given up as lost forever. It's a very touchy area. Some very strict guidelines are laid down by the Media Council of Australia regarding what can and cannot be said in the way of advertising hair treatments. These guidelines are adhered to by advertisers in a spirit of self-regulation, although there are potentially severe penalties for those who disregard them. Advertisers are not allowed to claim that baldness can be cured, that hair can be grown on a balding scalp, or that thinning hair can be thickened.

These guidelines are scorned by sections of the hair treatment industry, who view them as hopelessly out of date. A lot of these people maintain that it is possible to genuinely reverse hair loss and claim they have the evidence to prove it.

One such person is Roland Bleyer, founder and principal of the Bleyer Hair Cliniques. He's been in the hair replacement industry for 17 years, and claims to know more about the subject than "everyone else in the business put together."

Bleyer says the advertising guidelines are relics of another period, having been made redundant by the massive amount of research that has gone into the search for a baldness cure. A lot of that research, claims Bleyer, is beginning to show positive results.

Some of the developments have resulted from quite accidental discoveries. Bleyer cites the examples of two drugs — minoxidil, made by Upjohn, and diazoxide, made by the Schering Corporation — used to treat patients suffering from high blood pressure. It was found that both drugs promoted the growth of body hair as a side-effect in some patients. Experiments have been carried out this year in the US, where minoxidil has been topically applied to the scalps of balding men. Some hair growth was observed in 20 percent of the subjects. To date no experiments have been undertaken with diazoxide, which is not available in Australia.

However, one Sydney dermatologist who spoke to *Penthouse* suggested that minoxidil may be useful only in treating *alopecia areata*, rather than androgenetic alopecia or common baldness. *Alopecia areata* is a condition that produces hair loss from the scalp or sometimes the entire body. It is thought to be related to trauma, and has nothing to do with male hormone levels (see box), with the shed hair mostly growing back naturally. Ordinary baldness is about 20 times more common than *alopecia areata*.

The medical profession takes a particularly uncompromising attitude towards baldness. Chairman of the NSW Faculty of Dermatology Dr John Sippe puts it matter-of-factly: "Male pattern baldness is transmitted within the chromosomes. It is genetically determined and you cannot tamper with something that's programmed into the body . . . like puberty." There is a collision course in the thinking of the clinics and traditional medicine; every aspect of the expensive programs of treatment run by companies such as Ashley & Martin and Bleyer is dismissed as virtually useless by dermatologists. For instance, the control of dandruff is deemed essential by the clinics in stopping hair loss — yet dermatologists say dandruff has no relevance to permanent hair loss.

Vitamin supplements are also a vital ingredient in the clinics' programs, particularly the "healthy hair" vitamins: biotin, folic acid and inositol. Yet dermatologists say they are of no benefit, hair loss being caused by vitamin deficiencies only in cases of severe malnutrition. Zinc has been hailed by some as "the wonder mineral" for hair growth; dermatologists say it may be of value in treating acne, but it's totally ineffective when used as a hair stimulant. And things like infra-red treatment, high frequency massage and hair-mineral analysis are written off by medical practitioners as "gimmicks."

But the clinics and their programs — despite the bucketting from medicos — should not be completely dismissed. Certainly they exploit the straw-clutching tendency that the balding share with the drowning, but they will also aggressively defend their practices. The Bleyer Clinique offer a money-back guarantee to men under 42 who are not happy with the results of their treatment, provided they have "used the products diligently, and strictly followed instructions."

> The fact is that many transplants don't look too good, and a bald head can be less embarrassing than a bad transplant

Doctors and consumer agencies warn people to be wary of some of the claims made by the hair treatment industry, although actual complaints by consumers to state Consumer Affairs departments are rare. But, according to Peter Wilmshurst of the NSW Department of Consumer Affairs, this can be attributed as much to the embarrassment factor on the part of clients as to the ethical standards of those in the industry.

Deceptive techniques are not uncommon. For instance, in the ever-popular "before and after" photographs, the photos are often of *alopecia* sufferers. As stated previously, this skin condition is not at all related to male pattern baldness in terms of its causes.

As to the personal testimonials that many clinics use to bolster their claims, beware of what's known as the "placebo effect." It's a common medical phenomenon whereby imaginary benefits are perceived to have occurred as a result of treatment (and possibly even non-treatment).

A good example is the case of a new hair treatment originating in Western Australia called New Generation cleanser. The product, which is sold in conjunction with a shampoo, has been developed following extensive research in Finland and the USA. In both countries, the research indicated that after nine months of treatment 57 percent of experiment subjects experienced some regrowth of scalp hair, while another 10 percent experienced a reduced rate of hair fallout.

The promotional material issued by New Generation includes a bank of glowing personal testimonials from men who participated in a free test program organised by New Generation over a period of one year. However, when some of these men were contacted six months after writing their endorsements, in most cases their enthusiasm had greatly diminished. Of the seven participants in the program contacted, three now admit that their early perceptions of renewed hair growth were totally illusory, two have reassessed their early enthusiasm (although still maintaining some faith in the scheme), while the other three still feel they are actually witnessing some hair regrowth. But of those three men, only one has received unsolicited comments concerning the miraculous recovery of his scalp hair. This example is not necessarily a condemnation of the New Generation products. It is merely a demonstration of how misleading personal testimonials can be.

If you tend to side with the medical profession and regard the claims about the treatment programs and the tonics as so much bunkum, don't forget about transplants and toupees. They are far less controversial.

Techniques of hair transplantation were first developed in the USA in the late Fifties. Since then, with increased experience and knowledge, the skills of those involved in hair transplantation have been enormously refined. Typically, transplanting involves the removal of about 60 "plugs" of skin from the back of the head, and then transferring them to balding areas of the scalp. Each is inserted into a small void created in the skin by a trephine or "punch", some light pressure is applied to allow the blood to clot and to hold the graft in place, and that's it. There is no need for stitching or meticulous linking of blood vessels.

Each plug is about eight millimetres deep with a diameter of about 4.5mm, and contains from 12 to 15 hairs along with their intact follicles. The operation is conducted under local anaesthetic, usually in the doc-

LOSING IT

tor's surgery. It is essential that the complete follicles be transplanted, because shortly after the operation transplanted hairs fall out — a condition known as "transplant shock." However, three to four months after the operation hair regrowth from the transplanted plugs begins to occur.

It sounds wonderful. Hair transplanting is straighforward, it doesn't require hospitalisation, and it works. It creates no tell-tale scars; even the "donor" areas on the back of the head heal and shrink to virtually disappear. Of course there are drawbacks, not the least of which is the expense. Sam Cohen, National Sales Manager at Ashley & Martin — one of the leading hair treatment companies in Australia — states that on average a complete hair transplant from a reputable firm or doctor should set the recipient back about $4000. The job is not completed in one operation; usually at least four sessions under the knife are required. Each operation comes in at a minimum $750, and they're separated by a period of about six weeks, allowing time for previous grafts to completely heal.

But price is not the major consideration when vanity is at stake. The fact is that many transplants don't look all that good, and a bald head can be less embarrassing than a bad transplant. Sam Cohen says that only about one hair transplant in 20 is "completely satisfactory", attributing the very low rate to a number of factors. "Many men are talked into having hair transplants when they should never even consider such an option," he claims. "A lot of guys just aren't suited to having a transplant: their scalp might be too tight, their donor areas might be too thin, and they might have already lost more than 40 percent of their hair."

Cohen also complains of the poor workmanship of many of those involved in hair transplantation: "Because there's a lot of money in hair transplanting quite a few ordinary suburban doctors — totally inexperienced in hair transplantation — have set themselves up in the business."

Others in the industry say Cohen overstates the incidence of bad cases of surgery. They assert that the overwhelming majority of surgeons involved in hair transplanting are competent and ethical. But it remains wise to be wary: there is a fairly high turnover among the smaller companies offering transplant advice. In Sydney alone, three such outfits have opened and closed their doors during 1984.

However, the future of hair transplantation looks very secure, with new, improved methods of surgery being developed continually. One technique, now widely practised around Australia, is scalp reduction. The surgeon makes an incision along the crown of a bald scalp and then firmly pulls the hair-covered sides of the head upward. A strip of bald scalp is cut away and the incision is then closed up with stitches. Unfortunately, in some cases the scalp is too tight to be stretched. But for the rest of the balding population, scalp reduction offers great hope. It can eventually reduce a bald area on the crown from the size of a hand to the width of a couple of fingers. That area can then be successfully 'infilled" with transplanted plugs.

Although plug transplantations are relatively problem-free, they suffer one great handicap in that they are quite unsightly for some time. In fact the results of hair transplants are best viewed about a year after the operation, well after the scabs have disappeared, the scars have diminished and the hair has had time enough to regrow.

One of the great trademarks of a (plug) transplant is the artificial, doll-like hairline. If you spot a guy (and they're usually clearly visible at distances of less than 10 paces) who sports little clumps of hair growing in neatly spaced rows, it's odds-on that he's undergone a hair transplant. This is overcome to a large extent when the gaps are infilled with new plugs at subsequent operations, although it's something that remains obvious on close inspection.

> Toupees have to be replaced every couple of years, and because they have to be regularly cleaned, it's often advisable to have a spare

Of course, there are other ways to go about replacing your hair without undergoing a transplant. You can always get a hairpiece: there's quite a variety of styles available, at prices from $250 to $1200.

At the bottom end of the hairpiece market are toupees, with prices starting at about $250. They are attached to the scalp with clips, glue or double-sided tape, and can be made from human or synthetic hair (or both). Human hair is more expensive, provides more natural color and texture, but also wears out quicker. Toupees have to be replaced every couple of years, and because they have to be regularly cleaned, it's often advisable to have a spare.

Toupee wearers are disadvantaged by the fact that they can't wear their pieces permanently. They can't sleep in them or swim in them, and get decidedly uneasy in the event of a strong westerly wind. Some hair pieces can be worn "permanently" though, being attached to existing hair either by a process of "hair weaving" or "hair fusion."

With hair weaving, existing hair on the sides of the scalp is tightly braided. The hairpiece is then attached to these plaits. As the hair within the braids grows the hairpiece gradually loosens and so the braids must be undone and readjusted; this has to be done approximately every six weeks. Hair fusion works in exactly the same way as hair weaving, except the hairpiece is attached to existing hair through small eyelets in the piece. Hair fusion also requires a readjustment every six weeks or so.

Both hair weaving and hair fusion provide greater convenience than conventional toupees, although they are not necessarily any better cosmetically. They are also associated with problems of discomfort and poor hygiene. They can be particularly uncomfortable after each refit, when they are very tightly attached to the scalp hair. It has been claimed, in fact, that they accelerate hair loss by placing chronic tension on the anchoring scalp hair.

Equally uncomfortable is the fact that it is next to impossible to clean under hair weaves and hair fusion pieces, where dandruff, dirt and shampoo can easily accumulate. This can prove insufferable: one former wearer of a hair weave told of the times when he had to insert a pencil between his weave and his skin to scratch at the unbearable itches.

So, you think you might be losing your hair? If you're a male, aged between 24 and 44, and find yourself frequently inspecting your hairbrush for tell-tale signs, you're probably right. It is a cause for concern, not panic.

The available options are clear: you can undergo a treatment program, or have a transplant, or buy a hairpiece. Alternately, you can do as most men do and put pride and economy before vanity. If one of the first three options appeals, don't rush into things. If you can talk to people who've been there and done it all, do so — although finding such tortured souls can be like getting a closet gay to come out at the Mt Isa rodeo. Don't rely solely on the glossy brochures or what they tell you at the specialist clinics. There, they might dress up as doctors and call themselves "trichologists" (ask them what it means, and what qualifications you require to become one), but essentially they are salesmen.

There is cause for hope. Even some of those skeptics in the medical profession will admit that much. With the massive amounts being spent on research, some real progress is being made in finding some of the answers to the baldness question.

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CHRISTMAS · GIFT · GUIDE

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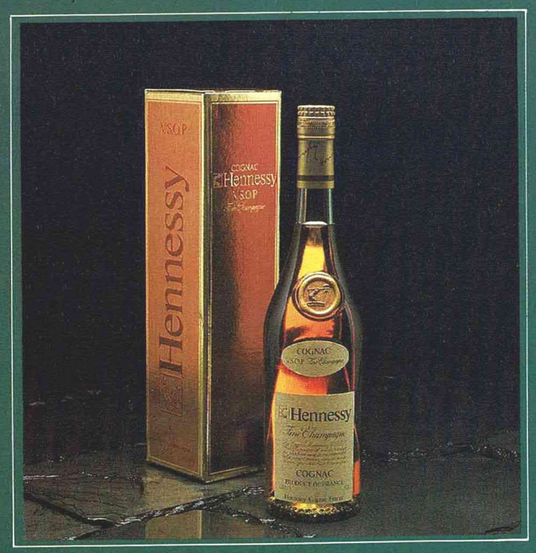

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CHRISTMAS · GIFT · GUIDE

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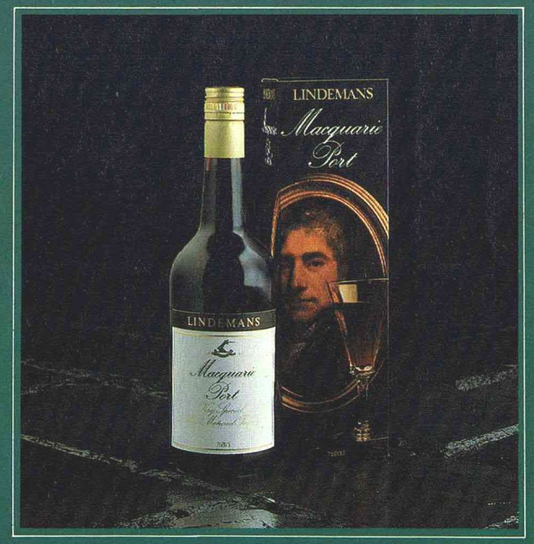
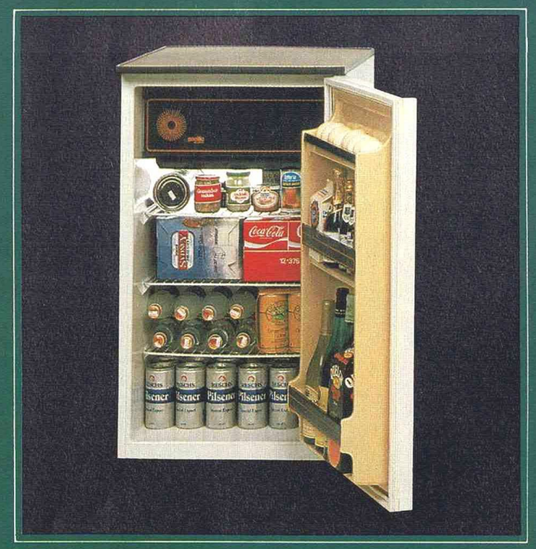
For the discerning port drinker make a gift of the award-winning Macquarie Port. Macquarie is a fine, wood-matured tawny port with a soft, round and full-bodied palate with abundantly developed flavor and a pleasant oak integration.Retails for $8.00.



The authentic, soft, mellow and smoky flavor of the Scottish Highlands makes for a warm and spirited Christmas. Cardju Malt Whiskey is distilled from a centuries-old recipe and matured in oak casks for 12 years.



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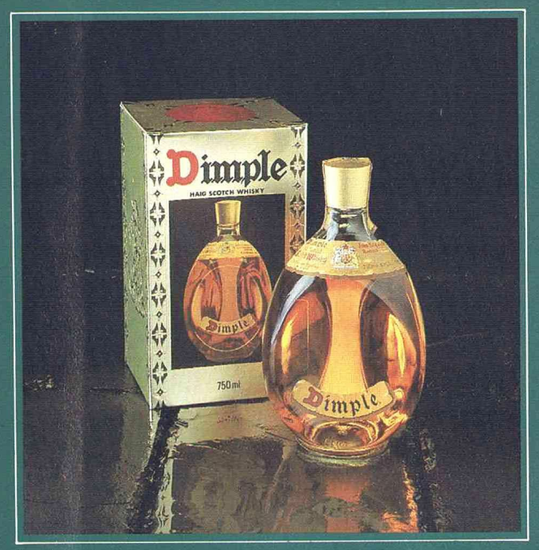
CHRISTMAS · GIFT · GUIDE

Aussie Cossie Christmas gift. Two great new summer styles from Speedo in figure-flattering nylon with Lycra. Quick-drying and in vibrant colors, her cossie is about $28.00, his about $15.00.



My tastes are simple . . . I am always satisfied by the best." — Oscar Wilde.

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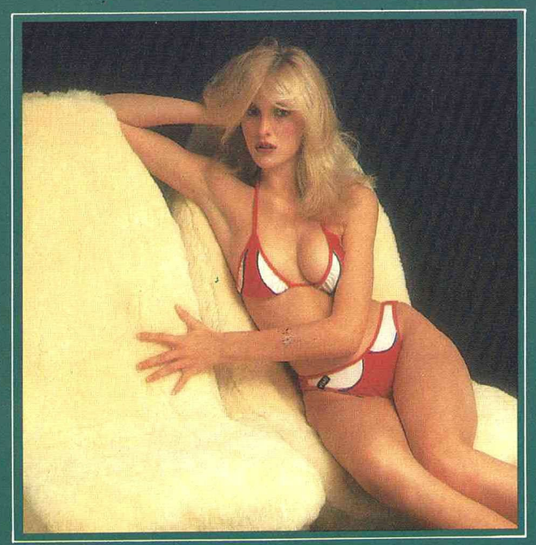

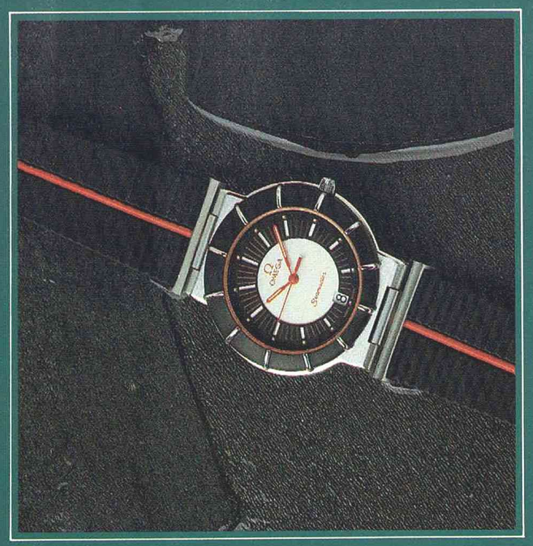

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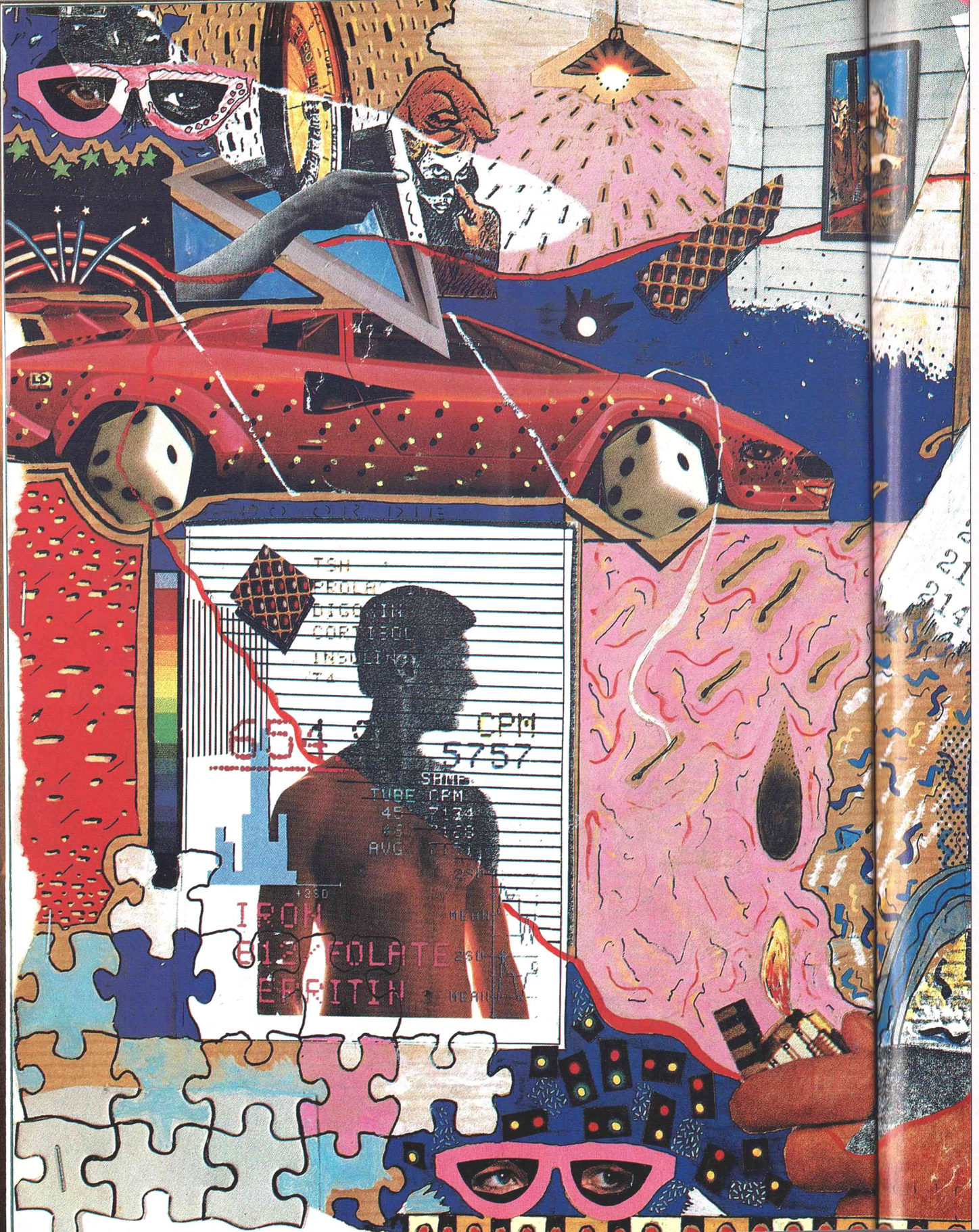

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY

Will Duane Dooley's dirtiest investigative job prove to be the climax of his career?

I blamed it on the heat. It was cooking my brain. "You're sick, you bastard," I kept telling myself. I couldn't take my attention away from that spot where her designer denim met the desire of ages. It seemed to me there was a moist patch there. I switched on the oscillating fan, and damned if my diseased imagination didn't fancy it was blowing bodily scents towards me.

"It stinks, doesn't it?" she said out loud.

"Eh?" I said with a jolt.

"The whole thing — the new Act, the government regulations."

"Oh, yeah, yeah," I said. "Couldn't agree more. Biggest load of crap I ever heard of. Although I must admit I didn't take all that much notice of the small print when it came out, since it didn't really concern me."

TEST-TUBE ROULETTE

"Well it does now," she said, "if you want the job."

I tried to give the impression of not being totally work-shy. "And you wanted me to . . . ?" I asked.

"Call it a little decanting. Pouring something from one container into another one. Think you can handle it?"

I shrugged with what was meant to be nonchalance.

"Look, it's very simple," she explained, with only the frailest suggestion that she thought I might have been too. "Because of all that trumped-up fuss about women busting a gut to get all the super-intelligent or blue-eyed or whatever jism, the new government regulations insist that all semen donations for AI and *in vitro* fertilisation be unmarked, doubly-blind anonymous."

"Not even a batch number?"

She shook her head. "Nobody, neither doctor nor patient, knows who's getting what, apart from separate racial banks at

ILLUSTRATION BY LEWIS DENTON

the moment — the so-called 'invisible amendment.' But that isn't good enough for me. I not only want to know what I'm getting. I want to get what I want. Terribly wicked of me, isn't it?"

"Well . . . "

"Don't think I *need* any semen donation, Mr Dooley. My husband is ludicrously fertile. But our next child is going to be our last, and we've talked it over and decided we want the absolute best we can provide for it. I've no doubt the government will one day wake up to itself and repeal the regulations, but one day might not be much use to me. Have a look at this," she commanded, withdrawing a piece of paper from her handbag.

I had a look at it. It appeared to be a genealogical tree. "Do you know what that is?" she asked me.

"Sure," I said. "They stick one in *TV Week* every time they're about to start a new mini-series."

This one commenced at the top with Queen Victoria, jumped over to Russia, skidded back to Poland and thence slid straight down to the present day and place, and someone called Warren Potocki.

"It's perfectly genuine," she said. "I've had it checked by an expert genealogist. Warren is a direct descendant of royalty, and I want that blood flowing in my child's veins. I heard about him through a friend of mine — that's all you need to know on that score. He's perfectly willing, for a sum [I think she nearly said stud fee] of one thousand dollars, which is eminently reasonable under the circumstances."

"A bargain," I said.

"We're prepared to pay it anyway," she said. "This is totally confidential, you understand."

"Of course, Dianne," I agreed, with a gesture that suggested my business had occasionally dealt with confidential matters before. I was hard at work at that moment trying to figure a way of getting into her pants for a bit of old-fashioned natural insemination. I considered informing her that the blood of the Kings of Ireland was coursing through my veins, but since this is an ingredient only slightly less common than white corpuscles I decided against it.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "Why don't I save all this fuss and bother and just go to a motel with Warren for a busy weekend or two? Well I'm not that kind of a woman. If the world were really full of that sort there probably never would have been any human artificial insemination. I love my husband and, what's more, I respect him. We're going to go through this with the minimum possible affront to his feelings and dignity."

I was afraid my strict unbringing didn't allow me to understand these bad-time girls who wanted all the pain without even those one or two shots of pleasure. So I went back to wondering where I fitted into her noble scheme. Why did this Warren need me to assist him in making a sperm donation — was he born without hands or something?

"Er, this decanting. . .?" I said.

She took an empty test-tube out of her bag of tricks. "You pour Warren's donation from the test-tube supplied by the clinic into this one supplied by me," she said.

"Warren being too clumsy/delicate to. . ."

"Warren being in a very precarious legal position where he can't afford any entanglements with the police."

"On a bond?"

"Something like that, I believe."

"But it doesn't matter if the likes of me . . .?"

"That risk is what you're being paid for. It's a very small risk and quite high pay. Of course if you don't want it," she said,

Why did this Warren need me to assist him in making a sperm donation — was he born without hands or something?

feigning a move to close up her handbag and get out, "there's plenty of other private operatives . . ."

"Not with my fine sense of ethical relativities," I said. "I'll take it."

"Good."

I asked her for a look at the test tube. She handed it to me. It appeared to be a very ordinary, clean, empty glass receptacle. "I take it this thing is marked in some way," I said, holding it up to the light and turning it around without seeing anything.

"In the right way," she said. "It's time you were drilled on the finer points, I guess," she added, taking charge of the test tube again. "When one has made his donation he puts the test tube into a machine they call the TRICTRAC." She demonstrated on my empty desktop.

"There's a keyboard at the front. He pushes any four numbers and one letter. That generates a set of four random numbers and one random letter which are invisibly printed on to the test tube. The donor never sees the numbers. This is an actual test tube from the program that has been borrowed, shall we say, for me."

"Mmm," I said.

"The numbers are recorded in the TRICTRAC, but also at random. When the woman recipient goes to make her choice the machine displays the recorded numbers randomly. When she sees a set of numbers she likes or whenever she feels like it, she pushes the STOP button. The machine prints out the set of numbers on a piece of paper. She tears off the paper and the clinic locates the appropriate test tube by means of a special scanner. Quite a random harvest, and completely foolproof, don't you think?"

"Sounds pretty good," I ventured.

"I know the number of this tube," she announced.

I thought about that for a while. "But if that tube has already been through the program," I wondered, "won't they have deleted its number from the machine? I assume they do every time they use one up."

"They do," she said. "But I've got a printout to match the test tube — very authentic-looking. I happen to know they don't breathe down your neck while you're choosing your number. For two reasons: one, they're as slack as Fat Annie in the office down there; two, they don't want it to look like they're unduly influencing anybody's choice. So I punch STOP at any sequence I like, tear off the printout and substitute my own. Of course, if I did it for a number that didn't match up to a test tube they'd probably like to hold my hand while I did it next time. But if you do your job properly there'll be a test-tube in the freezer that matches my number."

She was quite an organiser, our Dianne. Who says there's no advantage in private schools? "You seem to have everything pretty well covered," I told her.

"I think so," she said with charming immodesty.

She'd told me to meet her in the carpark of St Agnes Hospital at 9.45 on Thursday morning. The theory was that if Warren and I got to the clinic at 10 o'clock we'd beat the donation rush and might have the place to ourselves, thereby making sleight of hand a lot easier. I was there on time and located her dusty second-hand Rover without much trouble. Dad must have had the Volvo at work.

A blond-headed guy about 18 or 19 sat, with his elbow jutting out the window, in the front passenger seat alongside Dianne. I got in the back.

"I see you made it," Dianne said and introduced me to Warren.

I said, "Hi."

He said, "Ugn."

"Got everything straight?" Dianne asked me.

"Oh, I think so," I said, at which Warren precipitately got out of the car and walked a few paces off, where he stood with his back to us.

She followed him with her eyes. "He's a nice boy," she said. "He's just a bit

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touchy this morning."

"Wouldn't like anyone to think he was part of a criminal conspiracy, I suppose."

"I suppose."

"I wouldn't like you to think I was habitually involved in lawbreaking either," I said.

"No," she said.

"Ah well, as long as it doesn't put him off his game this morning."

"It won't, from what I've heard about him. His part finishes when he hands in the test tube. You come back to me and report that all went well, and you'll get your money on the spot." The implication was that Warren had been paid in advance, but I was in no position to quibble about this lack of egalitarianism.

"Okay then, Dianne. I'll see you in a few minutes then," I said. I got out of the car and went over to Warren. I suppose he was a nice boy, if you liked nice boys. He was tall, erect, smooth-skinned, and the longish blond hair was pushed back from his forehead. He also had sculptured biceps showing through and out of his T-shirt, and red eyes from looking too much into mirrors.

"What do you know, Warren?" I said, catching up to him. Apparently he didn't know anything. "Potocki — that's Polish, isn't it? Is that the right way to say it?"

"Listen pal," he said through almost gritted teeth, "let's just get this over with, okay?"

The receptionist inside, Karen, was so sympathetic and understanding I thought I'd stepped into a VD clinic for a minute. She was also a trifle raunchy. It was her job to take down some computer fodder from us on a questionnaire. True to plan, it looked like we were the only ones there so far. Warren went first and appeared to make quite a hit with Karen. I was runner-up. "You together?" she asked me when it was my turn, darting a glance in the direction Warren had just gone.

"Brothers," I said.

"How come your names are different?"

"He was ashamed of the family name and changed his to Potocki."

"Have you ever donated before?"

"Once, at the office. Come to think of it," I said, "I'm not absolutely sure that collector was genuine. I didn't think to check her ID."

"You understand that material donated to the hospital is used partly for artificial insemination and the rest in St Agnes' *in vitro* fertilisation program. According to our best advice, it becomes legally the property of the hospital. You're happy about that?"

"Delirious," I said.

Next stop was the clinic doctor, who gave me a cursory going-over. Cursory in comparison to the one I gave her, anyway. She looked even younger, and a couple of percent raunchier, than the receptionist. Her name was Dr Dee Andrews, a fact thrust under your nose on a breast nameplate, whether you wanted to know it or not. I wanted to.

"I like doctors with long black hair," I told her.

"You'd probably like my husband then," she said.

She rattled through a long check list of diseases and wanted to know if I suffered from any of them. I told her I didn't.

"Any hereditary ailments?" she asked.

"Only poverty," I said.

I was given a test tube and told where to go and what to do as regards the TRICTRAC. It was a funny place; a long room that had recently, by the look of it, been divided into a number of cubicles by means of wooden partitions. Business was evidently on an upper. Warren was in the cubicle next to mine; I could hear him rustling paper. I decided I'd better get down to the job in hand straight away, before the

"I like doctors with long black hair," I told her. "You'd probably like my husband then," she said

place started filling up. I thumbed through a pile of magazines and settled on the December 1980 centrefold. She kind of reminded me of Dr Andrews, to the extent one could compare features anyway.

"Good things come in glass, eh Warren?" I said towards the gap at the top of the partition. I thought I heard some muffled obscenity in reply.

It wasn't long after I'd finished that he came waddling around the partition with his used test tube in his hand and a virile member dangling down between his knees (mind you, he had higher knees than me).

"Christ, Warren," I said. "You got a licence for that thing?"

"Quit pissing around," he said, He handed me his test tube. "Here, hold this. I gotta take a leak."

"Don't go getting that thing caught down the drain hole, will you?" I advised him.

He muttered something that was either "penis envy" or "piss off", and disappeared to take his leak. One thing about Warren: give him a role to play and he'll play it out to the end.

I allowed myself to forget about Warren for a few moments; the December doll was beginning to be distracting again. When I looked up, I discovered I had two test tubes, and contents, in my hand and didn't have a clue which was which. Well, shit, the things are unmarked, aren't they? I took Dianne's ring-in test tube out of my pocket and poured what I hoped was Warren's donation into it. I've had unpleasanter jobs, but then we private detectives aren't unionised, you see. The superfluous test tube I secreted in an empty cigarette packet and dumped in the garbage bin.

Warrren came back in. "Everything all right?" he asked cryptically, squinting at me.

"Couldn't be better," I said. "Nice of you to ask. Perhaps a touch of detumesence blues but . . ."

He snatched the proferred test tube with disgust and slid back into his cubicle. "A thousand bucks a throw — pretty good money, eh mate?" I said over the partition again.

By the time I'd adjusted my dress and trictracked my donation Warren had vanished altogether, leaving behind only his genes and a sigh on Karen's lips. "Here's your money," she said to me, swapping a $20 bill for my test tube.

"Hell, you get paid as well?" I said. "I thought it was like when you gave blood: you got a cup of tea and a car sticker saying SPERM DONORS LOVE LIFE or something."

"It's not a *payment* exactly," she said awkwardly. "It's to defray incidental expenses."

"Incidental expenses? You've been spared a whimsical reply to that one while I'm still thinking it over."

Dianne was waiting in the car. "How'd everything go?" she asked.

"Swimmingly," I said.

She handed me a cheque.

"Are we hoping for a boy or girl?" I asked.

"I couldn't care less," she said as she backed out past me.

It was near enough to 10 weeks later (although I hadn't marked the day off on the calendar, or anything) that I was dragged out of bed at 11 o'clock one morning by a heavy knock at the door. It was two people I knew, but not two people that I was aware knew each other. I closed my eyes tight for a few seconds. When I opened them again the odd couple was still there. One was Detective Constable Neville Sharkey, police amateur middleweight, whom I knew in my capacity as an amateur punching bag; the other was Dr Dee Andrews, whom I knew in my capacity as anonymous progenitor of humanity. Even if I'd forgotten her form exquisite, her name was still bouncing around on her left tit.

"Him?" he said to her.

"I think so," she said.

"Jeez, I think *Perfect Match* have really stuffed it up this time," I said.

Sharkey pushed past me and came in. Dr Andrews, seeing the way clear, seem-

ROULETTE

ed to think it was all right to come in as well.

"I suppose you dunno what we're here about?" Sharkey suggested with sarcasm.

"Putting one and one together," I said, "all I can come up with is that there's been a sperm bank robbery. But you've got no reason to suspect me. I'm self-sufficient. In fact I've got so much I give it away. Ask Dr Andrews." Dr Andrews averted her eyes. "All right if I call you Dee?" I asked her.

"No," she said.

"One of the ladies down at the St Agnes' *in vitro* fertilisation clinic, a Mrs Christine X," Sharkey commenced without quite looking at me, "spontaneously aborted her four-week old foetus in the hospital yesterday. These things happen."

"Shame," I said.

"Now what do you think their autopsy found already fully developed in that four-week old foetus?"

I shrugged. "A soul?"

"Smart arse," he said to his left and right shoes respectively. Then to me he said, "Haemophilia," and folded his arms in a QED fashion.

I was more puzzled now than when I opened the door. "Gee, thanks for dropping by to tell me," I said. "Anything else interesting ever happens down there, you be sure you come and tell me. Any time, day or night. Or if you're a bit pushed for time, just drop the hospital newsletter through the mail slot."

"And whose little glass bottle do you think the donated sperm came from?" Sharkey went on, undeflected.

"Ah, you can't trick me there," I said. "The correct answer is: nobody knows, right? Double blind and —"

The detective and the doctor were shaking their heads slowly in unison. I felt like popping a ping pong ball down one of their mouths. "From the glass of one Duane Dooley, no-hoper, of this address," the detective said.

"But the double blind —" I said.

That turned out to be just too damned much blind," Dr Andrews said. "The recipients still don't know but we had to have a way of knowing where the stuff was coming from. Because —"

"Because," Sharkey interrupted, "some miscreant has been abusing the system. This is the fourth haemophiliac baby from AID or IVF programs in the city since the new Act came into force. The other three were born alive."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," I said, struggling to keep my feet in this debate. "I thought haemophilia was only transmitted by females. Whatever her name was — Empress Alexandra of Russia, and so on."

"That was Haemophilia A," Dr Andrews enlightened us. "There's a new strain, Haemophilia B, which we believe is transmitted through the male."

"Not another one?" I said. "I can hardly wait for Common Cold B."

"Are you gonna confess, or what?" Sharkey wanted to know. "My sister is on the St Gregory's *in vitro* waiting list. The thought of some low-life going around contaminating . . . It does something to my stomach."

"I thought it was all the pizzas," I said. "Come on, Knuckles. You ought to know better than most people that I'm not a haemophiliac. Prick me, do I not bleed? Bleeding, do I not coagulate?"

"I'll prick you, you prick!" he said, flushing red and raising his fist to me.

"Last of the old school," I said to Dr Andrews. "The greenies'll be demonstrating one day to save him from being replaced by a floppy disc."

"Could a mistake have been made?" Sharkey asked the doctor.

"It's possible, I suppose, but I don't see how," she said. "Although research so far does seem to indicate that a male can't be a carrier of the B strain without also being a sufferer."

"He's got to be up to something," Sharkey whined. "You don't know him like I do." To me he said: "How come so generous all of a sudden? You who never artificially inseminated anything but a hankie before. You who wouldn't give a dose of clap to a policewoman."

"I like to do my bit," I said. "I guess it's the soft lights and free magazines."

"If it wasn't him, we've got quite a job on our hands," the doctor complained. "If it was a normal Thursday there could have been somewhere between 50 and a 100 donations."

"If you got the name wrong you might have got the day wrong too," I suggested helpfully. She glared at me.

"Who else was there when you were doing it?" Sharkey asked me.

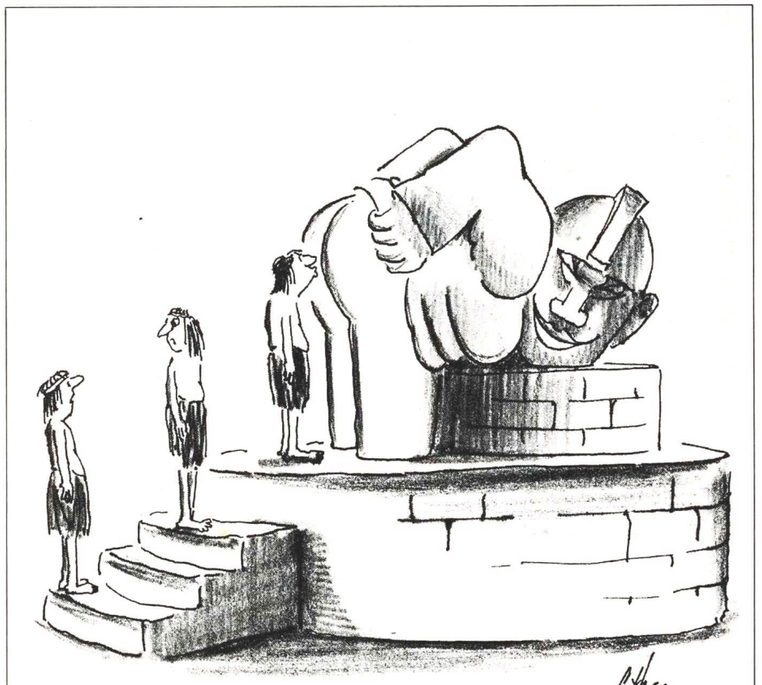
"Oh, a real mob of jerks, Neville. You wouldn't know any of 'em."

"*Who else was there?*"

"Let's see. There was a tall, skinny bloke with pimples . . . or was that down at the hairdresser's afterwards?"

He raised his fist to me again and went, "Arrgh!" When he'd almost stopped shaking he said, "I'm going to see you go up for accessory to some bloody thing over this before I'm finished." He said it with his arm raised into the oath-taking position, which is somewhat less threatening than a fist, being the police equivalent of crossing your fingers behind your back. "Don't leave," his next instalment said. "Don't so much as take a shit till I come back and tell you you can."

Dianne had been very coy about giving me her address. In fact, she hadn't given it to me at all while I was working for her, but I'd come to memorise it during the jolly weeks in which her cheque bounced backwards and forwards before it was finally honored, as the banks so chivalrously put it.



"This is the part of idolatry I hate!"

I took a cab to Dianne's. I'd put two steps inside her suburban front gate when something large and hairy sprang at me. It didn't bite me, but there are other ways of being terrorised. Dianne's dressing-gowned voice shrieked, "Stop it, Bjelke!" and the thing cowered uncertainly on its haunches.

"Jesus," I gulped when I started breathing again. "Last time I saw a thing like that basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce were shooting at it."

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Let me inside and lock the door and I might tell you," I said with a glance back at Bjelke.

She let me in and I could see from up close the beginnings of an unambiguous bulge in her midsection. I told her I wanted to know Warren's address; it was important. She swore vehemently she didn't know and hinted I should remove myself from her vacuumed deep pile.

"Look, he's a nut!" I tried to tell her. "He's a haemophiliac — he's been going on a sperm bank crawl, knocking out little czars and czarinas all over the place."

"I don't believe you," she said, her hand straying unconsciously to the bulge as she spoke.

I tried to get the message across with the aid of some method acting. I convinced myself that I was a hard boy with a cut-throat razor in my pocket and that I was about to administer her a case of Griffith ear. It worked. She dug up the address of where Warren was sharing a house, claiming she'd been sworn to secrecy about it. "I'll have to borrow your car too," I said on a wild punt. She surprised me by being off balance enough to agree. I got out of there quick before she recovered.

Warren's address didn't boast a front gate. It just made it with a front door. I knocked where I thought I'd cause the least inconvenience to the white ants. A big guy with pastry crumbs in his bushy beard answered. "What? he said suspiciously.

"I'm looking for Warren," I told him.

"Well you're looking in the wrong place. He don't live here any more."

"Didn't leave a fowarding address, I suppose?"

"Nope. Didn't leave nothing."

"That's a pity. I got some dough for him."

"He'll more than likely find you then."

"I suppose," I said taking my wallet out of my pocket. "I could leave the dough here; then if he came back to visit you you could . . . "

"Yeah, I s'pose," the guy said eagerly, putting out his hand.

I grabbed the hand, used it to twist the arm up behind his back and pushed his body, hairy side down, into his own floorboards. He was big but it was mostly beer, and I'd had the element of surprise (as we used to say at Duntroon). "Where is he?" I said. "I haven't got much time." I put my knee behind the twisted arm and gradually moved it upwards. It took three small increments of position before he told me.

"I swear I don't know where he lives," he gasped, "but you can usually find him at the Steamship Hotel during the day."

"That wasn't so hard, was it matey?" I said, relaxing the knee. "He better be there or I'm coming back to stretch the other arm to fit this one."

Actually I had no serious intention of doing so, because I knew that if I did he'd be ready for me next time, probably with a few of his mates. I knew this because he told me so from the doorway as I was getting back into the car.

There were half a dozen derroes drinking or lazily denting the dartboard in the Steamship front bar when I got there. I ordered a beer. "Warren around?" I said casually to the barman.

> I hit him right in the middle of his face. His nose started to bleed. If it had stopped, everything might have been all right

"Still out taking a piss," the barman said. "You the bloke that just rung up?"

"Yeah." I didn't think my bearded mate would mind me covering for him.

As soon as I'd said it, Warren came in through the toilet door toward us. "Don't you ever give that thing a rest?" I said to him.

He stopped. "Who the hell are you?" he said, squinting at me. And then he remembered. "What do you want?" he said.

"Just come to talk over old times, mate. Remember how we used to hang out together down at the clinic?"

"If that Dianne's after another squirt tell her to —"

"No," I said, shaking my head.

"What then?"

"I think you're in need of some paternal advice about conserving your fluids. You know all that old horseshit they used to say — one drop of spunk being equal to umpteen drops of blood? And you being a haemo, and everything . . ."

He narrowed his eyes. "You better come back to my place and say whatever it is you've got to say." He turned to the barman and said, "Six-pack to go, Georgie."

When he'd collected the beer we walked to his flat, which was just around the corner. He put five-sixths of the six-pack in the fridge and opened the other one for himself. I've seen lots of guys with centrefolds stuck up on their walls, but never one with a centrefold of himself before. "It's out of *Milady,* if you're so interested," he said behind me.

"I'm just interested in you going down to St Agnes, and confessing that you are the phantom haemophiliac. Say you didn't know and promise you won't do it again. They won't do anything to you."

"Why should I?"

"Because you're a bloody menace to . . . you're a bloody menace to *me,* that's why. I'm in trouble — they think it was me. I got the test tubes mixed up or something.

"Ha ha."

"I don't quite know how to impress the seriousness of this on you, Warren. Shit, they're going to catch you anyway if you keep going. They're going to have all the semen in the state marked now."

"There's other states, other names . . ."

"Jesus, Warren!"

"It's worth good money to me. Besides, I like it."

"Yeah, I reckon you would."

He must have taken exception to the way I said that. Anyway, he threw a punch at me. It didn't connect but my reply hit him, right in the middle of the face. His nose started to bleed. If it had stopped, everything might have been all right.

He was down on his knees, bleeding all over the carpet. "You bastard, you bastard," he was chanting, half crazed with fear.

"Damn it, Warren if you haven't got the equipment . . . I don't do centrefolds; you should keep out of fist fights."

He changed his chant to "Ring an ambulance, I'm dying. Ring an ambulance, I'm dying."

There was a pay phone just outside the flat. I rang an ambulance and went back to tell him it wouldn't be long.

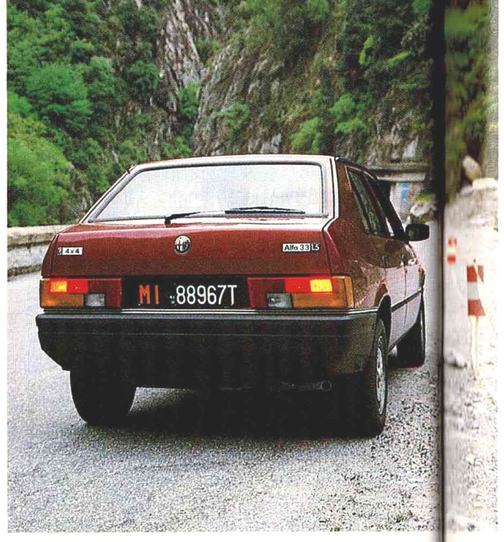
He was chanting "You bastard" again.

"I guess there's no good me sticking a key down on the back of your neck," I said.

I'd intended to split as soon as I heard the first warble of a siren. I should have. But I weakened and stayed behind to make sure that Warren was tightly tucked up in the ambulance and connected to the right end of the drip and all that. Before they could shut the ambulance doors on him another vehicle pulled in behind it, a vehicle containing Officer Sharkey and Dr Andrews. The doctor had a look at the patient before the ambulance took off, and held a hurried conference with the cop.

"It was a very lucky thing," Sharkey said to me inside the flat soon afterwards. "We were monitoring the emergency calls and

Continued on page 160



MOTORING

FOUR BY FOUR

Four's a crowd for a little Alfa, but the new 33 four wheel drive can handle excess baggage

Two red-blooded Aussie journalists are holed up in Nice. Just lurking about checking out the scenery. In between assignments. Behind us is the very wet grand prix at Monte Carlo and ahead is a spot of R and R in the sun along the Cote D'Azur, followed by a four-day frolic in Paris. Then it's down to Le Mans and some hard yakka.

There's just Scotty and me. And the Alfa makes three. Our transport is a maroon Alfa Romeo 33 4 × 4 — a four-wheel-drive version of the new little car the Italian company recently launched Down Under. Alfa Romeo Australia is currently revising its local model line-up as its parent company comes on stream with a host of new designs. The Alfa 33 has several variants and a couple — the sporty Ti and the ground-breaking 4WD — are under consideration for Australia, so we've grabbed a European 4 × 4 for evaluation.

On the surface, it looks much like the conventional front-wheel-drive *trente-trois*. The only real giveaway is the 4 × 4 badge on the boot. Acutally, it's really a hatch that looks like a boot. The engineering differences — and there are plenty — are mainly out of sight: the rear diff, the bigger brakes (although still a disc/drum arrangement) and the beefier suspension.

It's the Wednesday after that rain-sodden Monaco Grand Prix and all along the Riviera there's no joy as the rain continues to bucket down. The armies of bare-topped belles have retreated inside and the stony beaches of Nice and Cap Ferrat and Cannes are shining and empty. The forecast is not encouraging. Nice, we decide, isn't nice. Come the morning we'll be heading north, toward the bright lights of Paris.

We grab a seafood meal. At the next table are a couple of good sorts nattering away in English. We figure they're Yanks; the howl of indignation indicates they're Canucks. The table for two stretches to four, and soon we're in the Alfa and heading along that crazy wriggly ribbon of bitumen leading to Monaco and the casino. Jennifer, high 20s, the blonde, is an exec with General Motors; she's here on vacation. Her mate Deidra, low 20s, has been working in France for six weeks, with a pastry mob up north. Deidra proves she's no great shakes with automobiles: "What sort of car is this? Never heard of them." Is that the sound of thousands of Milanese choking on their spaghetti?

At 3.30am we take the Alfa for a quiet lap around the grand prix course. It's a delightful motor car with steering and suspension right up to the benchmark standards set by its predecessor, the brilliant Sud. The 33 is a beautifully balanced car with a spectacular blend of ride and handling. It has that familiar short-legged, long-armed driving position that typifies Alfas, and indeed most Italian motor cars.

There's more excitement next morning when Scotty discovers his Aussie travelling companion has insisted the Canadian tourists share the Alfa with us to Paris. It's a snug fit, helped not one bit by a mountain of feminine baggage that'd leave Liz Taylor gasping. Thank heavens for the bloke who designed that split rear seat. The girls have shoehorned themselves into a small hole, surrounded by suitcases, camera gear, tape recorders, and the other chattels of this Austro-Canadian safari. The

BY PETER McKAY

FOUR BY FOUR

two turkeys up front — both six-footers — are forced to do a concertina job on their pins. The bucket seats are as far forward as they'll go. The pain in the driver's chest is the steering wheel, while the passenger's knees are leaving dimples in the dash.

The Alfa is not quite managing its normal jaunty performance, but it's a miracle the car is doing anything at all. Acceleration is not startling, and the suspension — beefed up in this *quattro route motrici* model — is creaking and groaning under the strain. The 1490cc flat four engine — the same as in the regular 33 sedan sold locally — is working like a Trojan. Emptied of all but the driver, the Alfa 33 4×4 is good for a brisk 17.5 second standing 400 metres. Today . . . who knows?

The rain becomes heavier, the roads narrower and twistier. And greasier. It's time to punch the T-bar selector into four-wheel-drive. It can be accomplished on the move. This all-wheel-drive version is designed to operate in conditions where grip is at a premium, such as rain, sleet and snow. There's no suggestion that the Alfa 33 is a go-anyplace, all-terrain vehicle capable of following a Range Rover into uncharted territory. It is, however, a bread and butter Audi Quattro with road adhesion that far exceeds anything a conventional two-wheel drive can offer. We experiment

Alfa 33 4 × 4 . . . delivers the goods

with both two and four-wheel drive modes, and it's a case of chalk and cheese. With the second differential operating, the car inspires much more confidence. It goes where the driver points it, allowing none of those alarming skater's waltzes.

Ahead, through the spray, we notice a blue Ford Fiesta driven in exuberant fashion by an embryonic Arnoux. In the short, straight sections, the Fiesta edges away from the overfilled Alfa, but in the wriggly bits we're all over him like an XOS overcoat. Considering the weight penalty the 33 is operating under, it's a convincing display of roadholding in conditions usually relied upon to bring out the worst in a motor car. After plenty of twists and turns, we finally edge past in a triumph of technology over bravery.

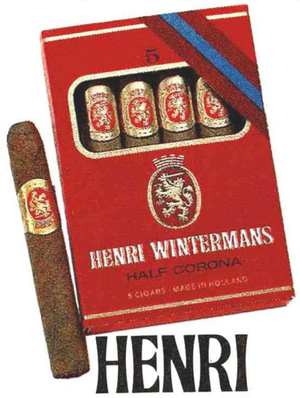
The touring party bunks down (single beds, separate rooms) at the pretty town of Grenoble, and the morning brings a splendid autoroute heading north. The Alfa, load and all, can gobble up the kilometres once it gets rolling. 150 every hour is achievable in the overdrive fifth gear. However, fuel consumption suffers. From a best of 8.2 litres per 100 kilometres (34.5 mpg), the 33's thirst accelerates to 11.2 (25.2). Which is still a pretty good return.

We make Paris in the afternoon, marching in 40 years (almost to the day) after Charlie De Gaulle. We've booked ahead and are meeting a few other wandering scribes from the Antipodes. Our Australian media friends cast envious and knowing looks as we check in with the two glamors in tow. We adopt a casual swagger which becomes a stagger when we begin the task of unloading the car.

We eat in an upmarket, romantic restaurant. The girls are in great moods. We sense a breakthrough. They're even half-smiling at Scotty's one-liners. Over dessert, just when we figure we're finally going to consummate this relationship, the two girls tell us the happy news: their boyfriends arrive in Paris tomorrow. We cut our losses. The French feed becomes Dutch.

Four days have gone out of our European rave-up, and the only things we've rooted are our spines and the Alfa's shock absorbers. *C'est la vie.*

There'll always be a moment when you'll "Wish you had a Wintermans". Like a Half Corona, the just right size for after dinner, after a show or at the restaurant of your choice. Ample. But not too large. Unparalleled flavour and coolness. A perfect cigar. An ideal gift.



HENRI WINTERMANS
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20/224

You two can own a 4WD!

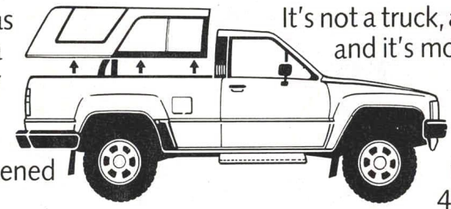
Toyota 4 Runner. Run smooth in the City, wild in the bush.

There is now a 4WD that you the realist can feel comfortable with, and you the escapist can go nuts about.

It's not a weekender, it's a 7-days-a-week vehicle, built to run smooth in the City, wild in the bush.

The new Toyota 4 Runner is ***all*** new. Inside, you'll find it's sedan comfort, with good space for five adults, front reclining seats, excellent stereo, power rear window and power steering.

The only clues as to what you do on week-ends are the two gear-sticks and the dashboard altimeter and clinometer that read-off your height and angle of climb. 4 Runner has the Toyota HiLux pedigree of a true 4WD, with a Toyota Super Responsive Engine – petrol or diesel. And the whole back canopy is detachable, for a heightened sense of freedom.



So if you set off to the milk bar and end up at Marble Bar, it isn't because you're lost.

It's because you've found the only vehicle that truly leaves the options up to you.

The 4 Runner won't let you down in public, and won't quit on you in the bush.

It's not a truck, and it's not just a city sedan, and it's more than a 4WD.

The 4 Runner is all of those, in a very individual blend. And incidentally, the escapist won't care, but 4 Runner's price will be of considerable interest to the realist in you!

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

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It's time to cast your vote in the 1985
Penthouse Pet Of The Year Competition

PET OF THE YEAR POLL

Here they are . . . the 13 contenders for the 1985 Pet Of The Year title. Once again we're handing over to our readers the responsibility of selecting the winner of the richest glamor prize in the Southern Hemisphere. If you thought last year's nine finalists made the choice a diabolically difficult one, just cast your eyes over the array of Pets presented on the following nine pages. When you've made your decision, fill in the coupon on page 123 and put yourself in the running for a top-of-the-line Sanyo car stereo radio/cassette player. And now gentlemen, it's over to you ...

KIRSTEN December 1983

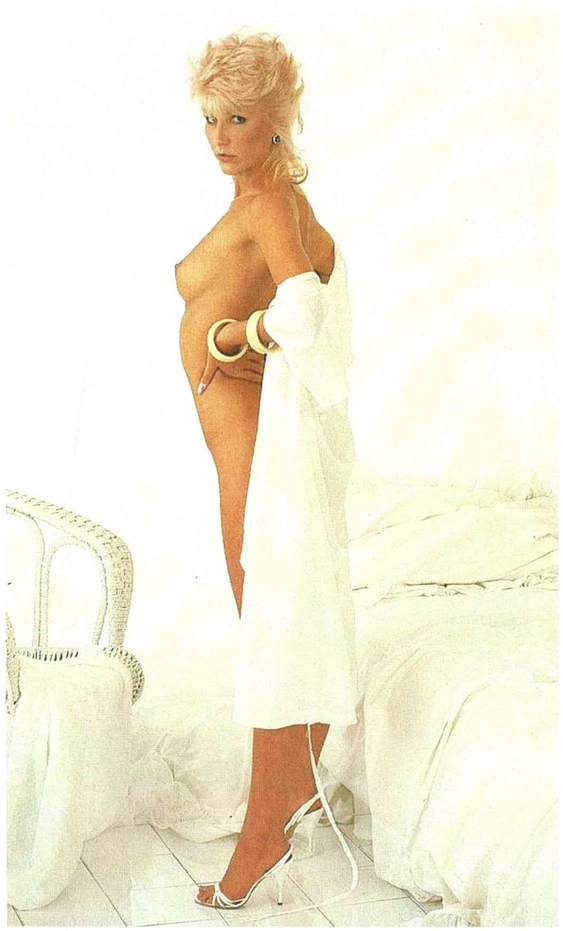
Sydney girl Kirsten Rasmussen is a keen skier during the winter months and in summer nothing can drag her away from Tamarama beach on a sunny day. Kirsten lists among her favorite things brilliant colors, older men and the feeling of going without underwear.

CHRISTIANNE January 1984

German-born Christianne Jende came to Australia two years ago and immediately fell in love with the place. The 24-year-old has travelled extensively during her stay and she's currently working as a dancer in Melbourne.

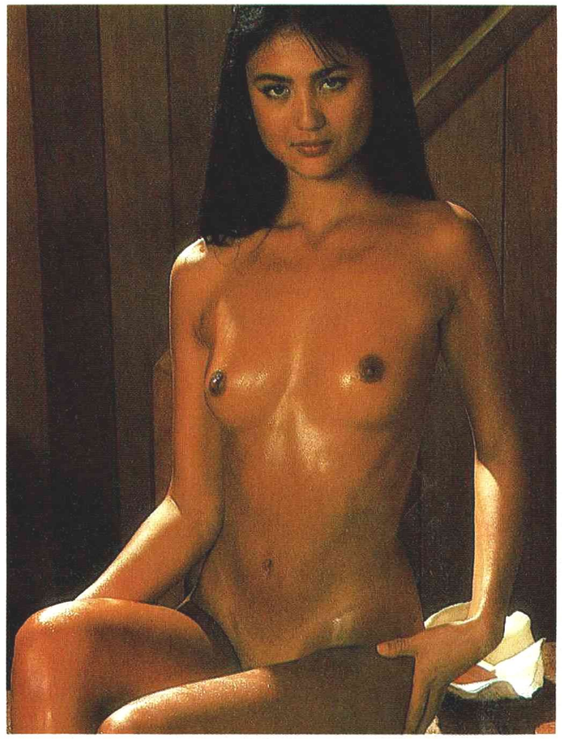
KAREN February 1984

Nineteen-year-old Karen James is a social welfare student in Newcastle in New South Wales. Karen enjoys reading mystery novels as a respite from her textbook studies and sings in a Sydney pub band.



DEBRA March 1984

Debra Braithwaite says she's happiest lying in the sun wearing nothing but a patina of suntan oil. In winter the 23-year-old pharmacist's assistant likes to get away skiing and all year round she pursues her hobby of photography.



DEBBIE April 1984

Debbie Davies came of age with a splash in our April issue. The Cairns blonde posed for *Penthouse* on Lizard Island soon after her 18th birthday. Debbie works as a dancer and some of her favorite pastimes are swimming and aerobics.

MAY-LING May 1984

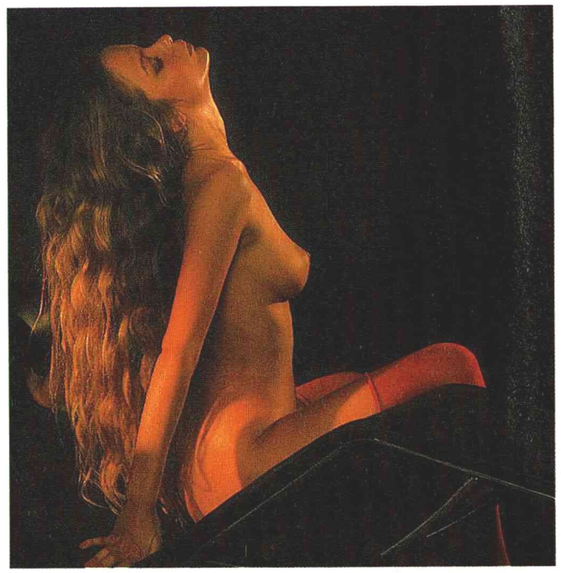
Eurasian May-Ling Lee grew up in Queensland and now lives in Sydney. She's a confirmed vegetarian who steers well clear of alcohol and any kind of drugs. May-Ling's hobbies are gardening, meditation, letter writing and Chinese cooking.

CHRIS June 1984

Chris Heins hails from Adelaide, where she works as a model. The bosomy 22-year-old beauty opened the ski season with plenty of pizazz when she posed for our June issue.

HELENKA August 1984

Helenka Antar, 24, was born of Czech parents in New Zealand. *Penthouse* caught up with her in Adelaide, where she works as an aerobics instructor.



LARA July 1984

Twenty-year-old Lara Kelly grew up in Cairns in Queensland and for the past three years she's drifted around the country seeing the sights, living the natural life and earning her keep doing things like picking fruit and busking.

SUE AND LOUISE September 1984

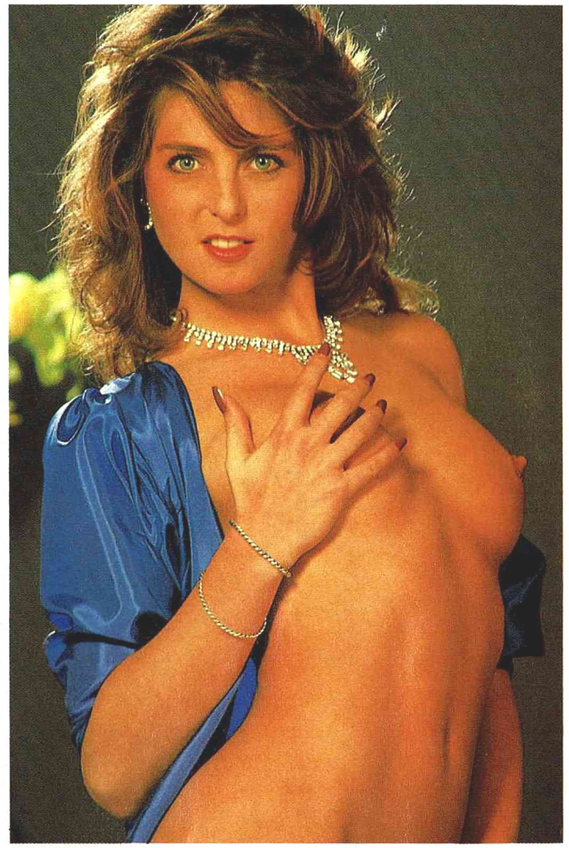
Even before September *Penthouse* hit the stands, Queensland's Sue and Louise Elvin were nationally known as the "*Penthouse* Mother and Daughter." Sue, 33, and Louise, 16, weathered the controversy with aplomb. All copies of the issue sold out within a week.

TRACEE October 1984

Tracee Edwards made a stormy reputation for herself on Queensland's Great Keppel Island. They remember her up there as Cyclone Tracee. The 21-year-old likes to let her inhibitions drop when she's away from her job as a legal secretary in Melbourne.

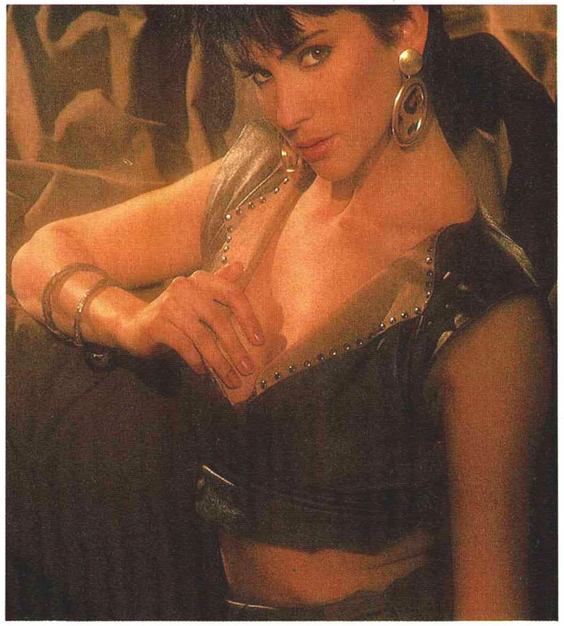
LOUISE November 1984

Louise Shires grew up in Toowoomba, Queensland, but now works in Sydney as a professional dancer. The petite 19-year-old is an avid fan of TV's *Perfect Match* and has an unusual hobby: she collects silk, satin and lace knickers.



BOBBIE December 1984

December's Bobbie Wallbank is a history-maker, being the world's first Aboriginal centrefold. Twenty-three-year-old Bobbie (which is short for Bronwyn) works in Sydney as a model. She's very proud of her heritage, having studied Aboriginal music, dance and languages.



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Mark your selection with a tick, complete details below and send your entry to: Pet Of The Year Poll, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062.

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- ☐ Christianne Jende
- ☐ Karen James
- ☐ Debra Braithwaite
- ☐ Debbie Davies
- ☐ May-Ling Lee
- ☐ Chris Heins
- ☐ Lara Kelly
- ☐ Helenka Antar
- ☐ Sue and Louise Elvin
- ☐ Tracee Edwards
- ☐ Louise Shires
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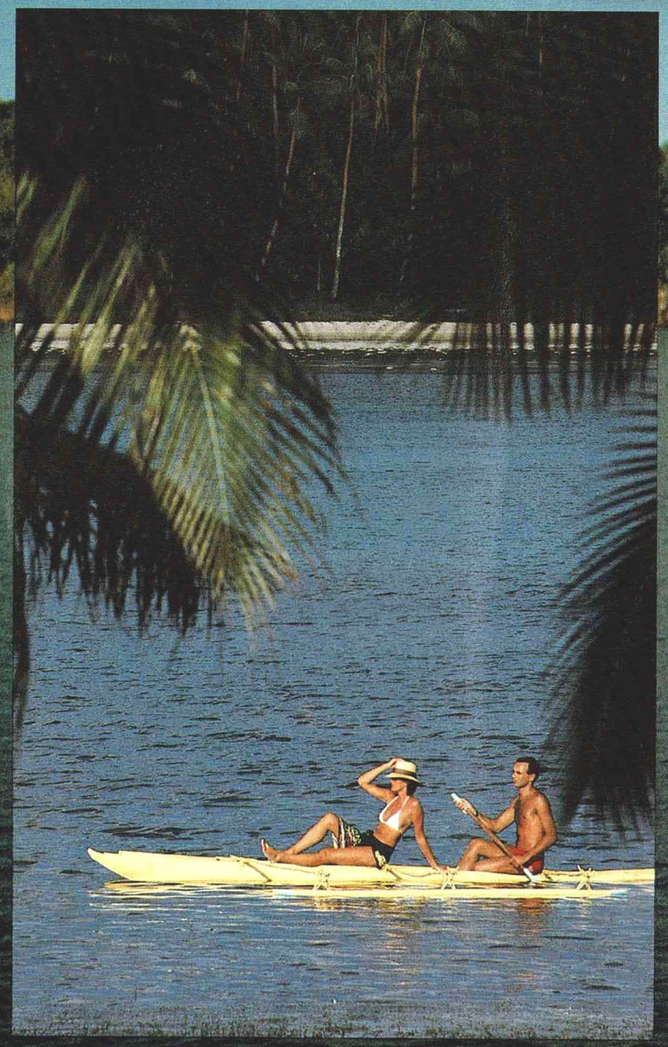

Pago Pago . . . Noumea . . . Vila . . . Suva . . . Nuku'alofa . . . Names like these have a magical quality, and when conjured up against a backdrop of grey office walls and bestpectacled managers, they make the average bloke feel like throwing everything out the window and boarding a Pacific cruise ship immediately, whatever the cost and consequences.
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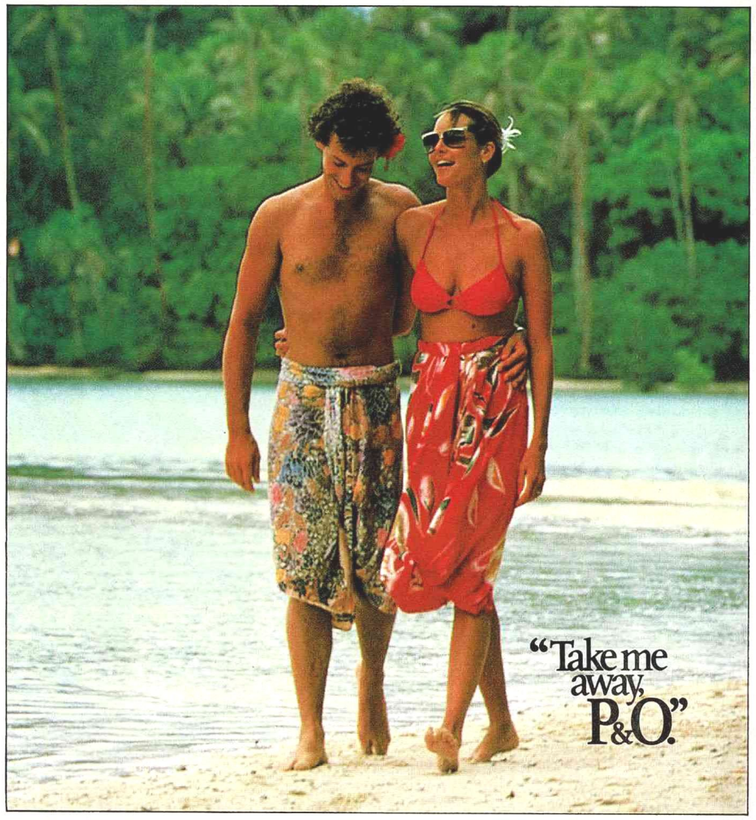

The two lucky winners of this month's competition prize will board the *Oriana* cruise departing Sydney on May 3, 1985 for Noumea, Vila, Suva, Pago Pago and Nuku'alofa — a fascinating combination of ports. They'll enjoy the comfort of a two-berth court cabin with private shower and toilet. They'll experience the joy of travelling to five different countries on a top-class floating holiday resort without having to pack and unpack a single bag.

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To put yourself in the running for this P&O cruise of a lifetime, simply fill in the accompanying coupon, answer the three questions and send your entry to *Penthouse*. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the P&O *Oriana* Cruise Competition.

Answer the three questions below, print your name, address and telephone number, and send your entry to **P&O Oriana Cruise Competition**, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062.

1. At which port can you ascend a cable car to the summit of Mount Alava?

_____

2. What is the capital of the Kingdom of Tonga?

_____

3. Name one entertainment option on board the *Oriana*.

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. The P&O *Oriana* Cruise prize must be taken on May 3, 1985. The cruise is not transferable or redeemable for cash.

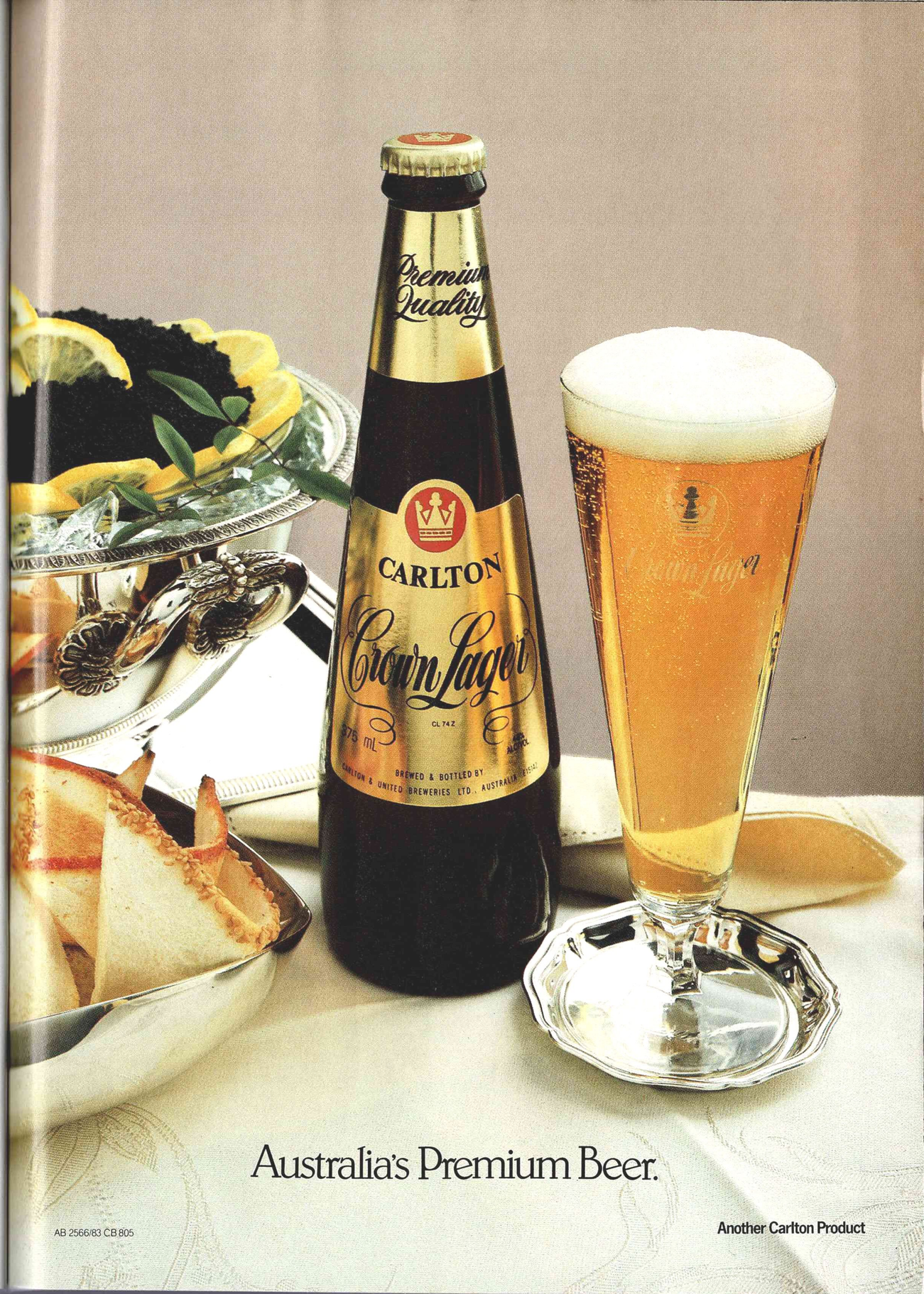
Entry and participation in this competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* magazine and P&O Australia Pty Ltd and their families. All participants must be 18 years old or over.

The winning entry will be the first correct entry drawn from the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, December 14, 1984. The winner will be announced in an upcoming edition of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

The promoters, P&O Cruises and *Australian Penthouse* magazine, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant and partner for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the P&O *Oriana* Cruise Competition (including negligent acts or omissions). On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions. This competition is brought to you by P&O Cruises and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.



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DAVID COMBE

"To blackball me was to punish me massively. It was tantamount to recording against me a conviction without ever charging me with an offence"

Harvey David Combe is certainly not everyone's idea of a typical Labor man. Christened "Sir Anthony Bunter" by *National Times* writer/cartoonist and *Penthouse* contributor Patrick Cook, Combe in many ways resembles his erstwhile mentor and close friend, Mick Young — large both in size and appetite, extroverted, self-confident to the point of arrogance, and highly ambitious.

Combe has another quality in common with Young: he has proved to be accident-prone. In 1975 he was involved in the ALP's abortive attempt to raise vast sums of money from the Iraqi Ba'ath Socialist Party, an exercise which produced no cash but disastrous headlines. Ironically the story broke at a time when Combe was enjoying a holiday on a Russian cruise ship — one which had to be hastily curtailed.

Combe's long-standing association with the USSR did not end there, and seven years later, when he had ceased to be the party's national secretary and was embarking on a spectacularly successful career as a lobbyist and business consultant, the bomb dropped. ASIO, acting on what now appears to be flimsy and at times inaccurate evidence, told the vehemently anti-Russian Prime Minister Bob Hawke that Combe's association with Soviet attache and KGB agent Valeriy Ivanov constituted a potential threat to national security. As part of an orchestrated international exercise Ivanov was expelled, and after a series of secret Cabinet meetings Combe was blacklisted by government ministers. His clients, with the single exception of Northern Territory Chief Minister Paul Everingham, deserted him. His colleagues inside the Labor Party, again with one exception — the former South Australian Attorney-General, Peter Duncan — were silent in his defence. During the Royal Commission which followed all this, his wife left him. His career and personal life were shattered.

The commission eventually cleared Combe of any wrongdoing, but also found that the government had acted properly — a sort of $5 each way report which the government could live with, but which was little help to Combe. Eventually, after protracted negotiations within the party, Combe was "rehabilitated" during the July National Conference of this year, and started to put his life together again. Partly for money, partly for catharsis and partly, one suspects, for revenge, Combe has written a book about his career. There have been two previous accounts of the affair: journalist David Marr's coolly analytical dissection of the Royal Commission, and communist Laurie Aarons' expose of the various gaffes perpetrated by ASIO. Combe's own version is more wide-ranging, and a great deal more robust. It will not please Hawke and his supporters.

Combe's own background is again far from traditional Labor: he comes from a middle class Adelaide family, but joined the ALP as a teenager and worked his way up from the backroom. When Mick Young bowed out as federal secretary in order to enter Federal Parliament in the 1974 election, Combe was the obvious choice as his successor. But unlike Young, Combe never saw Labor politics as a lifelong career. He had one go at preselection for the Sydney suburban seat of Barton after retiring as national secretary in 1980, but was quite happy to continue as a consultant when he missed out. He may even have been slightly relieved: lobbying is probably closer to the Combe lifestyle of wheeling and dealing over long lunches than a sojourn on the backbench.

Penthouse political correspondent Mungo MacCallum interviewed David Combe in his comfortable townhouse in a quiet backstreet in Canberra. The living room is decorated with the memorabilia of politics and overseas travel; prominent is a rubber bust of Hawke, into which Combe and his four sons enjoy sticking pins. The interview was constantly interrupted by visitors and phone calls; Combe's life may have been blighted over the last two years, but he has bounced back with energy. The scars are still there, however, as this interview shows.

PHOTO BY DAVID BARTHO

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: When Bob Hawke rather pompously said that you were welcome back into the fold of the Labor Party, he said that he and his government held no "animus" towards you. How do you feel about Bob Hawke and his government now?

Combe: Well, I was staggered when he came into the debate at the National Conference. The understanding I had about the agreement that had been arrived at regarding my rehabilitation was that it was a very carefully crafted affair. The important motion was to be moved on my insistence by Peter Duncan; Duncan was the one parliamentarian in Australia who had the courage during the events of last year to stand up and publicly support me in an outspoken way. It was my understanding that Duncan would move it, that it would be seconded by the Attorney-General Senator Evans, and that they would be the only speakers. Peter Duncan very carefully read his speech — he was at great pains to ensure that there was nothing that could give offence — and likewise Senator Evans was very careful about his speech, although he couldn't resist the temptation to make some remark about the government being vindicated by the Hope Royal Commission. Then it was something of a shock when the Prime Minister entered the debate . . . when he spoke about the government and himself having no "animus", either now or in the past or in the future. I suppose it was appropriate that there should have been a light bulb explode because to many people who had been involved in the events of last year his proclamation really came as a shock. My counsel Ian Barker, for example, was certainly shocked.

Penthouse: 1983-84 were going to be two of your "most economically productive years", to use your own words. When did it dawn on you that not only were they not going to be economically productive, but completely disastrous?

Combe: April 29, 1983. I was on the telephone and Richard Farmer and Bill Butler, who were prospective business partners, appeared at the door of the house I then occupied in Campbell [a Canberra suburb]. I beckoned them in and they stayed outside, so at the end of my telephone conversation I went to the door and said "Come in." Richard Farmer said, "Why don't we talk outside?" and then they informed me that they no longer would be able to join me in the partnership. I asked why not and they seemed to be genuinely surprised that I didn't know that I was to be denied access to government ministers.

Penthouse: Did they ask you whether you knew of any reason why you should be denied such access?

Combe: Yes. They asked me whether there'd been any change in my relationships with ministers or ministerial offices. I said no, but then very little of my work related to direct dealings with ministers. In fact none related to direct dealings with ministers, and very little related to dealings with ministerial offices. So at that time there was absolutely no way in which I would have had cause to ascertain that I was *persona non grata*. In the course of that conversation Farmer told me that he had been informed on authority the previous weekend that I was to be denied access and it didn't take a great deal of speculation to conclude that this was probably because of my association with Ivanov — whose expulsion had been announced on the previous Friday and who had left the country the previous day.

Penthouse: You never accepted the explanation — which was for a time the official explanation — that it was simply because of your past association with the Labor Party?

> I've been very open about my relationships with the Russians. As far as I was concerned, it was all perfectly straightforward

Combe: No, and it was of course established beyond doubt within the Commission that that was never the real reason; indeed the Prime Minister himself on oath conceded that that was not of itself a valid reason.

Penthouse: Would you accept that your association with Ivanov — given that it was known to the Australian government that Ivanov was supposed to be KGB — would have been a valid reason for denying you access or for blackballing you?

Combe: No, not at all. To blackball me was to punish me massively. It was tantamount to recording against me a conviction and a sentence without ever charging me with any offence, without ever allowing me an opportunity to answer the supposed evidence — put forward by an organisation notorious for being anti-Labor — which was being advanced against me.

Penthouse: When did you realise what serious trouble you were in?

Combe: That day. Farmer believed so totally that the warning against he and Butler joining me in business was credible, I had no doubt that the original source of that warning must have been the Prime Minister. I didn't actually believe it was the Prime Minister himself; it never occurred to me that it was the Prime Minister himself by way of telephone calls. But they were clearly reluctant to enter my home and I deduced from their behavior that they believed my home was bugged. I found the whole thing staggering. When they left I went out on to the front lawn, where my father-in-law was working in the garden. I told him what had happened, and then the postman arrived and I went and collected the mail. One of the letters was from the Minister for Industry and Commerce, Senate leader John Button, who had been a friend of many years' standing. I'd written to Button on behalf of a client saying that I wanted to see him to discuss an action which the client was taking in the Administrative Appeals Tribunal. Now my letter had been written in terms of, "Dear John, notwithstanding your stated objections to lobbyists (a much maligned category of person in which I'm sure you wouldn't include me) . . ." and I finished off with a note about the Geelong football club, which is strongly supported by Senator Button. It was that sort of note. The reply I got began "Dear Mr Combe" and went on to say, "I'm sure you will understand that the burden of my ministerial responsibilities precludes me from making the time available to talk to you . . ." That sort of thing, and it was signed "Yours sincerely, John N. Button." Now I've since learned from Senator Button that it was a departmental drafted letter; it in fact bore no relationship to the decision which had been taken by the Cabinet on April 26. But of course as soon as I read that letter it hit me like a bomb that this was the confirmation in black and white of what I had been told an hour before.

Penthouse: At that stage did you believe that your friends within the Labor Party would save the situation, that is, keep it in some kind of reasonable perspective?

Combe: Well, no. You see, I had no idea of what I was supposed to have done. What I believed from what Farmer and Butler had said, and what I presumed to be confirmed by the Button letter, was that I was certainly to be denied access. I had little doubt that it had to do with my relationship with Ivanov and given that Butler and Farmer had been unprepared to enter my home I believed my house was bugged. I assumed — correctly as it turned out — that the telephones were intercepted and I drew a further conclusion that I almost certainly was under surveillance. I was in the dilemma of not being able to discuss the matter with my wife because she was at one of the kids' schools doing roster duty and I was at a loss to know with whom I should discuss the matter. In fact I sought out a friend, arranged to have lunch with her and on her advice I sought to make contact with Mr Justice Murphy. You can understand that I was in a state of total bewilderment, not knowing who I could trust, and knowing that I had clearly been let down by people who had been friends of 20 years' standing. Anyway, this friend of mine suggested that I should try to speak with Lionel [Justice Murphy] and I actually spoke with his chambers that day, but he was away. As it turned out that meeting never took place.When I returned home that day my wife was there and I called her out to the back yard to tell her what had happened. Such was my state of mind that I was saying that I had no choice but to leave the country; I was just totally shattered. She had planned a weekend away, and I insisted that she should go because at that stage I'd already arranged to ask some people whom I trusted to come to Canberra and counsel me as to what I should do. I arranged for two clients of mine, Larry Adler from FAI Insurances and Len Ainsworth from Ainsworth Industries, to come. I mean, I'd been very open about my relationship with the Russians, including Ivanov. As far as I was concerned it was all perfectly straightforward, proper and consistent with those principles of the Labor movement in which I believed.

Penthouse: You talk about the Labor principles and friends of 20 years' standing in the party, none of whom, it would seem, lifted a finger to help you. Is that really a fair description of what the Labor Party is about? Is the old idea of mateship and loyalty so fragile that they can be twisted by one ASIO report?

Combe: I don't think so. That particular day, April 29, was probably the worst day of my life. When I persuaded my wife to go away, we agreed that I had to go and see Terry Higgins, the Labor Party's own solicitor, who's now at the bar. I'd spoken to Terry about Ivanov's expulsion . . . just like I'd spoken to Adler and Ainsworth, ESSO and to other clients about the expulsion and about my association with Ivanov. The whole pattern is clearly one where I had nothing to hide: I didn't hide anything because there was nothing to hide.

Penthouse: This is what makes it so difficult to understand. Why weren't colleagues with whom you'd been associated for many years, most of whom were now senior ministers, prepared to defend you in any realistic way, either in Canberra or person to person?

Combe: I suppose one can look at their desire to avoid some of the perceived pitfalls of the Whitlam government . . . I suppose one can excuse them in terms of being naive. What has emerged is a pattern where Director General of Security Barnett briefed Hawke, and Hawke then appears to have spoken to each of the ministers individually. It's very hard to avoid concluding that before any of the other ministers were actually briefed by Barnett they had already been spoken to by the Prime Minister. On his own admission from his initial briefing from Barnett, Hawke arrived at a *prima facie* conclusion that three things needed to be done. One was the public expulsion of Ivanov, which was what ASIO was asking for. The second was the surveillance of me, which I still regard as a grey area as to whether ASIO asked for it and the government agreed to it or whether the Prime Minister asked the Director General of Security to recommend it. I don't believe that that's been satisfactorily resolved because in his evidence-in-chief the Director General said that the Prime Minister directed him to place me under surveillance. In cross-examination by the Commonwealth on the subsequent day the Director General agreed that he had been asked for advice as to what should happen about me and he had proposed surveillance, which he had then been directed to impose. Quite honestly I think one of the fascinating aspects of the whole Hope Enquiry was the various stages of co-operation and conflict between the Commonwealth government and ASIO.

> One of the fascinating aspects of the Hope Enquiry was the various stages of co-operation and conflict between the Government and ASIO

There was a third dimension. Another of the *prima facie* conclusions which Hawke had reached — and there was no dispute that it was his conclusion alone and that ASIO had absolutely had nothing to do with it — was the decision to blackball me. That was the one that caused all the trouble.

Penthouse: Surely one of the most extraordinary things is the attitude of Bob Hawke. You'd known each other for many many years, you'd travelled together, you'd worked as National Secretary and National President.

Combe: There's not many things we didn't do together.

Penthouse: What was it that went wrong between you and Bob Hawke? What could have led Bob Hawke to conclude that you were so dangerous, that all this had to be done without giving you a chance to answer it? When was the falling out?

Combe: There was never any formal falling out *per se*. The friendship between Bob and I was very close; it went back to 1965, to our first meeting really, when there was a very considerable empathy between us. From that time we became very close personal friends, our families became very close to each other and that state of the relationship continued until — and I'm sure you'll understand that I've spent many hours thinking about this — 1980. A very significant event occurred in 1980. The then leader of the party, Bill Hayden, and I found that we were very strongly in favor, after a period of some difficulty between us, of the need for a National Executive takeover of the Queensland branch of the party. In 1980 Hayden and I independently reached the view that if we were to have a chance of winning the election that year — and I believed we could win it, as did he — a surgical operation on the Queensland branch was necessary. Bill and I discussed the possibility of replacing the existing Queensland administration with a minimum of fuss. We brought John Button into the discussion and I put up a proposal to him as to how I thought it could be done. Button checked this out, came back and said he believed that it would legally stand up and we proceeded in that way. Now it was March 1, 1980 when the intervention decision against the Queensland branch took place. It was bitterly resisted by those who are now the Prime Minister's principal supporters. You see, the Queensland administration were very strong supporters of him. Hawke was in fact overseas when the intervention decision was made, and when he came back he was very unhappy about it. He was one of the principal opponents on the Executive of that intervention, along with Lionel Bowen and Mick Young. I think it's interesting that three of the principal opponents of the intervention on the National Executive at the time were three of the members of NISC [the National and International Security Committee of Cabinet] which made the decisions against me. Bob nevertheless was angry about it all; he resisted the intervention, he resisted the fervor and the determination with which Bill Hayden and I pursued it. And there was one notable occasion at Thredbo at a private sector seminar where late in the evening — I was still recovering from hepatitis and wasn't drinking and he had not at that stage taken the pledge — in an unpremeditated way, he laid into me, suggesting that my working relationship with Hayden was in some way an attack upon himself. There were some 30 or 40 private sector people from three companies there who were quite shocked at this outburst and it became a most embarrassing scene. They're the two things that I can

put his hostile attitude down to. I was very angry about his attack upon me at that function and in fact subsequently spoke to some of his colleagues in Victoria, saying that I wasn't going to put up with that sort of public humiliation again. He was less than delighted that I had informed others of this encounter at Thredbo.

Penthouse: There are perhaps two other things which might be worth thinking about in terms of Bob Hawke's antipathy towards you. One is your association with the attempt by the Labor Party in 1975 to raise large sums of money from the Iraqi government, which in public relations terms was a complete disaster. Might Bob Hawke then have formed the opinion that you were politically unreliable? The other is Bob Hawke's own about-face with the Russians after his unsuccessful attempt to negotiate the exit of Jews from Russia. The fact that you continued to associate with the Russians must have fuelled his paranoia on that subject to some extent.

Combe: Well, I'll deal with the second point first. There is no question that Bob has always had a very different attitude to relations with the Soviets than I've held — not that I've ever been a lover of their system. I have, however, always held the belief that if you are in a conflict situation you have two choices: you either stand back and hurl abuse or you try and have an ongoing dialogue in the hope that something constructive can come out of it. Now I've always taken the latter course; as far back as 1974, when I was first invited to visit the Soviet Union, Bob was of the view that I should not go. In fact I recall a dinner we had at the Canberra Rex Hotel where he sought to persuade me not to go, so his anti-Soviet feelings were apparent to me as far back as then. By 1980 there's no question that he'd become quite paranoid about the Soviets. You're quite right about his experience in 1979, when, after a long period of friendship with the former KGB chief Shelepin, followed by what he believed to be an agreement reached for the release of refuseniks, he was double-crossed by the KGB. That gave him cause to be very hostile towards the Soviets — even to a greater extent than previously. That undoubtedly gave him a blind spot about anything Soviet.

On the other matter, certainly the attempt to raise money from the Ba'ath Socialist Party of Iraq in 1975, in which the elected Prime Minister Gough Whitlam and myself had gone along with a proposal from the Victorian left winger — and very much Bob Hawke's *bete noire* — Bill Hartley, was an error of judgement. If you look at it now of course it was an act of stupidity, but if you look at it in the terms in which it was conceived in November, 1975 — when the most monumental constitutional crisis in this country's history had to come to a head with the sacking of the elected government and where most of the Labor Party believed that our political opponents were being funded from outside this nation, principally by the CIA — then I think it didn't seem so stupid. I can now look back on it and say it was stupidity, as Gough Whitlam would and, I dare say, Bill Hartley would as well.

> That's been my main objection: that a whole range of principles fundamental to democracy were thrown out the window

Penthouse: You obviously still identify with the Labor Party. Can you identify strongly with the Hawke government or are the scars now too deep?

Combe: No. Since the crisis erupted my fight has not been with the party, nor has it been with the government. It's been with a small sub-group of the government who, in respect of one particular matter which so manifestly affected me, made a terrible mistake and in my view betrayed many of the principles upon which the party had always been based. I don't believe any Australian who thinks about politics would have believed that prior to this matter there was any circumstance in this country in which a citizen could be denied due process of the law, or in which a citizen could be denied natural justice to that extent. That's been my main objection: that a whole range of principles fundamental to a democracy were thrown out the window in the decisions taken by NISC.

Penthouse: Can you see a situation in which you could ever work with Bob Hawke and a government which he still runs like a one-man band?

Combe: Well, I think in a sense I have. I took out my 22nd consecutive membership ticket in the party last December and I shall take up a 23rd when the tickets for the next party year come up.

Penthouse: But staying with the party and working with Bob Hawke are two different things.

Combe: I don't anticipate that I shall ever be working closely with Bob; our perceptions about the events of last year are just too different. I think his bitterness towards me for daring to fight against what was done to me is pretty strong, as are my bitterness and objections to the way in which decisions were taken on the 20th and 21st April, and then the way in which the Cabinet and the full Ministry was misled on April 26 and May 2.

Penthouse: So you don't really accept that there is no "animus", as he told the National Conference?

Combe: I think that his declamation that there had been no animus would have been as much a surprise to other participants in the Hope Royal Commission as it was to Ian Barker. That doesn't mean I don't support what the government's doing — I do. It hasn't been as great a force for reform as the Whitlam government was; I think that was one of the best governments this country has seen in terms of changing the direction of national policy in a whole range of areas. Nevertheless, this government has chalked up a lot of achievements: there's no doubt that its economic record has been first rate, and there's no doubt it's achieved a great deal of reform in other areas. Medicare, for example, was something it achieved which Whitlam was never able to quite put in place. But then, of course, circumstances are different. This government hasn't had to put up with a hostile Senate, a Barwickian High Court, and an overwhelming majority of conservative state governments.

Penthouse: There seems to be a contradiction here. You talk very strongly about social reform and the need for it, in which I assume you include things like redistribution of income and so on, but from the records of the Hope Royal Commission, the intercepted phone calls and the overheard lunches you tend to come over as a greedy man — not only for food and drink but also for money and power. Is that an unfair statement?

Combe: I think it's very unfair. I don't know that anything came out in any of the conversations, either with Ivanov or with others, which suggested that I was greedy *per se.* It probably said a lot about the lifestyle that I and many others in Canberra have led for years, which is to have a great many more lunches out than most people in Australia may have. In terms of money, I just find it totally objectionable that the comment I made to Ivanov, which was that the next two years will be the most economically fruitful years of my life, was something which led to accusations of greed, because ASIO reported to the government that comment in terms of me declaring a desire to enrich myself. Now I said nothing of that sort; what I did was make a statement of fact. Indeed the situation was that the company which I formed had reached a point where it had an anticipated income of — and I say this quite openly and honestly — $250,000 to $300,000. Now you would know that a company's income is a very different thing from an individual's net income or even an individual's gross income. There were to be two other partners as well. I think that if you look at that sort of gross income level of $250,000 to $300,000, then deduct from it the overheads which necessarily would have been incurred, and then divide what's left between three partners, you would find that had Richard Farmer for example come in with me, he would not have earned a great deal more than he's earning now as an employee of the Australian Consolidated Press Organisation.

Penthouse: You were talking about how you were going to make clients pay for your specialised knowledge, and you were talking, albeit in a semi-jocular way, about some sort of "job for the boy" that was due to you after these two economically productive years. That did put a lot of people — people who otherwise might have sympathised with your position — offside.

Combe: Let's put that in context. I made that statement very late at night in a private after-dinner conversation — a circumstance in which very few people anticipate that what they say is going to be recorded, transcribed and served up to the Australian people for breakfast reading. I must say that I would suspect that there have been conversations in similar circumstances in the past in which I've made — as I'm sure you have — even more outrageous references.

Penthouse: What's happened to your lifestyle since this whole episode? Are you still able to live reasonably comfortably or are you flat on your back?

Combe: I've had the good fortune of having a bank manager who's been prepared to allow my overdraft to be monumentally extended beyond the limit that was previously imposed upon me. I've really lived in the last year and a half on the basis of appreciating assets, which largely came from the estates of my parents, and an overdraft drawn against those assets. Obviously I've had to maintain at least a basic company operation because although the company has not been in the receipt of an income until recently, there was nevertheless an enormous amount of work involved for me and for the company in preparing material for the Commission, in dealing with the enormous volumes of correspondence, and dealing with the sorts of responsibilities which go with being in a fairly high profile situation.

Penthouse: What else has happened to your personal life? How important was your marriage breakup in the whole context of the trauma?

Combe: I think probably the breakup of the marriage "impacted" most heavily. I shouldn't use words like that . . . it's another one of those terrible terms which has crept into the language. I think it probably had a more devastating effect upon me in the last three months of last year. Throughout the trauma of the Royal Commission — from April on — I became untrusting of just about everybody, and I became totally dependent upon Meena. The pressures imposed upon her were enormous — my extraordinarily long period in the witness box, even my difficulties in going to the Commission each day. Every day I was in the witness box I simply couldn't sleep; I'd decide about 4 am that I wasn't going in again — I was going to pull out — and then around 6 am Meena would start the process of getting me there again and this obviously took a very heavy toll on her. There was the threat that she would have to go into the witness box and give evidence; I was strongly opposed to that because I was reluctant to see done to her what was being done to me by all the QCs representing the various parties in the Commission. Eventually I finished in the witness box on September 13, and she felt then it was appropriate for her to go away and try and regenerate her energy. Unfortunately, I took this in very bad grace — I'm afraid I reacted very badly with the things that occurred between us themselves becoming issues. We broke up and I think it probably had a more devastating effect upon me over the last quarter of last year than anything else.

> I regret that those with whom I worked so closely found it not within their capacity to show me a much greater loyalty

Penthouse: It hasn't been much of a reward for 16 years working for the Labor Party. Do you feel now that you should have gone out into private enterprise to begin with rather than go through this sort of betrayal from the movement that you've given most of your working life to?

Combe: No, I don't have those sorts of regrets. I often used to think while I was working in the party as National Secretary and times were tough — we'd lost government and were right at the bottom of the barrel, or there were fights on the National Executive — I often thought I perhaps should have stayed in South Australia. I should have gone through the chairs in the traditional South Australian way, gone into a nice safe seat in the Federal Parliament, aspired to ministerial office and had a much more comfortable life. But when I'm honest with myself I don't regret anything that I've done . . . I do regret that those with whom I worked so closely found it not within their capacity to show me a much greater level of loyalty, when I was subjected to allegations by an organisation historically hostile to the ALP, than they in fact showed me. I think probably as much as anything else my disappointment is with those who were not on the NISC, but who were in the full Ministry or in the Caucus and who were not able to stand up and publicly express outrage at what they saw was being practised against me — which was the very antithesis of the civil libertarian principles which the party purportedly stands for.

Penthouse: You're far from finished. You've got another 20 productive years left. What are they going to be used for?

Combe: Well, I suppose I've reached the

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mid-life crisis which is often talked about. I thought I'd reached not so much a crisis but a mid-life change of career in 1979-1980, when I decided to leave the employment of the party. I made that decision much earlier than it was actually announced. I informed those in the party whom I thought had a need to know so that they had ample time to make the appropriate arrangements. I left at a time when I seemed to be held in good favor by all sections of the party. And when I left the party office I didn't actually leave for the purpose of going into consulting or lobbying. I had no intention of working again between the end of July 1981 and the end of that year; I was going to spend that time catching up with my family and making decisions about the future. It was almost by accident that I got into consulting, because one major Australian organisation asked me to help them improve their understanding of the Labor Party. It seemed to be a worthwhile thing to do, given my post-1975 belief that the only way in which Labor governments can be re-elected in this country — and that in turn is a precondition for real long-term reform — is for the party to have at least an ability to work with the private sector, and for the private sector to have an understanding of what the Labor Party is all about.

Now, of course, it's a different situation. I think consulting in that form is not something either appropriate for me to do or something I want to do. I have had the opportunity in recent times to work as a media commentator and frankly I found that work quite enjoyable. For the first time in my life I have felt free to comment openly about politics without feeling constrained by having to say what I believe to be in the best interests of the party. So I'd like to continue in the role of a media commentator. I think throughout this whole terrible business one thing has sustained myself, Meena and I guess the kids, and that has been the public goodwill that has existed. I think from early on the Australian people were prepared to sit back and say, "Well there must be a smoking gun . . . that wonderful person Bob Hawke wouldn't have acted in this way unless there was." And they waited for the smoking gun to appear, and it didn't, and through that period perhaps there was a reticence on the part of people to come forward and express their support. A lot of people did come forward and express a sense of outrage at the way in which the whole thing was handled, but as the Royal Commission staggered along at a cost in excess of $2 million to the taxpayers and as nothing emerged and then when the Commission report itself came out and showed that there had been no wrongdoing on my part, members of the public came forward in an extraordinary way. A lot of people rang me or wrote to me and said it was all so terrible and told me to fight it. I made the decision that I had to fight it because I believed that if it could happen to someone who had the level of public recognition and the level of political contact that I had, then it could happen in a much worse way to people who are anonymous, much more anonymous. I had to fight it to be sure it couldn't happen again, taking advantage of my political contacts and my public persona to see to it that the issues were properly canvassed. Now, I don't believe that I could have continued had there been a good deal of public hostility. If the press had decided to turn against me, if the ordinary bloke had turned against me, I think I would have given up the fight.

Penthouse: Could it happen again now?

Combe: Well, I suppose these things can always happen, but by my own judgement one result of it all is that the inadequacies of ASIO have been totally exposed; the organisation has become a national joke. Secondly, I think the government has been so embarrassed that it will never again accept the *prima facie* evidence of a security organisation and act upon it without providing to those who are adversely affected by that information an opportunity to answer it.

> If the press or the ordinary bloke had turned against me, I think I would have given up the fight

Penthouse: The problem about this, of course, is that we just don't know. Perhaps it happens every day, but some cases don't become public in the way that yours did simply because you were a public figure.

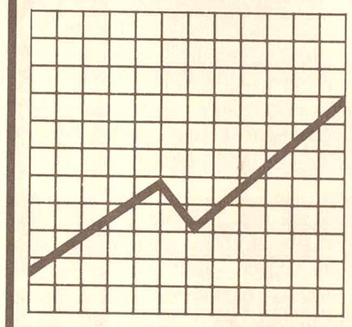
Combe: I think your're absolutely right — we don't know. You see what we do know is that the request from Director General of Security Barnett for a warrant to intercept my telephone was a quite lengthy document which in almost every clause contained either a factual error or a fantastic interpretation and analysis of a quite commonplace situation. Now on the basis of that, an Attorney-General who knew the subject well nevertheless signed a warrant to authorise interception. That was the 57th warrant for 1983, based upon the 57th request up to that point in time. In other words, all previous 56 requests had been acceded to by the previous Liberal Attorney-General Senator Durack and the Labor Attorney-General Senator Evans. Now, if there were so many errors in the request on the basis of which my phones were intercepted, one is frightened to think how many errors there could have been in the requests on the basis of which warrants were issued to authorise interception of other people's phones. I wonder just how many people there are in this country who are victims of surveillance based upon outrageously false information offered to the Attorney-General by the security organisation. You're quite right — that is the great worry.

Penthouse: Finally, has your experience persuaded you that ASIO should be abolished altogether?

Combe: Yes. I think one has to look at the roles which ASIO has to perform. First of all, I agree with the Attorney-General and with the ALP National Conference that there is no role for an organisation in this nation pursuing counter-subversive activities. Secondly, I agree with both that the Special Branches of the state police forces ought to be abolished. Thirdly, getting back to ASIO, there is undoubtedly an important role currently performed by ASIO . . . the counter-terrorist role, which needs to be performed. In my judgement, however, it could be better performed by police forces, especially the Australian Federal Police. Fourthly, another function of ASIO is security clearance of public servants. Again I would think that could be better entrusted to the Australian Federal Police. That leaves the remaining role, which is counter-espionage. Now some people in the Labor Party and elsewhere say that you don't need a security service at all. I am one of those who believe that nations do have secrets and they are going to continue to spy on each other and that we do need to have somebody performing a counter-espionage role. ASIO has a set of attitudes more appropriate to the Fifties than the Eighties, and is so punch-drunk and collectively afflicted with an inferiority complex as a result of the disclosures of last year that its employees should have their files marked "never to be employed in the same area." So I guess summing all that up, my judgement is that what we need is to pass off many of the functions of ASIO to the Federal Police, drop others and set up a new organisation which could perhaps be called the Australian Counter-Espionage Service, concentrating only on counter-espionage, an organisation about one third the size of ASIO, staffed by people who are completely new and including no-one who is currently employed by ASIO.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

PARANOID? WHO'S ASKING?



If you think you're Napoleon and are worried that the monarchs of Europe are plotting against your empire, you can skip this psychograph. You have a textbook case of paranoia, and you don't need a test like this to tell you so. Besides, you probably wouldn't believe anything we told you anyway. Paranoiacs never do.

Most people with paranoid tendencies are not quite so obviously loony, however. They harbor delusions and fears of a less picturesque, more subtle nature. They may not believe that there's an international conspiracy against them, but they think that there's a whole lot of people out there trying to screw them.

This psychograph is designed to see how much paranoia colors your outlook on life. It is not primarily constructed to identify people who suffer from extremely serious cases of paranoia. (Clinical diagnosis is beyond the scope of a short test like this.) But it may help you discover whether or not paranoid tendencies are affecting your daily behavior.

Many people with paranoid tendencies have troubled private lives. The same stealth and wariness that can make them good game players in the worlds of power and money don't foster the growth of personal relationships. Only the most persistent — and probably neurotic — woman would waste much time on a man who thinks he's the top cock in the barnyard, and who also believes everybody (including her) is out to get him.

The questions in this psychograph get quite personal. It's important that you answer them with complete candor if you want an accurate indication of just how deep your paranoia runs.

1. Do you tend to tell people about your aspirations and plans for the future?
   (a) Yes. Making plans excites me.
   (b) Often I will — although I'm not compulsive about it.
   (c) Sometimes I will — although if there's something I really want to do and I'm not sure I'll accomplish it, I'll keep it to myself.
   (d) No. My plans and aspirations are nobody's business but my own.

2. Would you say you're basically secretive by nature?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

3. Does your standard of living accurately reflect your income?
   (a) Yes.
   (b) No. I live in a way that makes people think I'm better off than I am.
   (c) No. I live like I'm poorer than I actually am. I don't want people to think I have money.

4. Does it bother you if someone can overhear you when you have to make an important phone call?
   (a) Yes, very much
   (b) I don't want a person sitting right next to me listening to every word when I have to make an important phone call, but it doesn't bother me if someone overhears bits and pieces of my phone conversations.
   (c) No. I don't really care who overhears by phone conversations. If people want to be nosy, that's their problem.

5. If you're writing a letter and someone approaches you, will you usually cover it up in some way so the person can't read it over your shoulder?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Do you generally keep your blinds, shades, or curtains closed?
   (a) yes
   (b) Only at night when the lights are on and people can see in easily.
   (c) Only when I'm doing something obviously private like undressing or having sex.
   (d) No, it doesn't bother me even if people see me walking around with nothing on.

7. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most friendly people want something from you. They don't just want to be friends. They want to take advantage of you."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

8. Do you think your relatives are scheming types who if they thought you were rich would do all sorts of underhanded things to get your money away from you?
   (a) yes
   (b) Some are like that, others aren't.
   (c) no

9. Do you think many people are jealous of you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most workers are only interested in getting ahead. They'll readily stab you in the back if you get in the way of their progress."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

11. Do you think your phone is tapped?
    (a) yes
    (b) Maybe not right now, but I think it was in the past.
    (c) Perhaps it is.
    (d) no

12. Do you think most people are honest?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. Are you fearful that you'll be the victim of a crime?
    (a) yes, very much so
    (b) somewhat
    (c) a little
    (d) no

14. Would you be more likely to agree or

disagree with this statement: "Many of the terrible things that happen in the world — wars, famines, plane crashes, etc — don't happen by chance. They are the result of conspiracies that we never hear about."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

15. Do you think the news media cover up many things that the government doesn't want us to know?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

16. Do you think most women use sex as a weapon against men?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Do you worry about contracting a disease through sexual intercourse?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) I'm sensible about whom I have sex with, but fear of venereal disease is not the main thing on my mind when my thoughts turn to sex.
(c) no

18. Do you think masturbation can cause physical or mental problems?
(a) yes
(b) no

19. Do you think that most women's genitals and sexual secretions are unclean and disgusting?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Do you like women to perform fellatio on you?
(a) yes
(b) no

21. Do you like to perform cunnilingus?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Would you enjoy anal intercourse with a woman?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Do you tell your sexual partners what type of sexual activities give you the most pleasure?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

24. Does it take a long time for you to reach decisions?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes, but not usually
(c) no

25. Which would you prefer?
(a) an exciting, varied job that has very little security
(b) a job that is quite routine but offers a lot of security

SCORING
All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest score is 125 points; the lowest, 25.

1. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-1, b-3, c-5
4. a-5, b-2, c-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
7. a-5, b-1
8. a-5, b-2, c-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-5, c-4, d-1
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-5, b-2, c-1
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-1, b-5
21. a-1, b-5
22. a-1, b-5
23. a-1, b-3, c-5
24. a-5, b-2, c-1
25. a-1, b-5

If you scored 105 to 125 points:
You exhibit virtually all the attitudinal signs of someone who has a serious case of paranoia. In your case it may not be something to joke about. As we noted earlier, a short questionnaire can't be used to make definitive judgments, but your answers suggest that it could be helpful for you to talk with a professional person, such as a psychologist.

85 to 104 points:
You appear to have very strong paranoid tendencies. You may not have the clinical sort of paranoia that lands people in mental hospitals, but your answers indicate that a paranoid style of thinking plays a large part in your life. You are likely to have a very high opinion of your own abilities (a view with which most people don't concur). This, along with your suspicious nature, may be causing great difficulties for you. Breaking this pattern is not easy, but somehow you need to come to the realisation that you may not be quite as special as you think you are and that other people are not quite as treacherous as you thought.

65 to 84 points:
You seem to have a substantial number of paranoid tendencies, but they may help you as much as they hurt you. Your ego and your suspicions may make it difficult for others — especially women — to deal with you, but those same qualities may make you an extremely effective warrior in the jungle of modern politics and finance (where there really *are* lots of people out to get you). Just try to remember that what works so effectively at the office can create all sorts of havoc in your private life.

45 to 64 points:
If there's such a thing as "healthy" paranoia, you probably have it. You are just suspicious enough and strong enough so that people don't play you for a sucker, but on the other hand, you've got a generally realistic conception of your own talents and of other people's motives.

25 to 44 points:
You have virtually no paranoid tendencies. Rather than being suspicious of other people, you may be exceedingly naive in your dealings. You may be taken advantage of frequently. And, rather than having an inflated ego, you may undervalue your worth. You shouldn't though, because you're probably a genuinely nice person. ○+

PART·THREE
ORGASM

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

Perhaps the most controversial aspect of recent research into sexuality is the enormous emphasis that has been placed on the achievement of orgasm. For many couples, the wealth of publicity about this phenomenon has meant a great deal of added pleasure. For others, however, it has led to increased frustration and disappointment.

In this instalment, the phenomenon of orgasm in both the male and female will be discussed, and I will try to answer the questions: "What exactly is an orgasm?" and "How can you tell when you've had one?" Two common problems concerning orgasm will also be considered: anorgasmia (difficulty in achieving orgasm in the female) and premature ejaculation (achieving orgasm too soon in the male). Before looking at the problems often associated with orgasm I will outline the physical processes involved.

Dr. Carl

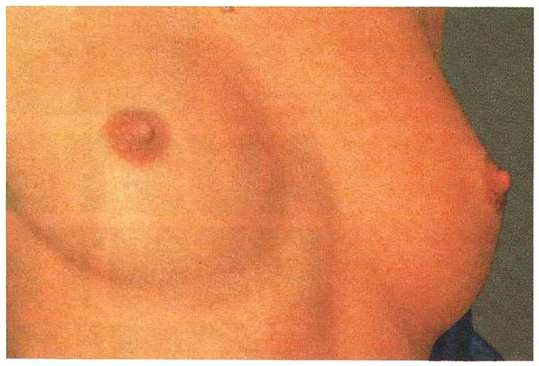
THE FEMALE ORGASMIC RESPONSE

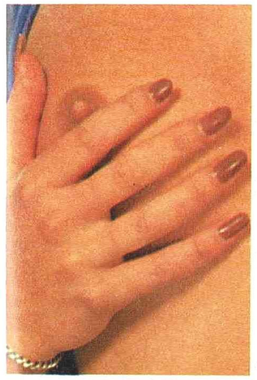
As discussed in a previous instalment entitled "Sexual Arousal", there are many important changes which occur in the female body in response to either sexual thoughts or physical stimulation. Many of these involve redistribution of blood throughout organs such as the vagina, the labia (the lips around the vagina) the clitoris and the breasts.

With increased arousal, a definite pattern of response is shown by most females. An increase in general muscle tone throughout the body occurs, and this is best exhibited in the muscles of the face, neck and arms as the point of orgasm arrives. It is as if the whole body is gearing up for a feat of physical endurance. The respiratory rate, which is normally about 10 to 14 breaths per minute, now races to 40 per minute and the heart rate (pulse), which is normally around 72 per minute, increases to between 110 and 180. Blood pressure also rises slightly.

The changes in the vagina resulting from orgasm have been measured in laboratory subjects. The most important of these is the rhythmic contraction of the outer third of the vagina. These contractions occur at intervals of about 0.8 seconds. In the studies carried out by Masters and Johnson, the subjects reported pleasurable sensations which coincided with their vaginal muscle contractions.

There is good evidence that during orgasm, contractions occur in the uterus as well as in the vagina. These have been measured by abdominal recordings and also by sophisticated intra-uterine instruments. The wave of contractions commences from the top or "fundus" of the uterus and spreads downward towards the cervix. (Although these changes have been recorded during pregnancy, there is little evidence to suggest that they are harmful to unborn children. However, some obstetricians argue that in the final weeks of pregnancy and in cases where there is a tendency to premature labor, such contractions may bring about an early labor. As well, there is some controversy concerning the relationship between orgasmic contractions of the uterus and early miscarriage. Before we alarm prospective parents, I can assure you that many mothers have had fine, healthy babies along with very active sex lives throughout their pregnancies. It is probably only reasonable to be concerned about orgasm during pregnancy if there is a definite history of either habitual miscarriage or premature labor.)



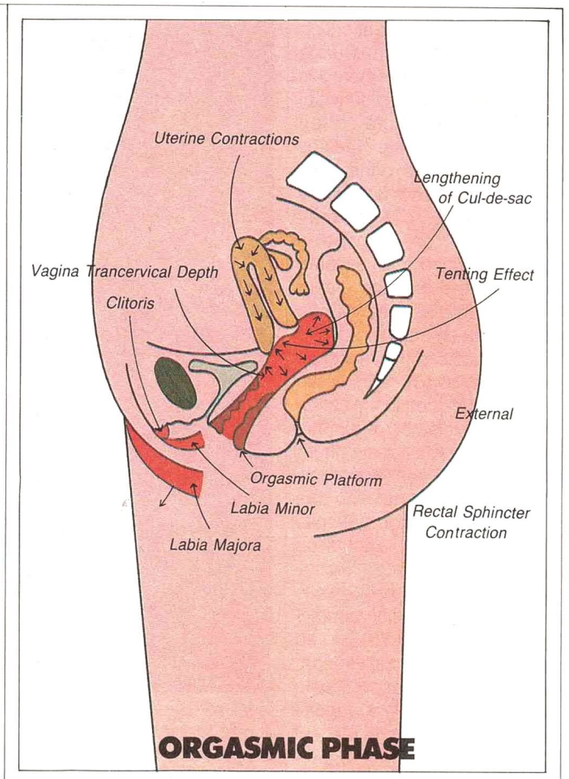


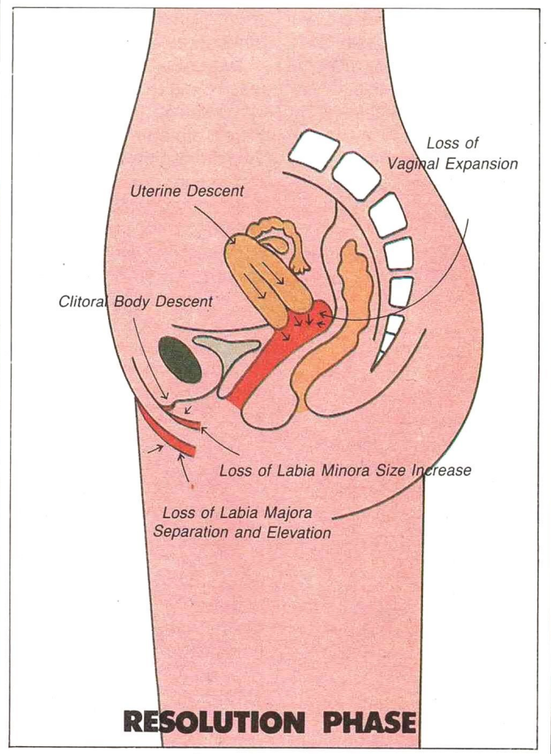
The breasts also undergo changes during orgasm. Just prior to the climax they become engorged with blood, and especially in young girls, an increase in volume can be observed. Following orgasm, the volume of the breast decreases and the tissue surrounding the nipple becomes puckered. Thus, the nipple appears erect and the areolar tissue (the area around the nipple) is corrugated. In many cases, the skin also responds to sexual stimulation so that near the time of orgasm, a sexual flush (or rash) appears around the upper chest or neck. This is particularly pronounced in fair-skinned and red-haired women.

Coinciding with these physical changes in the female body are a number of subjective or personal sensations. Women report that the feeling of orgasm varies greatly, not only in intensity but also in nature. Generally there are a number of stages that women are able to describe. Firstly, there is a feeling of intense pleasure centred around the clitoris. This is soon followed by a sensation of deep warmth in the pelvis (corresponding with the greatly enriched blood supply to this area). Finally, women describe a series of involuntary contractions of the pelvic muscles, a type of rippling sensation.

Since Sigmund Freud first described two separate types of orgasm, namely vaginal and clitoral, there has been controversy about the nature of female orgasm. Masters and Johnson in the Fifties and Sixties came to the conclusion that all orgasms were originally clitoral. Recent work tends to suggest that Freud's observations may in fact have been correct. Particularly with the discovery of the G-Spot on the inner aspect of the front of the vagina, the evidence for a vaginal orgasm has been increased. Most sexologists now believe that many women are capable of differentiating at least two types of orgasm: vaginal and clitoral. The clitoral orgasm is most likely to occur during masturbation, whereas stimulation of the internal vaginal walls (for example by the penis or finger) is more likely to result in a vaginal orgasm. Some women report that there is an actual "ejaculation" of fluid from the urethra during vaginal orgasm, and this has been clinically observed. Whilst most women are capable of achieving either a clitoral or a vaginal orgasm, only some women are able to "ejaculate."

Whether a woman has a "clitoral" or "vaginal" orgasm or is capable of "ejaculation" is not important. What does seem to matter is the quality of the sexual encounter, and as we shall see later in this article, there are a number of basic differences between male and female attitudes toward orgasm.




Loss of Vaginal Expansion
Uterine Descent
Clitoral Body Descent
Loss of Labia Minora Size Increase
Loss of Labia Majora Separation and Elevation
RESOLUTION PHASE

The diagrams illustrate the reactions in the female pelvic region during intercourse and the resolution or "return to normal" phase after orgasmic contractions.

PART·THREE
ORGASM

THE MALE ORGASMIC RESPONSE

Now let's turn our attention to the male orgasm. During foreplay, especially where this is prolonged, a drop or two of clear, sticky fluid often escapes from the meatus (opening) of the penis. The origin of this fluid is not entirely understood, but it may originate from Cowper's glands, which are situated close to the prostate gland. This is called a "preorgasmic secretory emission" and its importance lies in the fact that there may be a number of live sperm contained in the secretion. Thus it is possible that a pregnancy may result from contact between the penis and the vagina at this preorgasmic stage, despite the fact that a *true* ejaculation has not taken place. "Heavy petting", where the penis is allowed to come into contact with the vaginal fluid, even perhaps without penetration, may therefore allow some sperm to enter the vaginal canal and therefore lead to fertilisation.

The preorgasmic stage in the male is followed by two further stages of orgasm. Both of these stages are accompanied by pleasurable sensations and, as in the female, by muscular contractions. In the male, however, there is the additional factor of a build-up of seminal fluid within a confined space.

In the first stage of orgasm, the male has the sensation that he is about to ejaculate or climax. This corresponds to a considerable expansion of the bulbous part of the urethra, caused by the build-up of seminal fluid, which takes about two to three seconds. The build-up of fluid is in preparation for the second stage of ejaculation, in which the seminal fluid progresses to the meatus of the penis. This progression is caused by rhythmical contractions of the smooth muscle which surrounds the urethra and causes the ejaculate to spurt in a pulsating stream.

In general, from the psychological point of view, the male is able to differentiate between Stages One and Two of the above process. Stage One is characterised by increased penile awareness . . . the man is aware that he is about to reach climax, but at this stage, ejaculation is not inevitable. If there is a progression to Stage Two the regular contractions of the urethra just precede the event of ejaculation. During this period, the man has little or no control over his ejaculation. There does not appear to be an equivalent sense of urgency or inevitability in the female and it would seem that no matter how much the male may try to stop this stage of ejaculation, he will be unsuccessful.

The intensity of the orgasmic experience will of course depend upon the psychological circumstances surrounding the ejaculation, but as a rule, the greater the volume of ejaculate, the greater the pleasure experienced by the male. This is probably related to the pleasurable sensations experienced by the male as the bulbous urethra (beneath the prostate) expands with the tension of the seminal fluid contained within it.

Depending upon age and other factors, a further ejaculation cannot take place for some time following orgasm. Often men become worried when they realise that they're unable to ejaculate as frequently as they once could. They may even become obsessed with physical fitness or somewhat depressed. It is most unwise to focus too much attention on the number of ejaculations per sexual encounter. Most men state that their first ejaculation is the most pleasurable anyway.

As in the case of the female, the particular events which occur in the pelvis (ejaculation and pelvic contractions) are also accompanied by general changes in the body. The sensations of orgasm is accompanied by changes in muscle tone and respiratory rate, and altered functioning of the cardiovascular system. As in the female, the muscles of the head and neck become tense and with continued stimulation there is a gradual rise in respiratory rate and blood pressure. A sexual flush is sometimes observed in the neck and upper abdomen.

For a fit, healthy male the increase in respiratory rate, pulse and blood pressure are usually within his physical tolerance. Occasionally, however, men complain of a type of "climax headache" which may be related to the extremes of blood pressure experienced just prior to orgasm. Orgasm usually poses no threat to normal health, but in cases of ill health (for example, very high blood pressure or following a heart attack or stroke) it may be necessary to curtail sexual activity on medical advice. Although it is true that there is a greater risk of dying from a heart attack or stroke in the arms of your lover than in those of your wife, there is no need to become overly concerned about health and orgasm.

If, however, you have serious doubts about your health, it is wise to discuss these matters with your doctor or a specialist.

PART·THREE
ORGASM

ORGASMS - A COMPARISON

IMPORTANCE OF FOREPLAY

There seems to be little doubt that foreplay is more important to women than to men as far as achievement of orgasm is concerned. The average woman takes between 15 and 20 minutes to become fully sexually aroused, even with optimal stimulation. Perhaps in ignorance, men often rush the foreplay period, and as a result their partners are not given enough time to become relaxed, lubricated and aroused to the point where orgasm is possible.

During foreplay every effort should be made by both partners to ensure they are comfortable, relaxed and in a responsive mood. Gentle massage is an excellent way to encourage relaxation. An important difference between male and female responses is that females are apparently much more easily distracted from sexual arousal than males. This may have something to do with the relative speed of arousal, but there can be no doubt that other factors, such as a well-developed maternal instinct, can interfere with the female's response.

SINGLE AND MULTIPLE ORGASMS

Whereas the male orgasm is of relatively short duration and unlikely to reoccur for at least 15 to 20 minutes, the female orgasm may last longer period and, in many women, reoccur within a few minutes. "Multi-orgasmic women consistently report that their orgasm are successively more pleasurable. Commonly, such women say that they experience a number of "small" orgasms which precede a final, overwhelming orgasm. It is rare for men to be multi-orgasmic. One can imagine how an uninformed male may misinterpret his partner's quest for further orgasms as a sign of his sexual inadequacy. Rather than become anxious about this situation, he would be advised to enjoy *her* orgasms as part of his own sexual experience and where possible, delay his ejaculation until she has been essentially satisfied.

A word here about the "simultaneous orgasm." Although much literature has been focused on this "perfect" situation, the truth is that it is rather difficult to achieve, particularly for couples who have not known each other for a long time. Certainly, some couples regularly achieve simultaneous orgasm, but it would be unrealistic to hope for such an outcome in a newly-formed relationship.

ORGASM AS THE GOAL

Another basic difference involves the need to achieve orgasm during sexual intercourse. Many men do not realise that some women enjoy sexual encounters without necessarily achieving orgasm. This is particularly so where a long-term relationship is established. In such cases, the woman may enjoy foreplay as much as orgasm and may derive great delight from sharing her partner's enjoyment of orgasm. To many men this is a rather strange concept, especially where the male has the expectation that every sexual encounter must lead to orgasm.

Where both partners are tired or emotionally exhausted, "gentle sex" (that is, without any real aim of achieving orgasm) may be most pleasurable. Coincidentally, it often happens that simply taking away the expectation to perform enhances the possibility of orgasm occurring for both men and women.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF ORGASM

Although orgasm is a highly subjective experience, certain observations can be made. There is something exciting about a newly-formed relationship and arousal in such cases may be extremely powerful. For many of us, however, the pleasure of sexuality shared within the context of a long-term relationship has its own special rewards, and many couples report that the quality of their orgasm gradually improves with the closeness of the relationship.

At the actual momen of orgasm, some women state that they "see" colored patterns or stars; some feel as if their whole body is throbbing from the pelvis upwards; others may even appear to "black out" for a few seconds. Although men occasionally describe similar sensations, these appear to be less common than in women. Men often state that orgasm "feels as if my whole body was reduced within my penis" and the sensation of orgasm may be described as "explosive."

The importance of fantasy in enhancing the quality of orgasm cannot be overestimated, and there seems to be good evidence that those who have vivid imaginations and a rich fantasy life appear to achieve orgasm more easily. Certainly, in cases where a person is having difficulty in arriving at orgasm, the mechanism of fantasy will often greatly assist the person to achieve that goal.

Foreplay is vital in arousing a female to orgasm. The average woman requires between 15 and 20 minutes foreplay to attain full sexual arousal. Gentle massage and non-genital stimulation are recommended ways to encourage relaxation.

PREMATURE EJACULATION

Almost every man has had the experience of being so excited that he has reached orgasm too quickly for effective intercourse to take place. This in itself is usually not a problem unless such a situation occurs regularly, leaving both the man and the woman dissatisfied. The problem is much more likely to occur in young men and those who are sexually inexperienced, and if there is overemphasis on the possibility of "coming too soon" then the clinical problem of premature ejaculation is likely to result.

Premature ejaculation can be described as ejaculation which occurs too early for satisfying intercourse to take place. The period from stimulation to ejaculation in males suffering from this problem is usually about two to three minutes, but may be as little as 30 seconds. Without treatment, especially if allowed to continue for some time, this condition may have quite serious effects on both partners, and may cause big problems in the relationship. The result of premature ejaculation for the male may be that he sees himself as inadequate and a poor lover. He may tend to shy away from social situations in which sex is likely to occur. Commonly, because this is such a personal problem, he may find difficulty in discussing it with his partner(s). He will often refuse to acknowledge that he has a problem, and it may not be until he has had a series of relationships ending in sexual failure that he finally realises the need to seek assistance. The effect on his partner may be equally devastating. Whereas initially the partner was prepared to be patient and loving, eventually this attitude gives way to feelings of exasperation, anger and depression.

INCIDENCE

There are very few figures on the incidence of premature ejaculation. Many sexologists estimate that as many as three to six percent of the adult male population in Australia suffers or has suffered from premature ejaculation.

The tragedy is that the majority of these men could easily be treated. Unfortunately, very few present themselves to sexual therapists for treatment despite the fact that the cure rate may be as high as 90 percent. (Because of the lack of statistics regarding premature ejaculation, I would be pleased to hear from anyone who has suffered from this condition.)

CAUSES

There are two widely held theories concerning the origin of premature ejaculation. The first centres around early masturbatory techniques. In this situation the boy or young man has used masturbation (often accompanied by vivid fantasy) to achieve sexual satisfaction. He learns that within a few minutes of autostimulation, he is able to achieve ejaculation relatively easily. When this habit is transferred to intercourse with a partner, problems may develop. It is possible that his early learning behavior may interfere with the sexual response when there is a partner present. The added stimulation of a real-life fantasy, for example a woman undressing before him, may be sufficient to bring about an almost instant ejaculation.

A second theory is that premature ejaculation is merely one manifestation of stress within the male concerned. Although this is difficult to prove, from a clinical point of view, it often has a sound basis and it is usually possible to demonstrate a number of stressful life events in such patients. The man may see himself as being in some form of competition with his partner, or may feel that he has to prove himself.

TREATMENT

Whatever the cause of premature ejaculation, the good news is that in the vast majority of cases professional help will lead to an improvement in the condition. The sexual therapist will want to take a detailed sexual history, involving general health and relationship problems. Then if the partner is available for consultation, the therapist will usually wish to see both parties together. The co-operation and encouragement of the partner is actively sought and a detailed program of home therapy is mapped out for the couple.

Such simple suggestions as an increase in sexual frequency (either through masturbation or intercourse) may be sufficient to delay the ejaculatory process, but in long-standing cases it may be necessary to commence what is known as the Sensate Focus Program. This involves a series of graduated exercises, the most important goals being to remove the pressure to perform sexual intercourse and to rekindle non-genital sensations. Sometimes this program may be combined with the Masters and Johnson squeeze technique, in which the woman applies pressure to the coronal ridge of the penis in order to gain control over the man's urge to ejaculate. This technique is usually very successful, but will probably require the assistance of a sex therapist.

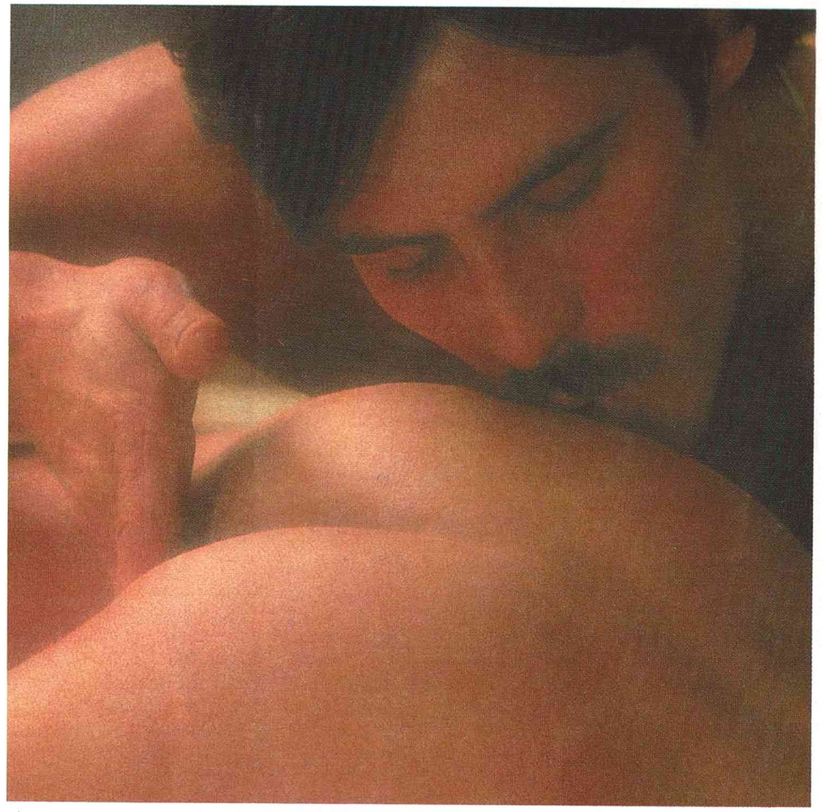
ANORGASMIA: THE 'FRIGID' FEMALE

In recent years a considerable amount of pressure to experience orgasm has been placed on women. As a result, there are many women who feel that pressure but who simply have not achieved a true orgasm. Such women may even feel the need to "fake" orgasm for their partner's benefit. Whilst this may have some advantages for the relationship as a whole, the chances are that the artificiality of such sexual encounters will eventually come to the fore.

CAUSES

Kinsey has shown that something like 99 percent of little boys learn to masturbate to orgasm at some stage of their sexual development. Little girls, on the other hand, do not appear to be as sexually explorative as boys. In addition, there are a number of reasons why females are not encouraged to indulge in self-stimulation. Such important influences as parental attitudes, church teachings and social attitudes towards "femininity" tend to dissuade women and girls from enjoying the pleasure of touching their own bodies, and from allowing others to touch them. Thus there is less likelihood that women in our society will have achieved orgasm through masturbation than men. If we add to this the fact that most women require at least 15 to 20 minutes of stimulation for full arousal to occur, it is understandable that many women find it difficult to achieve orgasm during intercourse.

The majority of women are in fact able, given time and the right circumstances, to arrive at orgasm with self-stimulation or masturbation. For some, this may take practice and patience. A vivid imagination helps. The difficulty, however, arises when a woman is capable of achieving orgasm during her quiet moments of masturbation — when she is best able to fantasise — but finds that she is incapable of reaching any feeling like an orgasm during intercourse. This situation may leave her anxious and frustrated, and if her partner is aware of this inability to orgasm, there may be serious difficulties for the relationship. She may even feel guilty over her inability to reach orgasm, and may become significantly depressed as she accepts the blame for the situation. Her partner may compound the problem by feeling that it is the result of a failure on his part. Thus the stress on the relationship may be enormous.



Most women can achieve orgasm through masturbation, given ample time and the right circumstances. However, a great many experience orgasm difficulties during intercourse. Adequate foreplay, an understanding partner and sex therapy can remedy this problem.

TREATMENT

The treatment of anorgasmia can be a great challenge to even the most experienced sex therapist. In most cases there is a clear history of incomplete sex education, often compounded by strict parental upbringing and church teachings which do not encourage freedom of sexual expression. It is not up to the therapist to take a moral point of view. The therapy should be directed at providing specific information, improving communication difficulties and reducing anxiety for the woman. Again this may involve taking a detailed sexual history, and wherever possible, will involve the partner as well.

The therapist may suggest a home program of self-awareness in which the woman is given "permission" to enjoy her body and the feelings that are engendered by her partner. Once it is clear to the therapist that the subject is able to achieve orgasm by masturbation, the next step is to seek the active co-operation of her partner. If the communication between the couple is good and trust is established, then it is usually possible for the woman to teach her partner what feelings are pleasurable for her. By far the most important aspect of therapy centres around enjoyment of the experience, rather than the need to perform. In this way, the pressure to reach orgasm is removed.

The simple act of removing this requirement may be all that is necessary in some cases. In others, particularly where there is long-standing resentment and frustration, the problem may need to be examined further.

LETTERS

Traumatic sex

I am divorced, aged 35, and have been separated from my wife for about four years. A few months ago I met a really wonderful lady, my age, with whom I have a great deal in common. Her husband was killed about two years ago in a motor vehicle accident, something which took her a long time to get over, and for this reason our relationship was for a long time based on companionship. After one romantic evening, however, she agreed to come back to my flat, where it became pretty obvious to both of us that the evening was going to culminate with intercourse.

I was very much aware of the need to be gentle, and foreplay took about an hour and a half. Everything seemed to be going wonderfully until she finally climaxed . . . and then she just burst into tears. Her crying lasted for about five to 10 minutes and it was impossible to talk with her during this time. At first I thought I had hurt her physically, and then I wondered whether she was sorry that we had made love. All she would say to me was, "Please don't worry. It's not your fault . . . it was really wonderful."

Her response has made me a little wary because I certainly don't want to jeopardise our relationship. Could you please give me some advice? — *Mr P. W., Neutral Bay, NSW*

From the sound of your letter the two of you have developed a warm and caring relationship, and you would expect that this would set the scene for a successful sexual relationship. However, there is an important aspect to the female response to orgasm which we need to consider. This is in relationship to orgasm which occurs some months or even years after a previous orgasm. Examples might be a widow who has not experienced orgasm for some time, a young girl who for the first time has experienced an "explosive" orgasm, or a woman who may have experienced a great deal of violence with sex in the past. Such women are likely to be somewhat "overcome" with emotion at the time of orgasm. Uncontrollable crying is quite common at this time and in itself is nothing to worry about.

In fact, this phenomenon may be an expression of the success of her orgasm. My suggestion is for you to discuss this reaction with your girlfriend in a non-sexual situation, but don't be surprised if she isn't able to give any more rational explanation than "it was just so overwhelming."

Erection problem

I just got out of prison,where I spent 15 years. During that time I had no sexual contact with women because there were none. My sexual release was obtained by masturbating.

. I am not queer and still want to have normal sex with women in the free world. I am 37 years old and in pretty good physical shape. My problem is that I cannot keep an erection with a woman when I get her into bed. She can fellate me and everything else, and I only get a partial hard-on. Yet when I'm by myself I can wake up with a very hard erection.

I'm taking all the vitamins I need and I eat regularly. I even take heavy doses of zinc and vitamin E but I still cannot find a solution to my problem. Maybe others have had a problem like this, but it is getting me down mentally now and I need help. — *Mr K.L., Carlton, Vic*

While various professionals debate the sexual enhancement value of such items as zinc and megadoses of vitamin E, I am sorry to say that they will not do the trick for you, regardless of how heavy the doses. Your problem does not have a physiological base. We know this because of your ability to achieve a full "morning erection." That's the good news.

The bad news is that you have spent most of your adult life in an environment that doesn't in any way, shape or form support psycho-sexual health. You have been prevented from acting on your sexual preferences and confronted with sexual attitudes and behavior that are uncomfortable, if not alien to you. Given this, it's never surprising when an ex-inmate has difficulty establishing intimacy with another person. Prison breaks our intimacy habit!

My suggestion to you is to move slowly. Get to know your prospective partner first. Begin to feel comfortable with her. Let things happen at their own pace. When you feel she is someone you can trust, and when you feel like you want to have sex for fun or intimacy, and not to prove anything, I think you will once again find you can attain a satisfactory erection with a woman.

NEXT...

In the next instalment of the *Penthouse* Guide to Human Sexuality we will consider the subject of sexual hygiene. The increasing incidence of sexually transmitted disease in the Eighties has caused concern in medical circles. The next sealed section will present the latest facts on STDs, offer advice on avoiding them, and tell you what to do if you find yourself in the unhappy position of having to make rash accusations to your partner.

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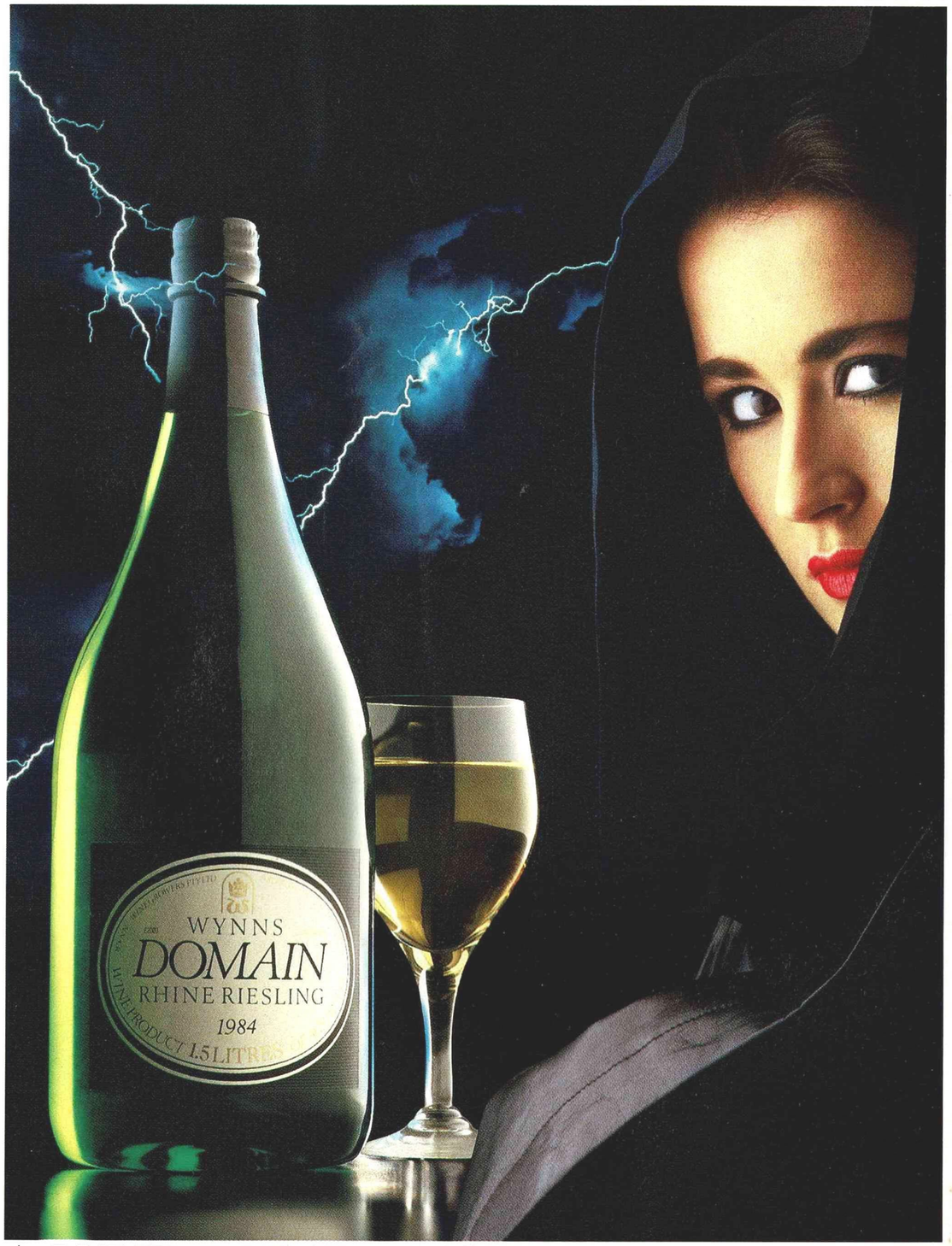

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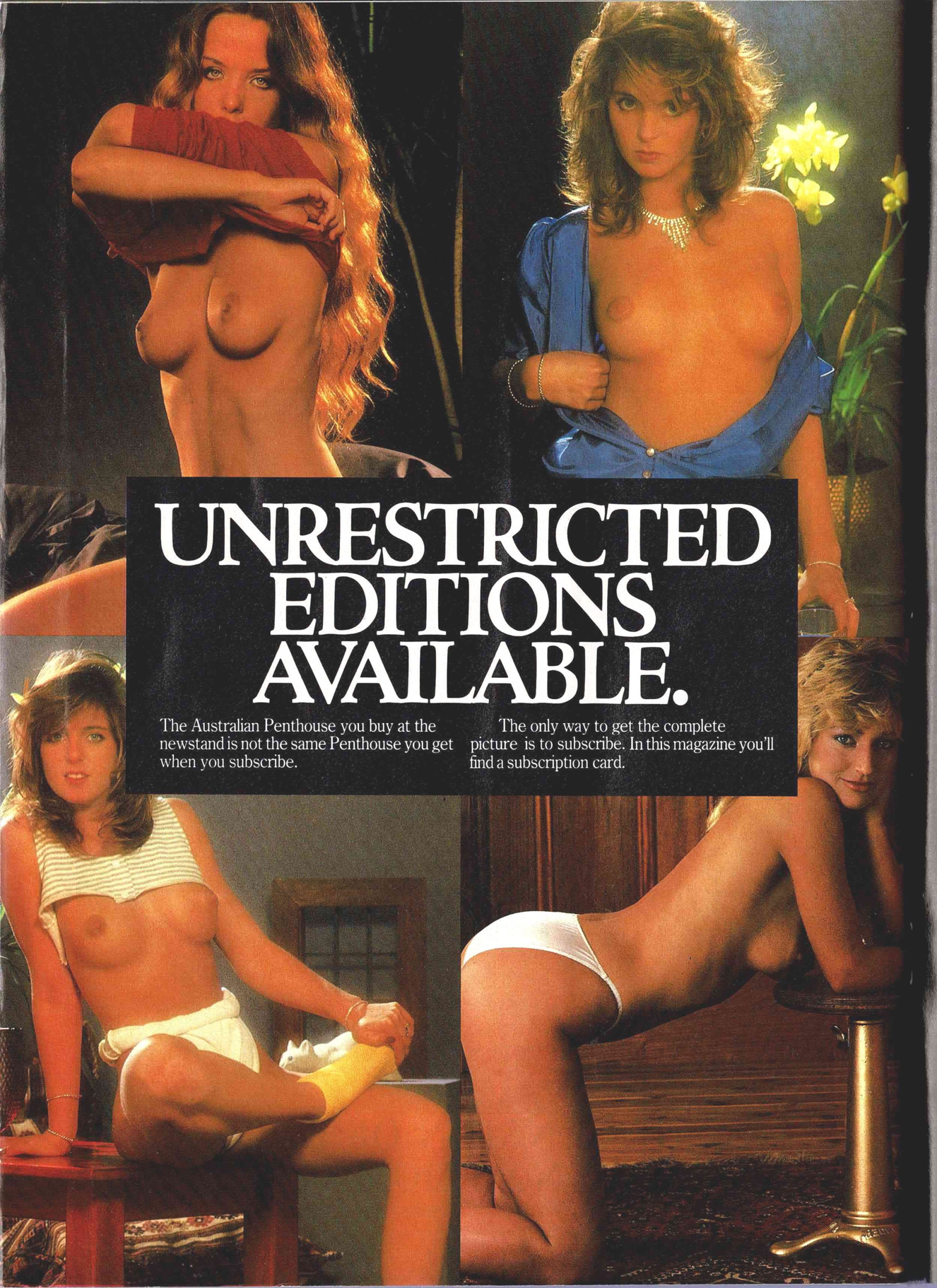

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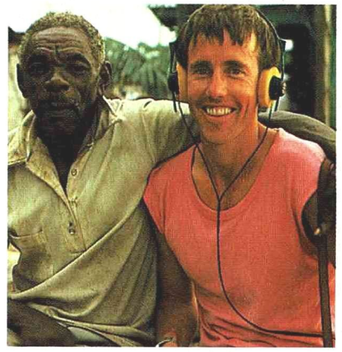
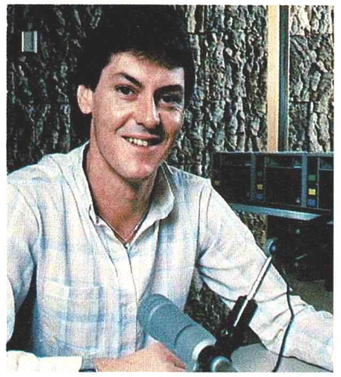


DAVID BRADBURY

David Bradbury has packed a lot into his 33 years, and as a documentary film maker he has made it his business to share those experiences with his audiences. Not that business has always run smoothly for Bradbury. Since he left his job as an ABC journalist in the late Seventies, Bradbury has made three critically acclaimed films but after each he's faced an uphill battle to acquire funding for further projects. His first film, *Frontline*, was a profile of Australian cameraman Neil Davis against the backdrop of the Vietnam War. It picked up a swag of local and overseas film prizes and was nominated for an Academy Award. Bradbury then moved on to invest his own money in *Public Enemy*, a portrait of controversial Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett. Funding bodies then refused Bradbury's application when he proposed a film about Nicaragua after the Sandinista Revolution on the grounds that its subject matter would not grab the interest of audiences. Bradbury went ahead, begging, borrowing and stealing to make *No Pasaran* — a study of Nicaragua today using interviews with peasants, insurgents, politicians and soldiers airing their views on US intervention in their country. Growing Australian interest in Latin America guaranteed healthy crowds when *No Pasaran* was screened earlier this year. Regarding funding, Bradbury can only keep his fingers crossed: "I think the situation is changing. There is a growing realisation among funding bodies that Australians are interested in documentaries and things that are happening beyond our shores. But it's a slow process." Money will also be the bottom line in Bradbury's plans to make films about novelists Patrick White and Graham Greene and American Orson Welles. But it's a good bet that he'll make those films and others, even if he has to spend his last cent to do it. In his own words: "I will continue to make films because I have a passion and a desire to make films about people and issues we should be aware of."

DEBBIE NEWSOME

Cupid's arrow, or rather Cupid's arrow combined with the slings and arrows of outrageous personal criticism, hit a rich ratings vein this year. The old *Blind Date* theme was dug up and dirtied up for the naughty Eighties in the form of *Perfect Match* — a runaway success that took just about everyone by surprise. Cupid's little helper Debbie Newsome was one of those who never doubted the show's huge potential. "Boy meets girl, holiday romance, boy and girl kiss and tell — how could it fail?" says the 23-year-old former model. Debbie also admits that she would definitely have been a contestant on the show had she not been chosen last year to co-host with Greg Evans. "I would have been in there like a shot," she says. "I'm a sucker for that sort of thing and I've always loved a good giggle." It's easy to believe her. She's a natural, lively chatterbox who's quick with a joke and a laugh. In short, just the type you might expect to pop around the *Perfect Match* partition with a peck for a likely lad. As it is, Debbie's THE *Perfect Match* girl and she loves it. Her only complaint is that she's been having so much fun on the show that she's developing laugh lines. Sydney-born Debbie began modelling at age 15 and her work took her around the world. She was one of James Bond's blondes in *For Your Eyes Only* and has done a little acting work in Australia. She's thinking about singles at the moment — the flat black kind — as she works towards launching a singing career. Debbie says both her parents were singers and her family has a long tradition in showbiz. A great uncle was a celebrated rodeo sharpshooter and a great-great-grandfather achieved dubious celebrity world-wide as The Man Of A Thousand Faces. Debbie may only have the one face, but in 1984 it has been one of the best-known on Australian television, laugh lines and all.

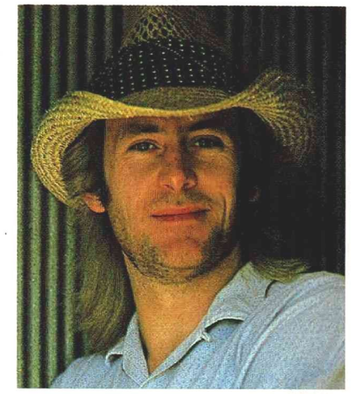


KEVIN HILLIER

If Kevin Hillier isn't one of the best-known voices in Melbourne, it's not through lack of exposure. Hillier, 28, is heard seven days a week on radio station 3XY — and that makes him unique. He's the only metropolitan radio personality in Australia who, to the ears of loyal listeners, never takes so much as a single day off. But you can't believe everything you hear. Hillier uses the oldest trick in the radio book to give the impression he lives at the station: his weekend shows are taped during the week. Hillier hosts 3XY's morning show between nine and noon; each weekday he interviews newsmakers and chats with his various "lifestyle" correspondents in between records. What promises to shoot him into airwaves stardom is an outrageous show called *Off The Record*. It would be more appropriate to call it *Off The Wall* because *OTR*, which assaults the senses at 10am every Sunday, is radio's answer to the "Discussion" segment on *Hey, Hey It's Saturday Night*. Since *OTR*, first aired mid-year, it's picked up a rapidly growing cult following. Hillier also hosts 3XY's version of the ubiquitous Top 40 Countdown at six on Saturday nights. Apart from his long hours and diversity, Hillier is also unusual because, as disc jockeys go, he's something of a stay-put. Before he joined XY in 1982 as the station's drivetime announcer, his only previous big city experience was a long stint at Brisbane's Radio IO. Moving into the morning slot at the beginning of this year was an all-new experience for the easy-going Hillier. Nine till noon was the only shift he hadn't done, and he'd certainly never had to cope with a regular guest like sex therapist Bettina Arndt. He admits that the forthright Miss Arndt has made him uncomfortable on occasions. "When Bettina asks you if you've ever suffered from premature ejaculation, that's difficult! Initially I didn't know how much of myself I wanted to give on air, but now I'm used to it and it's great being able to talk so openly about sex."

TRACY MANN

Tracy Mann says she has an affinity with the gutter. It's not that she's ever spent any time there, but whether she's working on a film, a TV series, or the stage, more often than not Tracy ends up acting in tough "street level" productions. In fact her role as a widowed mother of three in the upcoming TV mini-series *Cowra Breakout* is one of her rare appearances in a period piece. Ever since she first trod the boards in a primary school production of *Toad Of Toad Hall* Tracy has wanted to be an actress. She stepped straight from school into her first professional role, playing a beetle in *Winnie The Pooh*, then left her hometown of Adelaide for Melbourne at the age of 16 to take up the role of Tina the cleaner in *The Box*. Various bit roles in numerous TV dramas followed, until Tracy's "big break" came in 1979 when she appeared in the film *Hard Knocks* and collected a handful of awards (including the Australian Film Institute's Best Actress Award) for her effort. That film also established her reputation for excelling in "street-wise" roles; her next film appearance was as a drug addict in *Going Down*. The past year has been a big one for Tracy: she's been in the feature film *Fast Talking*, the highly successful ABC TV series *Sweet And Sour*, and two plays, *Catholic Schoolgirls* and *Performing Seals*. Tracy's keen to travel, having whetted her appetite with a month in New York last year. She'd like to "hit Europe with a vengeance", but insists that her career will always take priority. "This business is so fickle . . . if a job comes along you take it," says Tracy. "You never know when the bottom is going to fall out of the bucket." That may be so, but with Tracy's reputation so established it's hard to see her booking her trip to Europe for some time to come.



BILLY BIRMINGHAM

Having written and produced the two most successful singles on the Australian charts in 1983 and '84, Billy Birmingham is laughing all the way to the bank . . . and everyone who purchased those comedy records — "It's Just Not Cricket" by The Twelfth Man and Austen Tayshus' "Australiana" — is no doubt laughing too. In an industry dominated by egomaniacs whose main talents often lie in the area of self-promotion, this comedian remains a remarkably anonymous figure. Is he shy? No, just a little nervous. "I don't feel comfortable being a performer, sitting on the couch chewing the fat with Bert Newton, or trying to be a funny guy," says Birmingham. "That sort of thing results in a whole lot of pressures that I don't need. I have done a few live radio interviews and I shit like a big black dog when it's happening. I don't really enjoy it." What Birmingham does enjoy is tucking himself away in a studio and putting some bent jokes down on tape. His record sales reflect the fact that his brand of humor has found a larger audience than any other Australian comedian since Paul Hogan in his heyday. Birmingham's quick-witted punning and devastating double entendres helped to launch Austen Tayshus' career as Australia's commando of comedy. That partnership dissolved amicably last year. Then Birmingham, who runs a creative consultancy with his partner Roger Langford, came up with his parody of the Channel Nine cricket commentary which became this year's biggest-selling record. Its success has guaranteed some sort of sequel. The Twelfth Man is currently fishing around for a suitable subject. Birmingham is also looking at the television and film media as vehicles for his humor. When asked to define his brand of humor, he says it's "stupid — it relies on stupidity, because the jokes have no rhyme or reason. The lines I find most satisfying on the cricket record are the most stupid ones."

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

USA
VALERIE

When lovely Valerie Milton was a little tyke she suffered from an unfortunate speech defect. She struggled hard to overcome her impediment, however, and now the 22-year-old speaks so perfectly that she works as a TV weather girl in Tucson, Arizona. Valerie maintains that with a little determination a girl can do anything. And that's not just a statement she pays lisp service to.

PHOTOS BY ROGER ADDISON

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

FRANCE
JANET

Life can be a hell of a grind when you're a singer with a frog in your throat. Which explains why Janet Dupres, who sings and dances at a Parisian nightspot called Le Chat Noir, has been miming her act during the past week. "It could prove a blessing in disguise," whispered 20-year-old Janet. "I'm told Marcel Marceau got his break the same way."

PHOTOS BY JEAN-PIERRE GASNIER

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

ENGLAND
LYDIA

It was aristocratic Lydia Chambers' rebellious streak which prompted her to strip for the camera. When she first saw these photos, 19-year-old Lydia, the daughter of a former Tory backbencher, nearly choked on a cucumber sandwich, and wondered with a mischievous glint in her eye, "I'm so awful. What on earth will daddy say?"

PHOTO BY KEN FALOON

Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your order now to avoid disappointment.

The price is $10.50, but if you are a subscriber the cost will be just $9.50.

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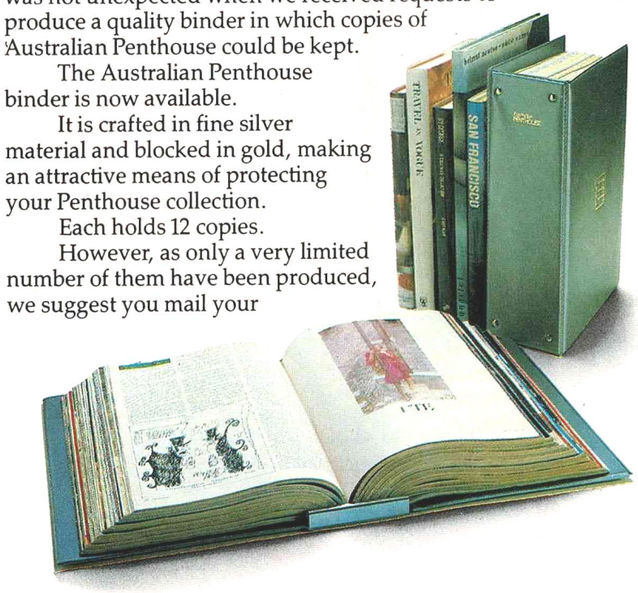

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ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY VICTOR SUVOROV

The author is a former Red Army officer who uses the pseudonym "Victor Suvorov." Before his defection to the West he was a top officer in the GRU, Russia's top-secret spy organisation whose mission is to assess the military capabilities of other nations. This is an excerpt from his forthcoming book Inside Soviet Military Intelligence, which will be published by Macmillan.

HOW TO TRUMP THE ACE OF SPIES

I'd like to beg all who are responsible for the security of the West: be human. Expel Soviet spies occasionally. By expelling one you enable others to reduce their frantic activity. A spy is a human being. He bears on his shoulders the immense pressure of the gigantic GRU establishment, and he has no excuse for any lapses. He needs one, so be human.

Who should be expelled first? The answer is obvious: the chief resident spy in each embassy. The expulsion of the resident is equivalent to clearing the king off the chessboard: it spells checkmate to the *residentura* (spy network) no matter how aggressive and successful that network is. Usually the local police know who the chief resident is. He is easy to identify. He has already served abroad for 12 to 15 years, has been very active, and judging by the signs, has been successful. Now here he is serving abroad again, in a senior diplomatic post, hardly ever leaving the embassy, but sitting there motionless, like a spider. Clearly it is against him that all forces must be mobilised. This is not easy. He breaks no laws, does not speed on highways, carries no stolen secrets in his car. But he is more dangerous than all his subordinate officers put together.

There is a deep-seated and erroneous belief that known residents should not be allowed into a Western country. Sometimes they aren't; sometimes they are simply not granted entry visas. This is a mistake. I will try to explain, using one special resident as an example. He was a man of unflinching will and powerful intellect, a true ace of spies; careful, perfidious, calculating, and fearless. He was promoted to major-general at the age of 36, and he had a brilliant career in front of him in the upper echelons of the GRU. But all he wanted was to be a resident, and as a result he remained a major-general. Without any doubt the security services in the West knew him well. Prior to one of his postings abroad the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs asked for a Belgian visa for him. It was refused. They requested a French one — it was refused again. Then a West German one — refused again. Finally a small country with a soft, friendly government agreed to grant him entry. The GRU gave the resident his final briefing, which of course included the names and addresses of the members of the network run by the *residentura*. As soon as he arrived in the country he started extending the network speedily and vigorously, until it was working successfully against the United States, Belgium, France — against all the countries that had refused him entry. In other words, barring a resident from a country does not mean rendering his network ineffective.

Now imagine another set of circumstances. Supposing the country that was first approached, in this case Belgium, had issued the visa. The resident would be briefed — let into all the *residentura* secrets — and would arrive in the country. However if, three to four months later, Belgium found some reason or other to expel him, the result would be threefold:

1. The resident will have had time to disrupt the existing system of work in the residency, but not to build up a new system.
2. Having to leave the country suddenly, the resident will leave his army without a commanding officer. Time will be needed for the successor's visa application and more time to brief the new resident. In the interim the residency will remain inactive.
3. The experienced resident, on returning to Moscow, will be completely neutralised. For the following three to four years, visa applications cannot be sent for him either to France or West Germany or any other allied country that Belgium will have notified.

One experienced, authoritative, demanding, and merciless resident serving in a neutral country with 10 officers under his command can sometimes harm the West more than 200 very active GRU officers working in the United States, Great Britain, West Germany or France.

How should one go about the business of expulsion? The short answer is: as noisily as possible. To expel a Soviet spy is of course a victory. But to expel him noisily means that you are making as much capital out of the victory as you can. The silent expulsion of a Soviet spy is an action directed against one man. The noisy expulsion is a slap in the face for the GRU and for the KGB; it is an action directed against all their spies and against the thousands of unstable people prepared to listen to the proposals of the Soviet intelligence service.

Here is another example I encountered during my career with the GRU. I had a reasonably good relationship with a young citizen of another nation who agreed to "lose" his passport. In return he would "find" some money. This was the first step toward the morass. Further well-tried steps were planned that would have pushed him in deeper each time; once in, he would never have been able to get out. However, on the day scheduled for our meeting, an insignificant local paper published an item stating that 50 percent of the Soviet embassy staff were spies. I managed to convince the young man I wasn't, and we remained good friends — but nothing more. He did not take the crucial step. At the time I felt my failure deeply. But what can a poor GRU spy do in a situation when the powerful free Western press publishes such items at the least suitable moment?

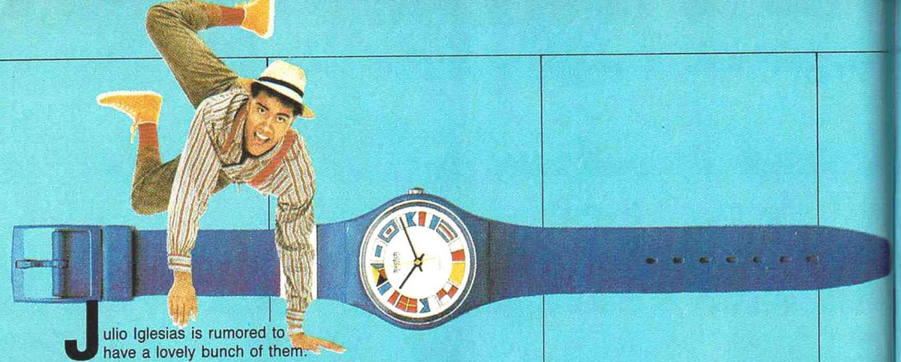
Finally the question arises as to how many Soviet spies should be expelled. The only answer is: all. What do you need them for? Why keep them in your country? They are professionals specially selected and trained to destroy your country. If you have the evidence to prove that they are spies, expel them. There is a theory that it is better to unearth a spy and keep him under surveillance than to expel him, because then a new one will be sent in and you will not know whom to keep under surveillance. That is correct. But every expelled spy represents a nightmare to the new ones, who fear being appointed as replacements. Secondly, intelligence experience is much more valuable than any amount of education, and one experienced spy is a hundred times more dangerous than a young, green one. The more inexperienced spies you have in your country the more mistakes will be made, and the easier it will be to watch them.

But if you expel people, runs the argument, the Soviet Union will retaliate and expel your own innocent diplomats from Moscow. That is so. But there is an antidote to that: you must expel large groups of diplomats simultaneously. Look at these statistics: Holland expelled one, the Soviet Union expelled two; Turkey expelled one, the Soviet reply: two. But if you increase the number to five the Soviet will expel five or fewer. Canada expelled 13, the reply: two. France expelled 47, the reply: none.

Great Britain simultaneoulsy expelled 105 (the entire staff of the GRU and KGB residencies). There was no comeback. If you take similar action against Soviet spies I guarantee that your diplomats in Moscow will be safe. I guarantee that your diplomats will be greatly respected, and that the Soviet leadership will look for opportunities to improve its relations with you. The Soviet leadership understands and acknowledges strength — only strength and nothing else. The Soviet Union will respect the sovereignty of any country, no matter how small it looks on the map, but only if that nation respects its own sovereignty and defends it.

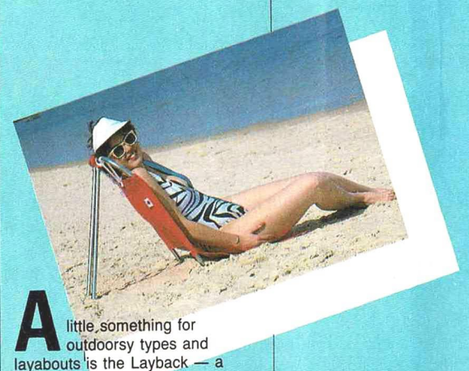
> One experienced resident serving in a neutral country can sometimes harm the West more than 200 very active GRU officers working in the United States

LOOSE ENDS

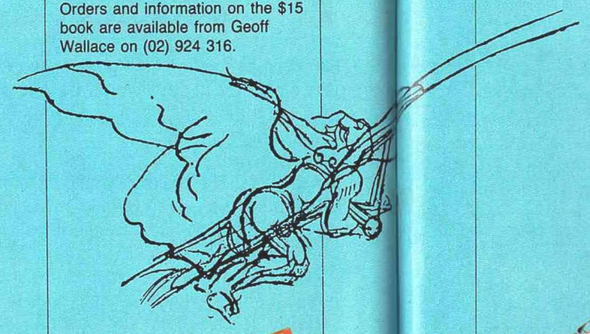


Julio Iglesias is rumored to have a lovely bunch of them. But don't let that put you off the Swatch, the new quartz watch from Switzerland that's doing a good job of taking over the world. The Swatch is shock resistant, waterproof to 30 metres, light as a feather and available in a wide range of fashion colors and styles that are constantly being updated for seasonal fashions. For less than $40 at department stores, jewellery shops and boutiques, it's never been cheaper to be trendy.

So you've just invented a better mousetrap. A solar powered pogo stick. Peanut butter that doesn't stick to the top of your mouth. Anything? Find out what to do next in *How To Make Money From Inventions*, a comprehensive and easy-to-read guide for inventors and anyone interested in this field. Written by members of the Inventors Association of Australia, it contains everything you need to know about getting the most from your invention. Orders and information on the $15 book are available from Geoff Wallace on (02) 924 316.



A little something for outdoorsy types and layabouts is the Layback — a combination backpack and back rest for lazing about the beach. It's made of strong rust-proof metal tubing, nylon and PVC-backed acrylic in a summery range of fade-free colors. As a backpack there's enough storage space to carry a sleeping bag or even water skis. I'd like to see someone trying to do the latter. As a back support it allows several angles from the bolt upright to the very laidback. About $19.95 at selected retailers.



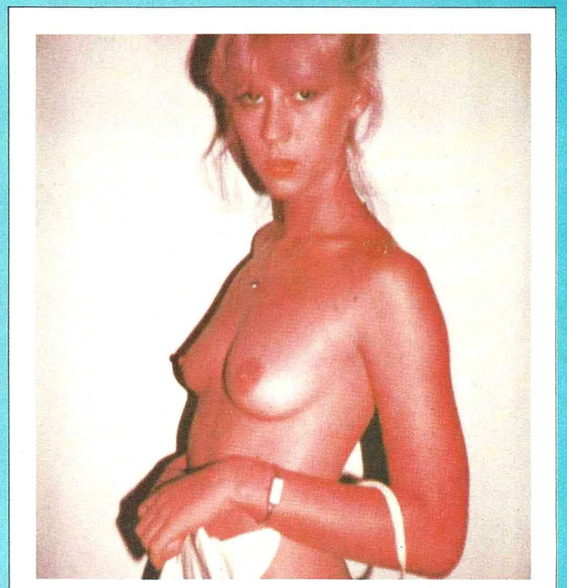
Ready to use.
THE ORIGINAL
Bondi Sand
PACK
Carefully selected from the golden shores of Bondi Beach, each grain has been individually tested for it's authenticity and originality.
BONDI MATE
SEAL of APPROVAL
MADE IN TAIWAN

I had my pet rock put to sleep. It just sat around moping all day so a friend buried it for me. The Bondi Sand Pack looks like it holds a bit more promise. Sand man Lewis Denton says there are more uses for his packets of sand than there are grains on Bondi Beach. Uses like: "Throw into eyes of antagonist during brawl" and "Vital ingredient in stutterer's lunch (sandsandwich)." Clever BS owners can dream up their own ways to enjoy the packs. Like: "Dumb present to send to friends overseas at Christmas." Two dollars stretches your creativity at tourist shops, novelty stores and pet emporiums countrywide.

Call it a status symbol, call it a wet cheque, set fire to it and call it a towelling inferno. As you can see it's a Diners Club towel, guaranteed to win you friends and dry you off at the beach. Anyone can get a Diners Club towel by writing to Diners Club at 394 Latrobe St, Melbourne. With postage the towel will dry up $33.90 of your liquid assets.

We didn't put the entries to the August Momo competition into the *Penthouse* Esky — somehow it didn't seem right. We put them in the office manager's handbag — the only thing big enough and leather enough for the job. The first correct entry out of the bag was her hairbrush; the next was one from Roger Lempire of Blackwater in Queensland. Roger wins a MOMO Pinninfarina designed steering wheel and MOMO light alloy road wheels with Pirelli tyres. The business category winner was G. Jaworski of Kemps Creek in NSW. He picks up a MOMO walnut and leather briefcase and a MOMO watch. Both winners also receive two solid silver and briar MOMO keyrings.

Punters take note. If you're the type who has a tranny constantly in one hand and a form guide in the other, here's a device that'll let you keep one hand free for a pie. It's an Ear Tranny . . . a cordless, battery operated AM radio that measures 40mm in diameter and weighs a tiny 20 grams. Just hook it on to your ear for the latest scratchings, footy scores, news or music while you're having a beer or pursuing any other favorite diversion. Distributed by Futuretronics, it sells for $17.95 (including batteries) at major stores.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Another all-girls effort — this time from photographer Karen Daly and model Amanda Allen — wins this month's *Penthouse*/Polaroid Photo Competition. The Cairns girls win a choice of Polaroid prizes. They may take the Polaroid SLR 680 AutoFocus/AutoStrobe Camera or the Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess system, the package that eliminates the delay and expense of sending your transparencies away to be processed. Photo subjects in the Polaroid competition may also have the chance to become a *Penthouse* centrefold and pick up a $5000 modelling fee.

If you reckon your work is up to scratch, send us a snap or two taken on any film (Polaroid or otherwise) and we'll give it the once-over. Send your photo(s) to *Australian Penthouse*, attaching the completed coupon below.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse* I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Adelaide's April Parnell

COMING IN JANUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

From The Horse's Mouth — The glamorous sheen surrounding Australia's sport of kings has been tarnished by a series of scandals — a murdered trainer, blatant race-rigging and a host of allegations concerning bribery, doping and ring-ins. *Penthouse* presents some startling new facts which reveal the real extent of organised criminal involvement in the racing scene.

The Prince Of Pain — George Daldry is arguably the fittest man in Australia. At 60 years of age he has the endurance of a top-line Olympic athlete. *Penthouse* profiles a man whose fitness fanatacism has become the stuff of legend.

Heavy Metal — While the Princes, the Jacksons and the Boy Georges come and go, Heavy Metal music stays. In words and pictures *Penthouse* shows why modern music's shock troops continue to win the battle of the sounds.

Bob Bottom Interview — Australia's leading criminal investigator's dedication to his fight against crime and corruption has cost him dearly. The man who made the *Age* tapes public finds himself on the other end of the microphone, and takes the opportunity to put some new allegations on the record.

Pet Of The Month — With a flick of her long fingers 21-year-old April Parnell can bring just about anything to life. Adelaide-born April has a wild imagination which she injects into everything she does, including her passion for puppeteering. Catch her act in January *Penthouse*.

ROULETTE

Continued from page 105

we heard this haemophilia case come over."

"Yeah, I've always been lucky like that," I said.

"Oh boy, oh boy, you're gone this time," he exulted. "Attacking a haemophiliac — could even be attempted murder."

"Get stuffed. He attacked me. What else could I do? Even us non-haemophiliacs will bleed to death in time, you know."

"Sounds very much to me like he's admitting knowing this creep was a haemophiliac all the time. What do you think, Dee?"

"Does sound a bit like it," she said.

"No I didn't," I said. "I just bumped into him up the pub. I recognised him as one of the blokes that was at the clinic. He invited me back here for a beer and then took a swing at me for nothing."

"Couldn't hold his liquor, eh?" Sharkey said. "Do you know anyone that'd believe that yarn, Dee?" She abstained.

"All right my friend," Sharkey said, addressing me squarely. "This is the story: I leave you alone and you go out of here and never darken a sperm bank again . . ."

"No worries. I've given it up already. Too much like hard work."

"*And* you don't say or know anything about this business, this haemophilia, any of it. We've got to nip this thing in the bud before it wrecks the state's whole *in vitro* program."

"Not to mention its carpets," I said.

"That is a state of affairs the doctor here doesn't want, my sister doesn't want, I don't want," he said. "And I'm telling you, you don't want it either. Deal?"

"Deal," I said.

He left the room in a minor key of triumph, leaving the doctor still staring absently at the stain on the floor. "Watcha doing later on, Dee?" I said, patting her lightly on the lower back.

"Improving the clinic's security systems," she said before answering Sharkey's summons on the car horn.

I took Dianne's car back. I left it at the front kerb and headed away without giving her the opportunity to thank me. The front gate did not tempt me. As I walked past I heard a low growling from behind the fence and I saw a low sneering from behind the front window curtain.

"I wouldn't stick the nose all that far up in the air if I were you, honey," I said as I left the house behind. If Warren's gear ended up somewhere else, there was a fair chance that I did, in a roundabout way, get into her pants after all. ○—

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Photography by Bob Watson; Hair and make-up by Mara Schiavetti; Make-up by Kathy Pierra. Fashion and accessories courtesy of Saywell Imports, Raymond Castles, Cooee Australian Imports and Diana B Clothing.

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Pitt Street Level
Hilton Hotel
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Mayfair Mall • Shop 11
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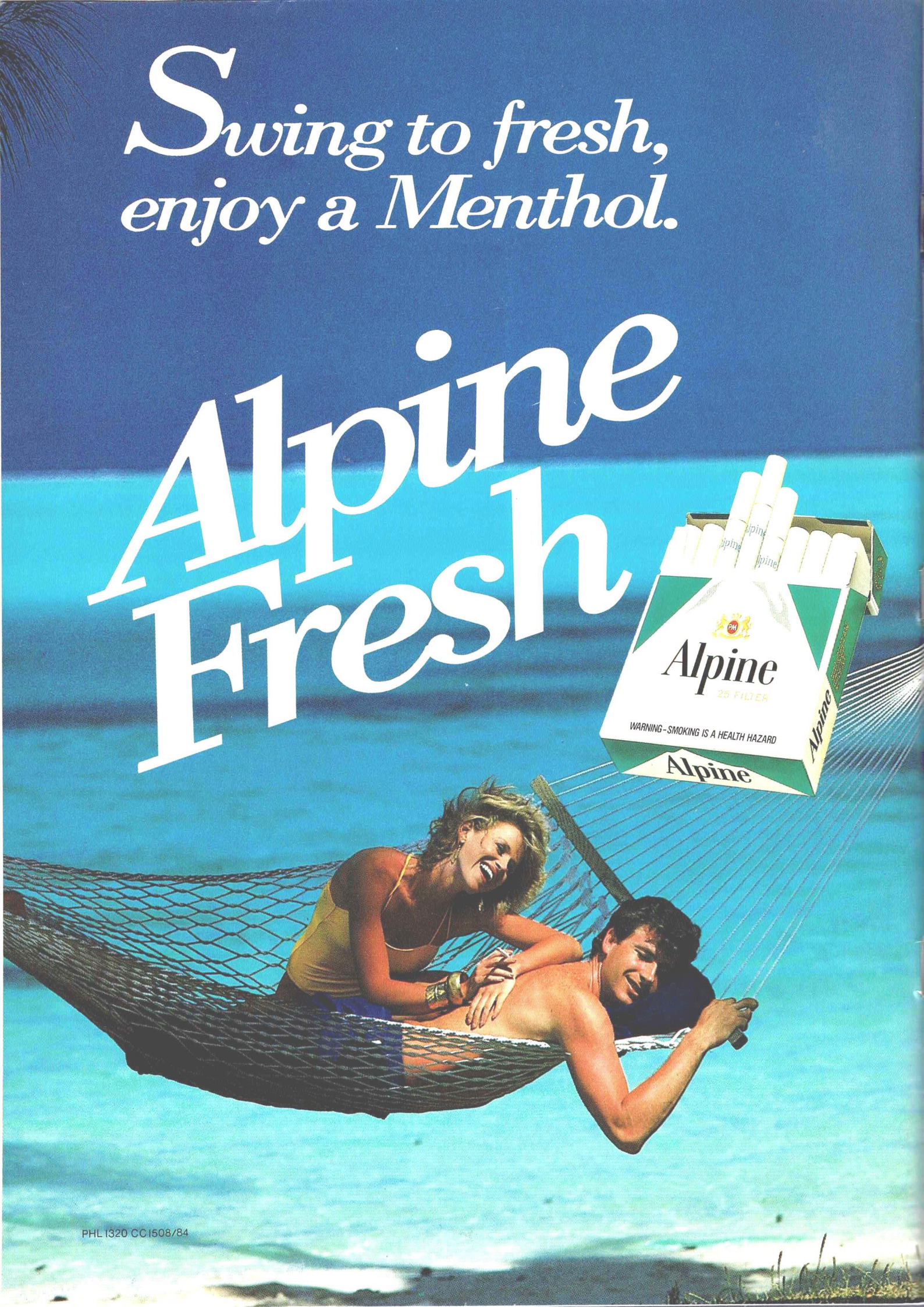
Parramatta Phone 635 5190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